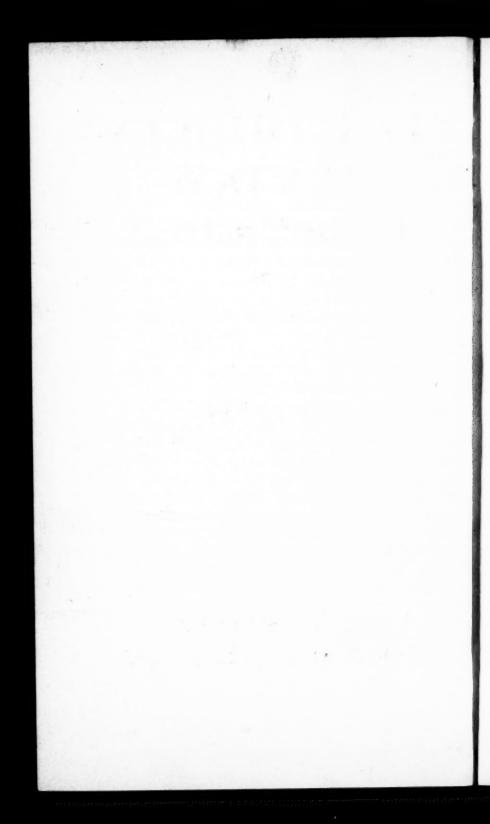
## THE DUBLIN REVIEW

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#### THE CORONATION

APART from its length and its magnificence as a spectacle, the Coronation of the King of England is a great function and worthy of all respect. Like the British Constitution itself, its roots reach downwards into the remotest strata of our complex history. As a mere survival of politico-religious ceremonial no other ceremonial, no other celebration still retained among civilized nations, can bear comparison with it, and what is surprising, considering England's isolated position in the map of Europe, there can be no doubt that the rite followed more than a thousand years ago in this country has exercised a not inconsiderable influence upon other lands of wider area and

possessing far greater political advantages.

How far the English coronation is at present unique as a monument of ancient custom can be readily seen by a glance round at the other nations of Europe. If the essence of the consecration of a monarch consists in the rite of unction, Spain no doubt can appeal to records of more ancient date than any other country.\* Still for some strange reason the succession of a new sovereign to the Spanish throne has for centuries past been attended by no religious ceremonial worthy of the name. There is a formal taking of the oath by the new king and this is accompanied by a good deal of military display, but the only religious element in the celebration is the singing of a Te Deum in the Cathedral. Even Philip II who claimed to be King of Spain, England, France, Portugal, the Netherlands, Naples and many other territories besides, was apparently never anointed, and the same is true of other Spanish sovereigns, both before and after his time. In France, on the other hand, however justifiably we may accept the historical fact of the baptism of Clovis by St Rémi on Christmas Day, 496, it is now generally admitted that the story of

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<sup>\*</sup>It is certain that King Wamba was anointed by Bishop Quiricus at Toledo in 672, and there is also definite evidence of the unction of Egica in 687 and of Witiza in 701. See Férotin, Monumenta Liturgica, v, 498.

his unction as King is a pure legend.\* The first ceremony of the kind which took place on French soil was the anointing of Pepin by St Boniface, the English missionary and Archbishop of Mainz, at Soissons in 752.† But despite its revival by Napoleon and by Charles X, the glories of the Sacre of the monarchs of France practically speaking came to an end with the French Revolution, and he must be a very sanguine royalist who can hope in the present or the next generation to see the Cathedral of Reims re-instated in her privileges. Again if the coronation of the Czar of Russia has in recent times been celebrated with the utmost magnificence, the tradition of the Moscow ceremony does not reach back beyond the fourteenth or fifteenth century and the whole rite is a more or less artificial imitation of Byzantine models. In Hungary, no doubt, where there has been no change of faith, we have a more perfect continuity than even England can boast, but the Magyars accepted Christianity comparatively late, and St Stephen, their first Christian monarch, was not anointed until after the year 1,000. Furthermore, the Eastern empire of Byzantium came to an end, of course, with the victory of the Turks, and in any case it seems to be generally agreed that the coronation ritual there was of slow development. There is no reason to suppose that any one of the Emperors of the East was actually anointed as well as crowned, before Basil the Macedonian in 866,‡ a date late enough to allow of imitation of usages by that time widely spread in the Latin Church. As for the restored Western Empire, it seems certain that Charlemagne himself was not anointed when Pope Leo set the imperial crown upon his head in

<sup>\*</sup>See Kurth, Clovis, Paris, 1901, Vol. 1, p. 332.

<sup>†</sup>P. Violet, Histoire des Institutions politiques, etc., 1, 261, asks the question, "can it be that Boniface transferred to France the customs of his own native land?"

<sup>‡</sup>Even then the evidence is inconclusive, and Mr Brightman (Journal of Theological Studies, 1901, p. 383) does not believe that the Eastern Emperors were anointed before the twelfth century at earliest. Von Sickel, however (Byzantinische Zeitschrift, VII, 547), and others do not concur in this view.

St Peter's on Christmas Day, 800.\* On the other hand the omission of the unction was certainly not due to any scruple about the reiteration of the rite, for Louis the Pious was anointed at the hands of two different Roman Pontiffs-by Hadrian I, as King of Aquitaine in 781, and by Stephen IV, at Reims, when the latter crowned him Emperor in 816. But in any case, the Empire of the West has come to an end and even before the coronation of Francis II on July 14, 1792, the clouds were already rolling up in presage of the hurricane which was to overthrow in

a brief space the work of a thousand years.

To turn to the chequered history of the Kingdoms of the Italian peninsula, or to Poland, or to the Low Countries, would be useless in such a comparison. In Scandinavia again, the earlier records lack preciseness and the presumption lies that in this, as in other matters of religious ceremonial, English precedents were mainly followed. Prussia witnessed a coronation when Frederick I had himself crowned with much display at Königsberg in 1701, but the practice fell into desuetude until William revived it again, first at Königsberg in 1861, and then ten years later when he was crowned Emperor at Versailles, after the Franco-Prussian war.

In contrast with the facts thus roughly outlined the venerable antiquity and uninterrupted continuity of our English coronation ceremonial must appear very remarkable. We cannot indeed precisely fix a starting point, but the evidence is strong which warrants us in affirming that already in the eighth century, if not in the seventh, northern England possessed a ceremonial which in its main features agrees with that in use at this day. Northumbria was then the centre of culture and progress in the British Isles. It is sufficient to mention the names of Bede and Alcuin to enable us to appreciate how little of the learning which the world possessed at that epoch was unknown at Jarrow,

<sup>\*</sup>See Poupardin in Le Moyen Age (1905, p. 115); Von Sickel in Gött. Gel. Anzeiger (1901, p. 393); Ohr, Kaiserkrönung Karl's d.G., p. 109. The crowning seems to have been a sort of ceremonial improvisation on the part of Leo III.

Hexham or York. Now there is preserved to us an early Coronation Order in a manuscript which tradition declares to be a copy of the Pontifical of Egbert, Archbishop of York, the friend of Bede and a great luminary of the northern Church. As the copy itself is only of the tenth century, we can of course have no security that what is found therein is really representative of Egbert's time. The liturgy now known as that of St John Chrysostom is not that which was used at Constantinople by the Saint himself. The Leonian Sacramentary cannot safely be identified with St Leo. The Athanasian creed was not compiled in the fourth century by Saint Athanasius of Alexandria. Hence it cannot safely be assumed that the Coronation Order in "Egbert's Pontifical" was necessarily employed by him in consecrating the Kings of Northumbria. And yet there is much to suggest that this particular piece of ritual really belongs to the eighth century or earlier. In the first place, as the late Marquess of Bute has pointed out in his volume on Scottish Coronations, there is a distinctly Celtic flavour about some of the formularies, particularly the benedictions, while the carefully numbered prayers seem to accord well with the presence of seven ecclesiastics\* which Celtic tradition seems to have required on such occasions.† Now it is in every way to be expected that an Order drafted in Northumbria during the eighth century, or possibly in the seventh, would be likely to exhibit Celtic features. Again the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle distinctly records that in 785 Ecgferth "was hallowed to King," and a similar phrase is used about Eardwulf who was gebletsod (blessed) at York in 795, both, be it noted, being northern examples. Moreover the second instance is recorded with details which imply a certain concourse and solemnity at the coronation. "And he was afterwards blessed," says the Chronicle, "and lifted on to his throne (cynestole) on the 26th of May at York by Eanbald, the Arch-

\*The Surtees Society edition of Egbert's Pontifical does not note the fact that in the MS. itself there are traces of the numbering of the prayers in the margin.

†Scottish Coronations, p. 17 and pp. 44-60.

bishop, and Æthelberht, Bishop, and Highald and Badewulf. Bishops."\* This suggestion of concerted action seems to me to agree curiously with the rubrics of the Egbertine Order: "Here all the bishops with the nobles put the sceptre into his hands; " "Here let all the bishops take the Helmet and set it upon his head;" "One of the bishops pours the oil upon his head and let the others anoint." Moreover, it is noteworthy that in the northern council, of which the papal legates George and Theophylact in 787 sent a report to Pope Hadrian, the subject of the ordinatio regum had evidently been discussed at much length, and it is laid down that an illegitimate son cannot be elected King because he is unfit to be christus Domini (the Lord's anointed), and for the same reason anyone who may have compassed the King's death is to be held guilty of "sacrilege." † Remembering further that it was Boniface the Englishman, as already noticed, who anointed Pepin at Soissons in 752, it seems difficult to resist the force of these converging indications, and we can hardly, I think, be accused of rashness if we regard it as an ascertained fact that the Egbertine Coronation Order was in actual use in England before the end of the eighth century.

Here, then, we have a continuous existence of nearly 1,200 years; for the essentials of our ceremonial of to-day are all to be found in the Egbertine Order. In the first place there was the Mass, in substitution for which we must now be content to accept the Communion Service of the Book of Common Prayer. In the Egbertine Order the blessing of the new monarch took place, like the ordination of a priest or the consecration of a nun, within the limits of the Mass itself. The later Orders, wishing, as I conceive, to emphasize the difference between cleric and layman, between the unctions which are sacramentals and no more, and those which form part of a Sacrament

†See Haddan and Stubbs, Councils, 111, pp. 453-454.

<sup>\*</sup>To this day the rubric runs "Then shall the King go to his Throne and be lifted up into it by the Archbishops and Bishops and other Peers of the Kingdom." The persistence of this ceremonial is the more noteworthy as it is not explicitly recorded in the medieval rubrics.

proper, deferred the beginning of the Mass until the whole

of the coronation ceremonial was completed.

Next we have the unction and a prayer, the Deus electorum fortitudo, the terms of which mark its relation to that special feature. This was followed by the delivery of the sceptre by the bishop and nobles; and here I am inclined to believe that the very meagre rubrics preserved in our existing texts pass over a preliminary ceremony, which consisted in the lifting of the King on to his throne. In any case it seems natural that the King should be seated to receive the sceptre, and the enthronement may well have been the pendant of a certain re-clothing which, though nothing is said of it, must have taken place after the unction. We should thus have an explanation of the presence of the series of brief benedictions which the Egbertine Order so strangely interposes between the delivery of the sceptre (sceptrum) and that of the rod (baculus).\* A benedictory prayer accompanies the latter act and there follows a primitive ceremony of coronation in which a helmet (galea) is set upon the King's head by all the Bishops with another benedictory prayer, this, like the last, being little more than an arrangement of certain phrases in the Old Testament.

This apparently is regarded as the climax of the ceremony. The clergy and people unite in the acclamation, "Vivat Rex N. in sempiternum," still retained by our present Order in an analogous position, and, equally as at present, the King was saluted with a kiss by all the great personages, if not by the people. Then there was spoken over him a final benediction, the *Deus perpetuitatis auctor*,

\*When the rubric says that "omnes pontifices cum principibus" deliver the sceptre to the King, this seems to me to be only a confused presentment of a complex little ceremony in which the King is first lifted on to the throne (as the later Roman emperors and the Teutonic kings were lifted on a shield) by the bishops and lords, and then presented with the sceptre. It is to be noted that there is no suggestion in the rubric that bishops and lords should join in delivering the baculus. It is also noteworthy that in the Milanese codex (Magistretti, Pontificale, p. 117) the Egbertine benedictions are made to follow immediately upon the enthronisation.

after which the Mass, with "proper" preface and Hanc igitur, resumed its course. Let us note that in connexion with this same prayer the *Deus perpetuitatis*, there occurs one of the most curious survivals which our modern ceremony affords. The prayer originally asked God to bless "this thy servant who is now inclining his head to Thee" (benedic hunc famulum tuum tibi suum caput inclinantem); so the words were uttered, no doubt, in the coronation ceremony of the Northumbrian Kings nearly 1,200 years ago. This formulary was retained uninterruptedly until the time of James II, and even after that there was introduced into the prayer "O God, the crown of the faithful," which in some sense replaced the Deus perpetuitatis and which is still used, a phrase about "thy servant who now in lowly devotion bows his head to thy Divine Majesty." The words were accompanied by a rubric directing that the King was " to be put in mind to bow his head." At present the phrase in the prayer is omitted, but the rubric still stands, and in this way it forms another link in the chain which binds the modern ceremony to the days of Bede and his disciples.

The final section of the Egbertine Order is concerned with a pronouncement to be made by the newly crowned King, which may be regarded in the light of a royal charter of liberties. His words are variously described in the texts preserved to us as mandata or pracepta and possibly they may in their origin have been of the nature of a voluntary proclamation, a gracious exercise on the first possible occasion, of the regal powers now divinely ratified by the blessing of the Church. But whatever the form in which this edict was couched, and however clear the evidence that it was originally a supplement to, and not a pledge or guarantee exacted before the ceremony of consecration, there can be no doubt that the three pracepta contain the germ of the later Coronation Oath, which embodied the new monarch's undertaking to govern justly

and to respect traditional customs and liberties.

In the later Middle Ages the taking of this coronation oath became, in form at least, the conditio sine qua non of

the Church's blessing. We can trace in detail the intermediate stages of this development from the confused pracepta of the Egbertine Order to the present formal interrogation of the sovereign, and to the oath taken upon the Bible hard by the shrine of St Edward in Westminster Abbey to-day. Even in the revised Anglo-Saxon Order, which for sound reasons is now believed to have been introduced at the coronation of Edgar by St Dunstan in 973, these pracepta have already become three promises, and they precede the unction instead of following it. We find them in a contemporary Anglo-Saxon manuscript in the following form.

"This writing is written, letter by letter, after the writing that Archbishop Dunstan delivered to our lord at Kingston on the day that they hallowed him king, and he forbade him to give any pledge except this pledge which he laid upon Christ's altar, as the bishop directed him:

'In the name of the Holy Trinity I promise three things to the Christian people and my subjects: first, that God's Church and all Christian people of my dominions hold true peace; the second is that I forbid all robbery and all unrighteous things to all orders; the third, that I promise and enjoin in all dooms justice and mercy, that the gracious and merciful God of his everlasting mercy may

forgive us all, who liveth and reigneth."

In the third, or Norman, Coronation Order these promises seem to have retained the same form and the same position, though possibly some additional solemnity was contributed by the surroundings under which the pledge was given. But in the early years of the fourteenth century a revised Coronation Order, identical with that of the famous Liber Regalis which lasted down to the time of Charles I, was elaborated in England apparently for the accession of Edward II. Very probably the new form was inspired in some of its details by distrust of the character of the young prince or of his advisers, and in particular fundamental changes were made in the guarantees exacted of the sovereign at the beginning of the ceremony. A definite interrogatory, suggested probably by the "scru-

tinium" which had previously been observed in the coronation of the Emperor, was conducted by the Archbishop, and the King, having answered each question satisfactorily, and having also in ample form granted the petition made to him by one of the Bishops in the name of the rest for the special protection of the prelates of the realm, took an oath upon the altar (the depository, of course, of sacred relics) that he would fulfil all he had promised. The terms of the Archbishop's interrogatory are interesting and I quote them from the translation of the medieval form used at the Coronation of Charles I.

ARCHBISHOP: Sir, Will you grant and keep, and by Your Oath confirm to the People of England, the Laws and Customs to them granted by the Kings of England, Your Lawful and Religious Predecessors; and namely, the Laws, Customs and Franchises granted to the Clergy by the Glorious King St Edward, Your Predecessor, according to the Laws of God, the true profession of the Gospel established in this Kingdom, and agreeing to the Prerogative of the Kings thereof, and the Ancient Customs of this Realm?

KING: I grant and promise to keep them.

ARCHBISHOP: Sir, will you keep peace and godly agreement, entirely, according to your power, both to God, the Holy Church, the Clergy, and the People?

King: I will keep it.

ARCHBISHOP: Sir, Will you to your power cause Law, Justice, and Discretion, in Mercy and Truth, to be executed in all your Judgments?

King: I will.

ARCHBISHOP: Will you grant to hold and keep, the Laws and rightful Customs, which the Commonalty of this your Kingdom have, and will you defend and uphold them to the honour of God so much as in you lieth?

KING: I grant and promise so to do.

It is obvious at a glance that, though these three promises or behests of the Egbertine Order are not here reproduced exactly, their substance has been carefully preserved. There is protection for the Church, enforcement of the laws against evil-doers and at the same time

the execution of justice in mercy and truth. Moreover, we may say that even in the modern Coronation Oath which was drafted by the first Parliament of William and Mary, the promises remain intact, for the third question of the Archbishop, as above quoted, is retained without notable alteration, and protection is separately promised to the "Protestant Reformed Religion established by Law "\* as well as to the Bishops and Clergy. But the most interesting rapprochement that can be made between the royal behests of the eighth century and the forms still in use is in my judgement the symbolical representation of the promises by the three naked swords still carried before the King. The carrying of these swords can be traced back to the time of Richard I, at which date the Egbertine pracepta remained unaltered. We also have evidence that one of the swords was known as the sword of the Church (lespee de leglise), another as the sword of justice (lespee de justice) and the third, which is without a point and is called curtana (cut short), as the sword of mercy. Can any one doubt that these swords were intended to symbolize the King's three promises of protection to the Church, the coercion of evil-doers and of the tempering of justice with mercy?

It will thus be seen, without further discussion, that our existing Coronation Order is entitled to respect, not merely on account of vague traditions of its remote antiquity, but because it can trace its descent back step by step to a definite and detailed ceremony, which may be recognized at a glance as identical in substance with that

<sup>\*</sup>The contention was recently advanced that the phrase "Church of England as by Law established" had no real authority and that it arose out of a blundering interpretation of the phrase "liturgy of the Church of England as by law established." But not only do the Canons of 1603 describe the Church of England as "by law established," but Archbishop Grindall used the words in 1576 in his Order for the Reformation of Abuses.

<sup>†</sup>The attempt which has been made to interpret the clergy sword as implying the right to judge and punish ecclesiastics is altogether in conflict with the ideas of medieval polity.

<sup>‡</sup>I have dealt with this point rather more at length in the Nineteenth Century and After, March, 1902, pp. 450-451.

now in use. Moreover, it is undoubtedly true that both the Egbertine Order and the Anglo-Saxon recension, which, as already mentioned, was very probably compiled by St Dunstan for the coronation of King Edgar in 973,\* must have enjoyed a good deal of popularity and have been borrowed in other lands. The most conspicuous examples occur, perhaps, in the Sacramentary of Ratold, in the oldest portion of the Leofric Missal, in the second Milanese Order printed by Magistretti and in some of the forms collected by Waitz and by Pertz.† Clearly when a prayer copied and used in central Europe speaks of a monarch being raised to the royal throne of "Albion," or of his wielding the sceptre of the "Angles or Saxons," or, again, when St Gregory, "Apostle of the Angles," is invited to bless him, this may be taken to tell a tale of formulæ composed in England and copied abroad by unintelligent scribes who had not even the discernment to adapt the text before them to its new surroundings. And yet even here we have to proceed cautiously, for the most famous example of all, one which might seem most gratifying to our national vanity, has been shown by Mr Dewick to have in all probability a significance quite other than what has been supposed. Even so far back as the time of Selden, that observant antiquary had noticed that a prayer employed in the coronation book of Charles V of France contained a petition that the sovereign " might not abandon his royal throne, that is to say, the sceptre of the Saxons, Mercians and Northumbrians." This last word is curiously written in the manuscript nordan chimbrorum, and we cannot be surprised at Selden's expressing an opinion that the prayer containing such barbarous phrases "was not only without question taken out of some Saxon Ceremonial and is almost the same that is before showed out of the Saxon Pontificale, but also it retains still here the very syllables that denote the English

†Waitz, Formeln, p. 20; Pertz, M.G.H., LL. 11, 506.

<sup>\*</sup>See Freeman, Norman Conquest, 1, 142; Diemand, Das Ceremoniell der Kaiser-Krönungen, pp. 41-45; E. W. Robertson, Historical Essays, and my little book the Coronation Ceremonial, pp. 18-21.

Kings by the names of their own territories, as of Mercia, of Northumberland, of the Saxons. The negligence or forgetfulness that left those names in were almost incredible if we saw it not."\*

But, as Mr Dewick points out, sound as the reasoning may appear, the conclusion is by no means certain that the introduction of these strange names was due to mere negligence. There are older forms of the same French Coronation ritual still in existence where we find mention of "Francorum, Burgundiorum, Aquitanorum," instead of the three divisions of the English Heptarchy, and a still older form again in which Francorum alone appears. The earliest formulary which exhibits the English names was that of Louis VIII (1223-1226), but after that time they were retained in every coronation, even down to the days of Louis XIV, when their true significance, one would think, could not have escaped notice. It has also been pointed out that the collocation regale solium, videlicet Saxonum Merciorum Nordanhymbrorum, does not occur in any known English Pontifical. Mr Dewick considers that the most reasonable solution of the difficulty is to be found in the suggestion of Godefroy that the substitution of the words Saxonum, Merciorum, Nordanhymbrorum for the mention of the Burgundians and the rest, was introduced at the coronation of King Louis VIII and was intended to bind him to maintain his claim to the throne of England. It is in any case certain that during the disturbances which marked the end of the reign of John, Louis VIII, then only Dauphin, was elected King by a party of the English barons, and that their repudiation of their promises after Louis had invaded England and John had died was bitterly resented in France.

None the less it cannot be pretended that the retention of Anglo-Saxon names in the earlier Coronation Orders of the tenth and eleventh centuries is susceptible of any similar explanation. The fact seems beyond dispute that the English ritual did at this epoch enjoy a certain prestige and that it was widely imitated, sometimes with

<sup>\*</sup>Titles of Honour, Lond., 1631, p. 222.

more ardour than intelligence, in various foreign countries. Dr Diemand's suggestion in explanation of this seems a thoroughly sound one. His view is that the imperial ideas fostered in England during the tenth century by the relations of Athelstan and Edgar with the Continent, a fact, it may be added, which is much insisted upon by Mr Freeman\* and illustrated by him from the changes which came to pass in the royal style at this period, led to the drafting, possibly by St Dunstan himself, of a new Coronation Order in which the forms followed in consecrating the Emperor at Aachen or even at Rome were closely imitated. It is quite intelligible that a ceremonial compiled under such auspices and adapted for a King, though copying imperial models, should have enjoyed a great reputation. Hence, we need not be surprised to find that the new recension travelled far, and shows traces of its presence in the most unexpected places.

the Anglo-Saxon Order and of its Egbertine predecessor, we must beware of the exaggerations into which many popular works, written with a strongly national or ecclesiastical bias, are wont to fall. It certainly does not follow from the facts noticed above either that the idea of a religious consecration of Kings was of English origin, or that the formulæ of which the service was constituted were individually composed in England, or that no older form of ceremonial is preserved than the English example we have been discussing. There is a good deal of evidence available, though no one has set to work systematically to collect it, which in each case would point to an exactly opposite conclusion. Admitting, for example, that the Egbertine Order really belongs to the eighth century, still

None the less, despite the extreme importance both of

we have no existing manuscript attestation of it which can be assigned to any earlier date than the year 950. There are, however, continental manuscripts much older than this which afford a glimpse into ages more remote, when

Kings were blessed, probably without unction, but still \*Norman Conquest, 1, 142. Cf. Hodgkin in Polit. Hist. Eng. 1, 336, and Stevenson, in Eng. Hist. Review, 1898, p. 506.

blessed with a simple ceremonial which at least conveyed the Church's formal ratification of the choice of a new monarch. To begin with, such analogies as we find in the case of the rite of the dedication of a church, of the burial service, or of the nuptial ceremony, strongly suggest that when first the idea occurred of consecrating a temporal ruler at the beginning of his reign to enable him to discharge the duties of his difficult office, all that was done was to say Mass over him with a special set of collects appropriate to the occasion. In the manuscript commonly known as the Missale Francorum, which was actually written early in the eighth century, we have a collection of prayers headed "Orationes et Preces pro Regibus" which, including, as it does, a "proper" Preface and Hanc igitur, may well have been intended for such a purpose. The same might be said of the "Missa pro Regibus" found in many manuscripts of the Gelasian Sacramentary. So again in the Sacramentary of Gellone, which belongs to the second half of the eighth century, we have a group of prayers beginning with a "Benedictio Regalis" and "Benedictio alia Regalis,"\* while in the Sacramentary of Angoulême, which may be assigned to some period between 775 and 825, we have a "Missa pro Regibus," which is followed by a "Benedictio super principes," Benedic Domine, etc.; "Item alia eiusdem," Deus inennarabilis auctor mundi, the last-named being a prayer which reappears in almost every ancient coronation service and contains apparently fragments of the Egbertine benedictions. Further, in the oldest Milanese Coronation Order printed by Magistretti we have a service of some little elaboration, containing formulæ for crowning the King but no unctions. It seems highly probable that this represents a more ancient type than that of any English Pontifical.

Again looking at the prayers themselves which appear in the English recensions, there is much to suggest that they were not actually composed in this country. In a great many cases the same formulæ exist in continental

<sup>\*</sup>See Dom Cagin, in the Mélanges offered to Mgr de Cabrières (Paris, 1899), 1, p. 284.

manuscripts which are older in date than any corresponding liturgical codices of English origin. The particular combination and sequence of the various elements in the service may be due to the individual compiler, but he seems in most cases to have drawn upon a sort of common stock of appropriate benedictions which belonged to the Catholic Church at large and of which it now seems almost hopeless to trace the original provenance. How arbitrary was the selection made and how little scruple was felt in curtailing or expanding any of the formulæ may be learned from a study of the records preserved to us of the coronation of Charles the Bald in 869, of Queen Judith, the step-mother of our Alfred the Great in 856, and of Louis the Stammerer in 877.\* All our documents combine to prove the utter erroneousness of the idea that the English Church either of the Saxon or of the later medieval period was isolated from the rest of Europe, and it is to the credit of Mr Dewick and Mr H. A. Wilson, among the Henry Bradshaw Society editors, that they have habitually recognized this truth where others seem to have ignored it. Mr Dewick in particular, in his Coronation of Charles V, has admirably illustrated the very close resemblance between the matured Coronation Order of France and the English Liber Regalis. But that the French ceremonial is merely a copy of the English hardly any one surely will be found to maintain.

Another popular exaggeration which also seems to call for a word of protest is the idea, still so much insisted upon by a certain school of writers belonging to the Church of England, as to the King's ecclesiastical character.† The view of which I speak may be found stated with very little qualification in the new (eleventh) edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica. The passage is perhaps worth quoting at length. "The anointing of the King," says the writer, "soon came to be regarded as the most important, if not

<sup>\*</sup>See Pertz, M.G.H., LL. 1, pp. 512, 450, 542 and cf. p. 506. †See the article already referred to "Is the Crowned King an Ecclesiastical Person?" in the *Nineteenth Century*, March, 1902. Also my little book, *The Coronation Ceremonial* (C.T.S.), 2nd edition, pp. 25-35.

essential, feature of the service. By virtue of the unction which he received, the sovereign was regarded in the Middle Ages as a mixta persona, in part a priest and in part a layman. It was a strange theory, and Lyndwode, the great English canonist, is cautious as to it, and was content to say that it was the opinion of some people. It gained very wide acceptance, and the anointed sovereign was generally regarded as in some degree possessed of the priestly character. By virtue of the unction he received, the Emperor was made a canon of St John Lateran and of St Peter at Rome, and also of the collegiate church of Aachen, while the King of France was premier chanoine of the primatial church of Lyons and held canonries at Embrun, Le Mans, Montpellier, St Pol-de-Léon, Lodève and other cathedral churches in France. There are, moreover, trustworthy records that on more than one occasion a King of France, habited in surplice and choir robes, took part with the clergy in the service of some of these churches. Martène quotes an Order, which directs that at the imperial coronation at Rome, the Pope ought to sing the Mass, the Emperor ought to read the gospel, and the King of Sicily, or, if present, the King of France, the Epistle."\*

It would be impossible to repeat at length here the arguments in which I have elsewhere† endeavoured to show that this presentment of the matter is a very misleading one, but certainly the statement just quoted goes far beyond the facts. In the first place Lyndwode was not merely "cautious and content to say that it was the opinion of some people," but he rejected the idea absolutely and argued against it, appealing to a long array of references. As an authority on the Canon Law Lyndwode was without a rival in England, and it is important to note that he refused to allow that the opposite view had any foundation at all. Again, two hundred years before his time, English scholars were wont to expatiate with pride upon the world-wide reputation of Bishop Grosseteste (Robertus Lincolniensis). Grosseteste was consulted by

<sup>\*</sup>The Encyclopædia Britannica, 1910, Vol. VII, s.v. Coronation. †See footnote above.

King Henry III upon the question as to what was precisely conferred by the royal unction. He replied that the gifts of the Holy Ghost were imparted by it, and he called the unction a Sacramentum, meaning probably what we should now term a sacramental, but at the same time he rather goes out of his way to add, so that there could be

no mistake:

"But this privilege of being anointed in no way gives. the royal dignity a pre-eminence over, or even places it on an equality with, that of a priest, neither does it impart the power of discharging any priestly function.... Ozias, the King of Juda, merely because he put out his hand to perform some tiny detail of the priest's office, was struck by leprosy, and because he pretended to that which was

above him he was cast down from what he was."\*

The fact is that the only supporters of the theory of the persona mixta were either courtly flatterers, or here and there a secularist canon-lawyer who took refuge in this idea to evade a technical difficulty. Neither was the holding of a canonry, or of many canonries, of the least significance in an age when prebends of this kind were frequently, even if irregularly, bestowed on those who had not taken minor orders. Of even less weight are the arguments that have been drawn from the so-called "ecclesiastical vestures" in which the monarch is clothed after the unction, or that which has been based upon the general resemblance between the ceremony and that of the consecration of a bishop. There is no proof that the vestures were in their origin ecclesiastical. The coif was not an amice, the "colobium sindonis" was not an alb, the "armill" was certainly quite a different thing from a stole, and the pallium was a four-square garment fastened at the shoulder and consequently represented neither cope nor chasuble. Neither were all these vestures bestowed by the officiating prelate nor was any significant form used in conferring them. So, again, the argument drawn from the general resemblance of the ceremony to an ordination is quite without weight. The procedure in the profession of

<sup>\*</sup>Grosseteste, Epistolae (Rolls Series), p. 35.

a nun, or, for the matter of that, in the blessing of a bell, follows the same general lines. The really significant fact is the absence of any form of words which would imply that the King was being invested with ecclesiastical functions; and in this connexion a change which has been made in the service since the coronation of Charles I deserves to be carefully noticed. In Charles I's time the medieval Liber Regalis was still followed, though translated, and in accordance with the ancient text the Archbishop said in making the unctions: "Let these hands be anointed with holy oil as Kings and Prophets have been anointed and as Samuel did anoint David to be King," etc. At the present day the Archbishop says: "Be thy head anointed with holy oil as Kings, Priests and prophets were anointed."\* The very fact that in the general benedictions of the old Coronation Orders the anointing of "Priests, Kings and Prophets,"† was commemorated (the three words always occur in this sequence), renders the omission of the word priests in the actual "form" of the unctions particularly significant. In fact, when one studies the language directly addressed to the King by the officiant prelate in the Liber Regalis it is impossible not to be struck by the care shown to avoid any phrase which could suggest ordination to an ecclesiastical office. This is, perhaps, only the more remarkable because in the Officium Coronationis Reginæ there is a phrase which lends itself to such an interpretation and which, not unnaturally, perhaps, has been fastened upon by the champions of the mixta persona theory. The Queen consort is there spoken of as

\*The change seems to have been made by Compton at the Coronation of William and Mary (see Dr Wickham Legg, Three Coronation Orders, p. 22, note I) but it is unlikely that the interpretation was prompted by any arrière pensée of investing the sovereign with an ecclesiastical character.

†Note in particular in the prayer *Deus electorum fortitudo*, which appears in nearly all the Orders and which was ultimately turned into a consecratory preface, the words "et postea per huius unguenti infusionem ad regendum populum israeliticum sacerdotes ac reges et prophetas perfecisti." A similar phrase occurs in the prayer *Deus qui es justorum gloria*.

†The same omission is found in the matured French Coronation Orders. § The words occur in the prayer Omnipotens sempiterne Deus affluentem spiritum. This has not been retained in the modern Coronation Order.

"thy servant who this day is instituted Queen by the imposition of our hand." Therefore, say our English liturgists, there was imposition of hands and consequently ordination; and if this was true in the case of the Queen it must a fortiori been true in the case of the King himself. In point of fact it is easy to see that the "imposition of our hand" had reference to the unction just administered and was therefore of the same nature as the "imposition of hands" so often referred to in connexion with the Sacrament of Confirmation. None the less, the phrase does lend itself to misinterpretation, and probably the only reason why it survived in the Liber Regalis was because the form for the Queen was comparatively seldom used and also because it was felt that in the case of a woman no one could be so perverse as to believe that there could be any

question of ecclesiastical ordination.

Of the changes made in the Coronation Order since the accession of James II there is no occasion to speak at length. It may from some points of view be matter for regret that the fact of the King's being a Catholic rendered a revision of the ceremonial imperative; but obviously it was impossible for James to receive the Sacrament, and he cannot be assumed to be responsible for the liturgical caprices of the official heads of the English Church. In any case Archbishop Sancroft was left free to work his will upon the service, and he unfortunately started a tradition of tinkering at these venerable formularies which was carried to still further lengths by Bishop Compton under William and Mary, and has introduced some element of change into almost every Coronation Order down to the present day. Under the circumstances we can only be grateful that on the whole a conservative spirit has prevailed and that we have retained as much of the old Catholic ritual as we have. In such a matter anything in the nature of statistics is impossible, but I may mention as the result of a rough calculation that if the whole medieval Order of the Liber Regalis be looked upon as consisting of some sixty separate liturgical items—prayers, benedictions, antiphons, delivery forms, etc.—about half

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of these, that is to say about thirty, were still in some way represented in the service used at the Coronation of King George V and Queen Mary. Of course, in many cases only a vestige is left. As previously pointed out, the prayer Deus perpetuitatis, which is found in the Egbertine Order and was retained in every English recension down to the time of James II, is now represented only by the marginal rubric—an almost unmeaning survival in its present context-"Here the King is to be put in mind to bow his head." Of other prayers we have retained only a single phrase, sometimes just the two or three initial words. Still there are occasional instances, and this is more especially the case in the ritual for the Coronation of the Queen, where the ancient formula has been retained almost entire in the language into which it was translated in the days of Charles I. Perhaps it may be interesting to give one concrete average specimen to illustrate the kind of transformation which has taken place in the service as a whole; and for this purpose none will serve better than the prayer Sta et retine. It is a formula which is probably not of English origin, for we meet it in Ratold's Sacramentary and in the Cologne MS. 141, both of the tenth century, and it is, moreover, retained in the Section "De Benedictione et Coronatione Regis" in the Pontificale Romanum down to the present day. But the prayer is also found in the Anglo-Saxon Order of Edgar and St Dunstan, and it has remained in the English books ever since, being everywhere used in connexion with the formal enthroning of the King. This is the medieval form, which I quote from the version made for the coronation of Charles I. As just stated, the prayer was spoken by the Archbishop immediately after the King had been "lifted up into his throne" by the Archbishop himself and the other Bishops.

"Stand and hold fast from henceforth that place whereof hitherto thou has been heir by the succession of thy
forefathers, being now delivered unto thee by the authority of Almighty God and by the hands of us and all the
Bishops and servants of God; and as thou seest the clergy
to come nearer to the Altar so remember that in places con-

venient (in locis congruis) thou give them greater honour; that the Mediator of God and man may establish thee in this kingly throne to be mediator betwixt the clergy and the laity, and that thou mayst reign for ever with Jesus Christ the King of Kings and Lords of Lords, who with the Father and the Holy Ghost liveth and reigneth for ever. Amen."

Compare with this the formula used in the late coronation. I have indicated by a difference of type the portions which occur equivalently in the medieval version of the prayer.

Stand firm, and hold fast from henceforth the Seat and State of Royal and Imperial Dignity which is this day delivered unto you, in the Name and by the authority of Almighty God, and by the hands of us the Bishops and servants of God, though unworthy: And as you see us to approach nearer to God's Altar, so vouchsafe the more graciously to continue to us your Royal favour and protection. And the Lord God Almighty, whose ministers we are, and the Stewards of his Mysteries, establish your Throne in righteousness, that it may stand fast for evermore, like as the sun before him, and as the faithful witness in heaven. Amen.

It will be noticed that the changes made are not, after all, very revolutionary. The clause at the beginning describing the King to have succeeded by hereditary right has been omitted. The passage "as you see us to approach nearer to God's Altar," etc., which, by the way, is in noteworthy conflict with the idea that the King has by his regal unction been admitted into the Sanctuary and become a sharer of the privileges of the priesthood, has been somewhat toned down. Speaking generally, changes have been made which make the modern prayer distinctly more subservient in tone, but the wording has been improved and the added matter is appropriate and devoid of offence for any shade of theological opinion. What one most regrets is the omission of the clause describing the King as "the mediator between the clergy and the laity." So far as there is any substratum of truth in the idea of the mixta persona, it seems to me to be

summed up in just these words. The King could never be consecrated an ecclesiastic, but in the medieval idea he was blessed to be the right hand of the Church in enforcing, as she herself had no power to do, the observance of the moral code, the maintenance of peace, order and decency, the acceptance of the tenets of the Catholic faith, and respect for all rightful authority, ecclesiastical and human. The King was thus set in a privileged relation to the Church, though he was never in any sense included among the ranks of her clergy. It is this conception of the kingly office which has now, practically speaking, disappeared from the world, and in the omission of the words which describe the newly crowned monarch as "mediator betwixt the clergy and the laity," Archbishop Sancroft seems unconsciously to have indicated the fundamental difference between the sacre du roi as understood by the Catholic Church of the Middle Ages, and the splendid ecclesiastical function of homage and inauguration which took place some weeks ago in the Abbey Church of Westminster.

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# THE SARACENS IN CHRISTIAN POETRY

Poema del Cid. Edición anotada por Ramón Menéndez Pidal. Madrid, 1900.

Poema de Fernan Gonçalez. Texto crítico con introducción, notas y glosario, por C. Carroll Marden. Baltimore and Madrid, 1904.

La Chanson de Roland. Ed. by Theodor Müller. 2d ed., Göttingen, 1878.

Aiol. Ed. by Jacques Normand and Gaston Raynaud. Paris, 1877. La Chanson d'Antioche. Ed. by Paulin Paris. Paris, 1848, 2 vols. Il Morgante Maggiore. By Luigi Pulci. Florence, 1482. Orlando Innamorato. By Matteo Maria Boiardo. Venice, 1486. Mambriano. By Francesco Cieco da Ferrara. Ferrara, 1509. Orlando Furioso. By Lodovico Ariosto. Ferrara, 1532. Gerusalemme Liberata. By Torquato Tasso. Ferrara, 1581. Romancero General. Ed. by Durán. Madrid, 1849, 2 vols.

NYONE who can take the years required to read down the narrative poetry of Southern Europe from 1100 to 1600 is struck by the constant presence of the Saracens. Whether he read the Spanish epics and ballads, or the French epic poems, or whether he make his way through the interminable poems of Renaissance Italy, he is confronted at every turn by these foes of medieval Christian Europe. Be it understood that, like the medieval poets, we mean by Saracens all the Infidel peoples. Moors, Arabs, Alarabes, Turks, Berbers, Ottomans, Persians, Africans,—all are classed together heterogeneously in this essay, as they were in medieval poetry, under the inclusive French appellation of Sarrasins. In making this very summary classification we may be guided by the same consideration as guided the Christian poets—the difference in religious Faith. To the medieval Christian all these peoples, and many more of minor importance, were tarred with the same stick: they were all pagans. To explain the presence of the Saracens in Christian poetry, and to study the evolution of their portrayal as

dramatis personæ, is a task worthy of attention for reasons

both historical and literary.

Chiefly literary. For convention is written large over the Saracens as we meet them in Christian poetry. Nowhere has the force of an ignorant tradition been exercised more relentlessly than in the portrayal by the Christians of these bitter enemies of the true Faith. One marvels constantly at the false light in which the Saracens were held up to the Christian public. The unreality of their conventional treatment is most remarkable in the late Spanish ballads, and in the Italian poems of the Renaissance, when centuries of strife upon the Mediterranean and in the Holy Land, followed in the fifteenth century by the rise of the Ottoman Turks, might have sufficed to give to the Christians a very intimate knowledge of their enemies. Yet, in spite of the historical relations of Christians and Saracens during the eight centuries from the time of Charlemagne to the reign of Philip the Third in Spain, the Saracens remain in the medieval poetry of Southern Europe absolutely conventional figures.

The historical relations of the Christians and Saracens in Western Europe, upon which the poetical tradition reposes, are well known. We have never felt that this ancient local tradition of the sporadic contact of the two peoples from the eighth to the eleventh century was sufficient to explain the extraordinary interest of the later medieval audience in the Saracens. Why should these particular invaders of France be singled out by popular tradition, when no less serious encounters had been experienced with the Lombards, Saxons, and Normans? Here the significance of the Crusades claims our attention. At the outset and in the sequel the Crusades were essentially a French enterprise. The prestige of the French in these expeditions was unquestioned. In poetry, too, they monopolized the opposition to the Saracens. Further, the Crusades served to draw closer the line of essential demarcation between Christianity and Paganism, as the medieval poets conceived it. They lent a living interest to the

old quasi-historical poems which ostensibly narrated the strife of the forefathers with these same implacable enemies of the true Faith. The later generations continued to listen intently to stories which now had a contemporary interest. Backed by tradition and historical association, these epic poems survived for a century and a half the invasion of Celtic romance and idealism. Though the service of the crusade spirit in rejuvenating and elaborating the rôle of the Saracens in the heroic poetry of the late Middle Ages has received but scant recognition, it must be reckoned of paramount importance.

Later, in the fifteenth century, the rise of the Ottoman Turks again threatened Europe, this time from the East. The Turks of the Elizabethan drama and of French classic tragedy belong for the most part to this late tradition, quite another from that we are here following. But it might be supposed that the Italian court epics, written at a time when this danger was most imminent, would reflect contemporary conditions. Yet, there is no reference in the Italian romances from 1475 to 1525 to the contemporary danger from the Infidels. Even so late, the legendary defence of Christendom by Charlemagne and

his peers is adhered to.

It was from Spain that the profound influence of Arab culture upon European civilization was exercised. To this influence modern historians have done full justice. Not only have the Arab accomplishments in science, philosophy and literature been rehearsed, but some enthusiasts would have us believe that Christian Europe owes a great part of what is best in its arts and sciences to the learning and culture of the Moors and Arabs. We have done well, indeed, to take account of all that the Mohammedan races have done for and against European civilization. For one might maintain with much show of reason that the conquests of Mohammedanism constitute the greatest event in history since the birth of Christ. At present we are not concerned, however, with the historical conquests of Mohammedanism, nor with the Saracens as they actually were. It is idle to look for his-

torical accuracy of treatment in literature which is distinctly popular, the product of a class in which the historic sense, as we understand it, was undeveloped. What we may learn, however, is the curious impression made upon the mind of the European from the twelfth to the sixteenth century by the legendary or actual presence of the Saracens. With such a mass of popular documents confronting us, we may inquire: "What was the poetic history of the Saracens? How much of a position did they occupy, and in what fashion did the Christian poets use them as dramatis personæ?" For it is certain that the struggle between the Christians and Saracens is the great epic topic of the Middle Ages. The Titanic effort of Southern Europe to ward off or shake off the Moslem invader is reflected in the epics and balladry of Spain, in the epics of France, and in the romances of Italy. This is the material which we may now examine with the hope of extracting from it some general conclusions regarding the endurance and evolution of an extraordinary literary convention. The bibliography prefixed will serve to show the range of texts we are to consider.

The only lengthy specimens of Spanish epic poetry which have survived are the Poema del Cid and the Poema de Fernan Gonçalez, both of which have recently been ably edited. It is conjectured that they date in their present form from the twelfth and thirteenth centuries respectively. They are the heroic biographies of warriors who lived in the eleventh and twelfth centuries respectively—that is, at a time when the Moors were so numerous and so masterful in Spain that any poetic chronicle of warlike deeds could not avoid mention of them. But if we expect to find some portrayal of their racial character and manners, we are disappointed. These poems reflect a period in the relations of Christians and Moors when the two peoples were forced to live in close proximity and in mutual commerce with each other. Political expediency was of more weight than considerations of religion in determining their relations. The Cid, be it understood, was primarily a great free-

booter, the incarnation of feudal independence in his strained relations with his King. The real business of the Cid in this narrative, shorn of all extraneous detail, is to gain wealth and prestige for himself by his bravery and shrewdness. We may conceive the poetic character of the Cid as having been originally unhampered by religious considerations of any kind in his relations with the Moors. That the religious element should creep into the later ballad poetry dealing with the national hero was inevitable. But at the outset the Cid was striving for his own aggrandizement, and in this poem the chief object of his solicitude is the taking of plunder rather than the

advancement of Christendom.

The Poema de Fernan Gonçalez, like the Cid the heroic biography of a medieval warrior, reveals a deeper sentiment of religious hostility towards the Moors. The hero fights under the protection of God for the honour of the Church as well as for the acquisition of territory. In these two Spanish poems, however, there is no artistic elaboration of the rôle of the Moors, nor, save in one passage, any attempt to introduce that note of the weird, grotesque and romantic, which we shall have later cause to remark. The passage referred to (F. G., 473-477) represents the Moors as astrologers in league with the devil, who has taught them his arts, of which the true Christian need have no fear. Thus, in the earliest Spanish poetry, written at a time when circumstances favoured an intimate knowledge of the Moors, their treatment is singularly undeveloped by the Christian poets. The fact is that there was no well-defined literary consciousness of a defence of the Faith by these two war heroes of medieval Spain. At the close of our study we shall revert to Spain and see the invasion of later Spanish balladry by the Moors. We may now turn to France with the expectation of finding there the Sarrasins in all their glory as dramatis personæ. Here, again, France, faithful to her reputation in literary history, developed a mass of literary material which passed with the stamp of French genius, as Nyrop has shown in his history of the ramifi-

cations of the French epic, into Italy, Germany, the Low

Countries, Scandinavia and England.

The earliest of the French epics, the Chanson de Roland, already presupposes an entire cycle of epic songs dealing with the strife between Christians and Saracens. There is no survival of these primitive songs, which may have told in simple fashion, like that of the Spanish poems already mentioned, of the resistance offered by the French to the Infidel invaders. So far as our documentary evidence is concerned, we are compelled to plunge in medias res. In the Roland the scene is already arranged. The rival armies are arrayed. The Saracens thus presided at the very formation of the French literary epic. The elements of the situation, which must have been conceived long before, are perfectly developed in the Roland, and remain so in the treatment of the next four centuries of French and Italian narrative poetry. The situation presented is that of some Saracen king (Marsile, Rodomonte, Mambriano, et al.), who from the South or East invades Christendom, represented uniformly by Paris protected by Charlemagne and his peers. With very few exceptions, the scores of poems which refer to this situation either describe it in extenso, with varying details, or narrate in particular some episode or the biography of some hero concerned in the conflict. The Roland, thus, is a chapter in the poetic biography of a popular hero, placed in a setting of pre-existing strife between two religious systems. We shall probably never have any documents to show the earlier literary treatment of this situation. That such a treatment existed among the Frankish bards is certain from the situation which is taken for granted in the Roland. But the rôle of the Saracens was assured by their portrayal in this most popular of French epic poems. Taking the Roland, then, as our point of departure, we may proceed to examine the particular treatment accorded to the Saracens in French and Italian poetry during the next four centuries, from 1100 to 1500. The development will be rapid, from the quasi-historical epic to the romantic poems of adventure.

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As late as Ariosto, the authority of the Latin chronicle, attributed by ingenuous generations to the fighting Bishop Turpin, is impressively invoked. But the poets well knew that they were not writing history. It was a conventional sham. The inroads of romance upon the material we are considering were marked as early as the twelfth century, and are very interesting to study in their bearing upon the rôle of the Saracens. Half the literary world had gone romance-crazy after the twelfth-century popularity of the Celtic poems-with their knights-errant, their lorn ladies, enchanted forests, love potions, giants, dwarfs and what not. Now, for some reason, the vast cycle of poems dealing primarily with the conflict between the Christians and Saracens, that is, the matière de France, remained absolutely distinct as a literary convention from the matière de Bretagne, dealing with Arthur's court and its romantic idealism. Yet the demand for romance was insistent. How should the conservative school of poets, who prided themselves upon dealing with a situation which they claimed as true and historical, respond to the new literary demand? To have confused Arthur's elegant knights with Charles's strenuous following would have been an anomaly which even the medieval public would have resented. One course lay open: to take the Saracens, ready to hand, and infuse a strong dose of romance into the personal relations of Christian and Saracen.

We may consider the Saracens first en masse. When thus referred to, their numbers are regularly exaggerated, to add to the impressiveness of their array and to enhance the credit of victory over them. The author of the Poema de Fernan Gonçalez draws a long bow when he makes the Moorish King Almozor (i.e., Almanzor of the tenth century) rally a great host of 5,000 legions! Some poets, finding mere figures inadequate for their purpose, resort to more pretentious phrases: "We cannot kill so many but what we find still more," or "from their tents they come forth like rain driven by the wind," or "I could better count the leaves when autumn strips the trees." In all but the Spanish poems the Saracens boast of

their projected victory over the French and the ultimate possession of Paris and St Denis. The store which the French themselves set by their capital city explains the covetous intentions attributed by them to the Saracens, who in reality never threatened Paris. Some further light is thrown upon the strategic importance of Paris when Rinaldo reminds the English troops, in Orlando Furioso (xvi, 36-37), that not only Italy and Germany, but also England, will be exposed to Infidel conquest should Paris fall. There are many references in the older French poems to the cruelty, rape and plunder practised by the Saracens; but such passages can be matched in the rebellions of Christian vassals of the Crown in Raoul de Cambrai and Les Loberains. We cannot assume that the Christians thought of the Saracens as any more cruel than themselves at a time when Might too often made Right.

In all the literature we are considering, with the exception of the *Poema del Cid*, the cause of the race strife is the difference in religion. It is improbable that the French of the eighth century based their resistance to Saracen invasion primarily upon religious grounds. To them the invasion indicated physical danger rather than the menace of a hostile Faith. But all the poems in our possession bear the impress of the crusade spirit, when an ideal defence of the true Faith had become a literary fetish. In heroic poetry there is no let-up in the conviction that the Saracens must be converted or slaughtered. The crusade slogan sounds to arms for the holy war. This fundamental principle of antagonism, in spite of personal amenities, forms the background of the treatment of the Saracens in medieval Christian poetry. That it is the literary and purely conventional reflection of the two centuries of conflict in the East there can be no doubt. It is, at bottom, an exaggerated literary elaboration of an historical attitude of mind.

If the Christians placed such insistence upon the difference in religious Faith, it is proper to inquire what their conception was of the Saracens' Faith. Their ignorance of it was monumental, and their conception of it

puerile. They universally depict the Saracens as idolaters, worshipping images of Mahom, Apolin, Baraton, Cahu, Tervagant, Jupiter, Diane, Pilate and Beelzebub in their "sinagogues' and "mahumeries." Add to their idolatry, of course, the fact that they did not believe in the Christian Trinity and that they had not been baptized, and we have ample ground for Christian hatred and contempt. We need not regret that, with the exception of Mohammed, we have no details of the grotesque divinities just mentioned. The rest are mere names, but Mohammed was the chief figure in the Saracen hierarchy and corresponded as protector and lawgiver to the Christians' God. Concerning him there was much information and misinformation afloat. We have a Roman de Mahomet by Alexandre du Pont, dated at Laon in 1258, which doubtless includes somewhat more than the average popular legend of Mohammed's life, death and mission. D'Ancona and Renan have studied the ecclesiastical and popular Christian legend of Mohammed's life. But it is not his life that concerns us; it is rather the Christians' knowledge of his tenets as held by his alleged followers. With the exception of some meagre reference to plurality of wives among the Infidels (cf. Floire et Blancheflor, 1707; Chanson d'Antioche, v, 42; Mambriano, III, 45; XI, 13), all characterization of their religion is confined to their allegiance to their gods, and their scorn of the Christians' God who suffered ignominy upon the Cross. In all other respects, ethically considered, the Saracens were just like the Christians themselves. Through ignorance and poverty of imagination in the delineation of character, the Christian poet was unable to muster any greater praise for a Saracen than to exclaim: "What a warrior he would make, were he only a Christian." Barring the question of faith, a Saracen knight was as good as a Christian knight. That there should have been no more realistic portrayal of the Saracens' religion in Spain is truly remarkable. In France and Italy it is less so; for there the poets were the victims of a literary convention which made only a pretence to accuracy and realism. As has been said, the essential con-

sideration from the French standpoint was that the Saracens were all unbelievers in the true God. And, conversely, all foreign peoples who were enemies of the French Christians were conveniently grouped as Sarrasins in the French epic and as Pagani or Macomettani in the Italian poems. The list of such peoples in the French poems is largely fanciful. Speculation as to their identity is forced to retreat in confusion. Just who are meant in the Roland by les Ormalois, les Leus, les Eugles, les Soltras, les Esclers, les Achopars is doubtful. Turs, Persant, Arrabis, cil de Barbarie, Aufricans and Arragons are more easily identified. In the Spanish and Italian poems we find Moors, Moriscos, Alarabes, Ottomans, Persians, Tartars, Berbers, Indians, Cappadocians and Phænicians. But the climax of the tendency to assimilate is reached upon more familiar ground. Forced to be ranked as Sarrasins because they were without the pale of orthodoxy, we find the Saxons in the Chanson des Saisnes and in Ogier de Danemarche; the Normans in Aquin, Le Roi Louis and Partonopeus de Blois; the Danes in the Chronique de Philippe Mouskes, and eke the Albigenses in Garin de Montglane. It may be added that, though the topography of the Mohammedan world is tolerably vague in the French epic; the Spanish and Italian poems have the Saracens distributed with some regard to the facts.

It is very much to the credit of this medieval poetry that it everywhere manifests a lively solicitude for the conversion of the Saracens. From the Roland to the Orlando Furioso there is a continuous effort on the part of the French, as the tools of Providence, to convert His misguided children. Sometimes this effort is expended upon such masses of conquered nations that we may question the efficacy of it; at other times the sincere efforts made to overcome the prejudices of some recalcitrant are altogether praiseworthy. In all the crusade poems, such as the Chanson d'Antioche, Baudouin de Sebourg, Le Bastart de Bouillon and the Gerusalemme Liberata, conversions of entire populations are frequent. As late as the sixteenth century Orlando (Roland), when in his right

mind, is sometimes represented as a great apostle to the Gentiles, converting, exhorting and preaching to respect-

ful audiences of neophytes.

The individual attempts at conversion are more artistically worked out, and offer further evidence of the preoccupation of the Christian poets with the question of religion. For theological discussions upon the relative merits of God and Mohammed there is room even in the most animated narrative. The Saracen, under such circumstances, by no means always surrenders. The Couronnement de Louis, Aliscans and Les Enfances Ogier offer notable examples of failure on the part of the Christian warrior to convert his antagonist, who is not behind him in arguments and persuasive eloquence; but the conventional outcome is for the Saracen hero, in whom the poet has aroused our interest, to acknowledge the practical superiority of the Christians' God as the giver of every good and perfect gift and as a protector in time of need. We have, thus, a sort of poetic justice. Such conversions are sometimes purely voluntary, made in a spirit of pique at the inefficiency of the pagan idols; sometimes they are forced at the point of the sword. In the case of the Saracen princesses, to whom we shall come presently, it was the heart's affections which prompted the change of Faith. Notably in the Italian poems, the recent converts show an ardent zeal to fight for the Cross, and we have in the Orlando Furioso (xxxvIII) the female warrior Marfisa asking Charles to baptize her in order that she may go and convert the whole Levant, "ove Macon s'adori e Trivigante."

For renegade Christians there was no place in the early epic; but we meet them occasionally in the late French and in the Italian poems (cf. Aiol, 963of.; Aye d'Avignon, p. 51; Baudouin de Sebourg, chants I, III; Mambriano, XIII, 67; Gerusalemme Liberata, II, 2; VII, 33) and passim in the Spanish ballads. Such conversions to Mohammedanism were not based upon conviction, but upon spite, stress of circumstances, or love. The renegades hardly get sufficient recognition. That they actually

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existed in our period there can be no doubt, especially in Africa under the stress of servitude, as shown by Cervantes, and in the East, where the facile morality of the Saracens must have been the undoing of many a crusader.

To show the puerility of the Saracens' faith in their gods of wood and stone, the Christians loved to show the Infidels in a futile rage at the inefficacy of their gods' protection. For instance, after Almozor had lost the battle to Fernán Gonçález (F. G., 268), he exclaims in a rage: "Alas, Mohammed, in an evil hour did I trust in thee. All thy power is not worth three beans." In the Roland, after Marsile's defeat at the hands of Charles, the Saracens wreak their fury upon their impotent gods: "They rush upon Apolin in his shrine, they strike him and cruelly shatter him. . . . Then they take from him his sceptre and his crown, hang him by his hands to a column, then trample him to earth with their feet; they beat him and smash him with great clubs. From Tervagant they snatch his carbuncle, and Mohammed they throw into a ditch where hogs and dogs devour and trample him." Tiebaut's threat to Mohammed, in Fouques de Candie (p.25), is comical in its futility: "If I were only back in Mecca, I would so beat thy sides and ribs that not for a thousand marks couldst thou be restored." Still more inclusive is the rage of Rodomonte in the Orlando Furioso (XXIII, 33) when he "bestemmiò l'eterna Jerarchia." All these scenes of fury, these violent denunciations of the supreme powers, must not be taken to reflect seriously upon the character of the Saracens. They are introduced for comic effect to contrast with the Christian's faith in his God of battles, to whom he prays in confident submission upon all occasions of danger or distress. Forced to admit, from sad experience, the relative superiority of the Christians' Protector, the Saracens frequently renounce the folly of their ways. In Mainet (see Romania, vol. IV, p. 330) ten thousand Syrians are baptized because "the Christians' God is good and honest. He gives them honours, and supports and governs them, and makes the grain and the

green grass to grow. Mohammed and Tervagant are not worth a chip; whoever believes in them and worships them ought to be ashamed. Baptize us, sire, for we wish to be Christians, and we believe in the glorious God of Heaven who was born in Bethlehem of the

Virgin."

Insistence has been laid upon the fact that a state of warfare exists throughout the literary presentation of the Christians and Saracens. Yet we know that in reality frequent truces were brought about by propinquity and by exchange of embassies in Spain and in the East, from the time of Charlemagne to the close of the Crusades. Such amicable agreements and exchanges of courtesies are reflected in poetry, and make way for personal intercourse between members of the two races. In the two Spanish epic poems we read in several places of the Christians and Moors fighting side by side against some common enemy; for in Spain expediency weighed more than religious considerations in the choice of allies. King Avengaluon of Molina was called by the Cid with good reason, "myo amigo de paz," and more than once the Moor did the Christian good service. It should be remembered, too, that, according to epic tradition, Charlemagne's youth was spent at the court of the Saracen king Galafre in Spain, that it was there he made his runaway match with Galienne, thus becoming the brother-in-law of Marsile. We may judge from the Roland and other early poems dealing with the Spanish wars, that it was only such fortuitous events as the treachery of Ganelon that prevented the peoples of Charlemagne and Marsile from living in comparative peace and mutual respect. As time passed, moreover, the poets become more tolerant. They do not hesitate to show the two peoples allied against some common foe. In Fouques de Candie they fight together against African invaders, as also in Mambriano (XII, XVII), the Orlando Innamorato (IV), and the Morgante Maggiore (x). Indeed, romance had so seized the Italian poets that their recollection of the religious barrier often became dimmed, and we find individual heroes and

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heroines joined in romantic quests, fighting at tournaments for each other's honour, and united to pay funeral

rites to some dead friend.

Thus far we have been regarding the Saracens en masse, and we have gained the impression that, barring their religion, they were not a bad sort of people. Indeed, they responded to much the same ethical ideals as the Christians. To differentiate the Christians and Saracens by any wealth of psychological detail was too great a task for the naïve literary workmen of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. For outward delineation, however, they were better equipped. Their brush was ever ready to daub on violent colours in the portrayal of a Saracen. Thus the grotesque type of Saracen was developed. He, or she, is usually an individual, created for comic effect only, to stand out from the page as a contrast to the standard and normal type. The Spanish epic did not evolve this grotesque type of the Saracen. But the French had developed it as early as the Roland, and the French and Italian poets clung to it as a source of comic contrast. As a result, we have giants with red eyes, big limbs and a mighty club to work havoc withal-a combination-portrait of bigness, blackness and ferocity, as amusing to us as it must have been to the medieval audience. Already in the Roland (98of.) we hear of a land "where the sun does not shine nor any grain grow. There falls no rain or dew. There are no stones that are not all black. Some say the devils dwell there." From "Ethiope, une terre maldite" comes an army of black men "with broad noses and big ears, and there are more than 50,000 of them" (Roland, 1,016f.). In another poem (Les Narbonnais, 3,803-8) we find this comic description of the African type: "Big are their bodies, and black as ink; long behind and short in front. Their eyes are as red as burning coals. Sharp are their faces, and their teeth so keen that their bite is worse than that of a serpent. Their heads are small, and big their ears." The following is typical. It is a Saracen giant named Nasier: "This devil stood fourteen feet high, and was as broad as a knight is tall. His head was bigger than

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that of a bull, and he was blacker than a mulberry. His eyes were as red as the coals in a brasier, and his bristling hair was as sharp as thorns. . . . In one of his nostrils one could have stuck a goose egg, and into his mouth a loaf of bread could have fitted. He could easily eat an entire sheep at a meal. What more can I say? He was a perfect devil " (Gaufrey, p. 90). Such giants and monsters were common enough in the Celtic romances, without being qualified as Saracens. But the presence of Saracen giants and monsters in the epic betokens the tendency to get away from the inherent sobriety and monotony of the genre, and to introduce those elements of the grotesque, weird, and romantic, which had such success in

the Celtic poems of adventure.

Nor were the women spared in this tendency toward extravagant caricature. In a late French poem, Maugis d'Aigremont, an African princess of formidable physique is thus described by her loving father, who offers her as a bride to the unwilling Maugis: "I will give you my daughter Escorfine, she of the gentle body and of great beauty, who is blacker than coal and has lovely eyes six inches across. Four yards tall she stands, and has a curved spine and twisted feet. Her nose is all hairy, her fingers long and thin; why! she could tear down a tower by merely scratching it with her nails." So we have in the Italian poems divers females—witches, hags, and sorceresses who are in league with the devil and the spirits of the air. They are all foreign to the matière de France, and have no business in it. Their familiarity with the devil's arts may be partially explained by the well-established tradition that the Arabs and Moors were experts in black art, alchemy and astrology. Mohammed himself was reputed a sorcerer (cf. Partonopeus de Blois, 4,607), and with better reason, as late as the Morgante Maggiore (xxv, 254, 259), Cordova and Toledo are mentioned as centres for the study of the occult sciences.

Such unsightly specimens of the fair sex as the hideous Escorfine are evidently not the stuff from which heroines are made. An entirely different prescription is used in

compounding the beauty of a Saracen princess who can turn the head of a Christian knight, win his love, and finally prove worthy of baptism and membership in the Church universal. To have merely mentioned the existence of this charming type is to indicate the invasion of epic poetry by romance. Evidently, where there are fair Saracen princesses waiting to be won and converted, a new strain of romance must enter the narrative of arms and men. The Spanish epic poems kept absolutely aloof from these romantic relations of Christian and Saracen; so did the earliest French poems which reflect the ancient Germanic treatment of the feudal woman. But in the twelfth century, when the cult of woman service came in with the troubadour poetry and the Celtic exaltation of the love passion, even the stern and virile heroes of the epic took on a new complexion. Though not ceasing to be primarily vassals in the service of their God and king, they have their hours of relaxation given over to love. We are here concerned only with Saracen princesses, because they alone were worthy to engage the Christians' affections. But they would have had no literary existence at all had it not been for the general feminine invasion of literature in the twelfth century, which came precisely at the right moment to embrace generously in its scope the Infidel as well as the Christian maid. The changed character of the late French epic poems and the Italian romances evidence that transformation of poetic history into romance which swept Europe in the twelfth century.

The conventional situation in which the Christian warrior and the Saracen princess meet is as follows: at some battle, or at the siege of some Saracen town, the princess espies the Christian knight who excels all others in manly beauty and in bravery. Frequently he is overpowered and taken prisoner, when she visits him, avows her love for him and connives at his escape, placing his freedom above all considerations of allegiance to her people or of filial obedience to her father, the king. A typical scene, such as we have described, is found in Elie de Saint Gille (1,365f.). Wearied with fighting against

the Saracens, Elie goes with his squire to rest in an orchard hard by the town. At daybreak, Rosamonde, already more than half disposed to embrace Christianity, is at her balcony breathing in the fresh morning air. She hears the birds singing in the trees, and the note of the nightingale turns her to thoughts of love: "True God," said the maid, "how precious Thou art! Thou makest the trees to grow and bear their leaves and flowers, and with Thy tender love Thou makest the wheat to grow for us. Fair Lord, for our sakes, Thou wast born of a Virgin and wast clothed in flesh and blood. By Thy advent, fair Lord of glory, I beseech Thee to defend the Frenchman from death and prison." When she catches sight of Elie, "she hastens down from her bower, and unfastens the postern gate through which she and her maids were wont to go out to pick flowers in the month of May. When she comes to Elie, who is stretched exhausted on the greensward, the gentle maid takes his head in her lap and asks: 'Who art thou, fair knight?"" What can a gentleman do under the circumstances? Take her as a prize in victory, or escape from his captors with her connivance, baptize her and marry her. So it falls out in such poems as Aiol, La Prise d'Orange, La Prise de Cordres, Fierabras, Beuves de Commarcis, and in many others. Many an epic matron began her career as a runaway Saracen princess. Descriptions of Saracen princesses can be matched throughout medieval French literature, and show how conventional the ideal of feminine beauty became. They were similarly applied in the Italian romances and in the Spanish ballads, as the following passages will illustrate. We may be permitted to preserve the Italian version of Armida's sensuous beauty, as she was sent to tempt Godefroi. The passage is found in the Gerusalemme Liberata (IV, 29 f.):

> Argo non mai, non vide Cipro o Delo D'abito o di beltà forme sì care. D'auro ha la chioma ed or dal bianco velo Traluce involta, or discoperta appare.

Dolce color di rose in quel bel volto Fra l'avorio si sparge e si confonde; Ma nella bocca ond 'esce aura amorosa, Sola rosseggia e semplice la rosa.

Mostra 'l bel petto le sue nevi ignude Onde il foco d'Amor si nutre e desta: Parte appar delle mamme acerbe e crude, Parte altrui ne ricopre invida vesta.

A Spanish ballad may be quoted in this connexion, describing the beauty of Jarifa (Durán, Romancero General, No. 76): "Her forehead is chiseled from smooth marble, with beautiful cheeks and lips of scarlet. Her hands are of crystal, her bosom and neck like snow, where the fire of love burns in secret."

That the Christians fell a prey to the seductions of such beauty is not remarkable. There is, indeed, some evidence that their weakness was known, and that advantage was taken of it by their enemies. But much more generally, insistence is laid upon the fact that no intercourse was licit until after the woman had been baptized. The following case expresses the attitude of Christian morals on the subject. Aiol has Mirabel absolutely in his possession—Mirabel, who beside her beauty is a linguist, speaking fourteen tongues: Greek, Armenian, Flemish, Burgundian, Poitevin, Gascon and all the Saracen languages. "Then Aiol began to look at her, and in his heart began to love her. He would fain have embraced her had she been a Christian, but because she was a Pagan, he would not approach her. He would not shame the law of Christ, but rather baptize her and then take her as his wife and peer" (Aiol, 5,452-58). The same theory and practice may be seen in Durán's collection of ballads, Nos. 721, 913. The Italian poems continue to refer to it, as a theory, to the very close of our period. In the Morgante Maggiore, VIII, 9, Oliver repulses a Saracen who is making him advances, by saying: "'I shall not do it, for you are a Saracen and I a Christian. (If I did it) I know that I should be forsaken by our God.

Rather kill me with your hand.' She replied, 'If you can show me plainly that our god Mohammed is a vain thing, I will be baptized for love of you, in order that you may then be my lord." But there are a few examples in the French poems and numerous cases in the Italian romances where the moral law is overridden. Intercourse then takes place without baptism, though often with the subsequent remorse of the couple. As might be expected, the illegitimate offspring of such unions sometimes turns up later, and conventionally becomes a Christian upon learning the secret of his father's identity. A case in point is that of Aldinghieri, who speaks thus to Orlando in the Morgante Maggiore (xx, 105f.) .: "Gentle knight, my mother's name was Rosaspina, and mine Aldinghieri. She bore me, she says, at sea. But of my father I have no knowledge, because he was not a Saracen. But I have heard her say that his name was Gérard de Roussillon." When he learns to whom he has been speaking, he exclaims: "I intend to be a Christian and forsake our lying Mohammed, and I wish to go with you to France and always live and die there." The famous Bastard of Bouillon is the illegitimate son, in the crusade epic, of Baudouin de Sebourg and the Saracen Synamonde; while in the German poem of Wolfram, it is the Pagan halfbrother of Parsifal who turns up at Arthur's court. Spanish balladry offers an analogous situation in the treatment of Mudarra, the bastard brother of the seven Infantes de Lara (Durán, No. 693).

The Celtic romances in the twelfth century introduced a new and ideal world into the monotony of feudal military life. In this transformation of literary taste, as has been seen, the Saracens bore their share. Springing into literary existence before the beginning of our period, as the religious enemies of the Christians, we have seen them attract to themselves, even in the early French poems, certain elements of romance and outlandishness for which they were admirably fitted. The Italian poems break still farther away from reality, and while adhering to the military conquest of Paris by the Saracens as a conventional

basis, in reality totally change the spirit of the traditional material. As Gaston Paris said, "the French epic found in Italy a second fatherland." But the change which came over this material is as profound as the cleft which separates from the society of feudalism the society of the Renaissance. All the Italian poems are artistic productions, the work of conscious literary artists. In the days of Pulci, Boiardo, Ariosto and Cieco da Ferrara, there was little enough religious zeal to permit of very free treatment of the great religious conflict of the Middle Ages. The curious fact remains that the force of the popular tradition which brought this French material to the hands of the Italian court poets was so great that it held them to the general lines of the situation as developed before 1100 in France. The innovation of the poets we have just mentioned consists in the artistic imagery in which they dress up the legendary matière de France. The force at work is largely centrifugal, throwing off individual heroes like Orlando, Ulivieri, Astolfo, Rinaldo and his sister Bradamante into outlying regions of Asia and Africa, where they come into contact with the great Saracen figures of Marsilio, Rodomonte, Mambriano, Ruggiero, Ferraù and the charming Angelica. About these central figures there arose a whole world of witches, enchanters, dwarfs, giants, spirits benevolent and malevolent, winged horses and dragons. It was that fusion of Celtic romance with an historical situation which the epic material had succeeded in avoiding in France. A fusion which would have been felt to be incongruous in France became feasible in Italy. The setting of Charlemagne's entourage resembles more and more that of Arthur's movable court, from which the peers go out on their adventurous private errands, and to which they return with reports of work done. The historical religious setting in these poems is only a dead inheritance. Invention and romance, rather than sincerity and virility, are the contributions of Italian Renaissance art. Ariosto promises, at the outset of his long poem, to treat the same old subject of Saracen invasion of France. But by the

ninth canto Orlando has turned into a night-rider in search of Angelica:

Or per un vano amor, poco del zio (Carlo), E di sè poco, e men cura di Dio.

And Boiardo (Orlando Innamorato, XLI), speaking as an author handling his material, says:

thus putting love as his subject before arms. It may be truly claimed for Ariosto that he has given in his poem the final word of the artist on the medieval strife between the two religions. But the introduction of romance, and the Renaissance weakening of the religious conscience, were fatal to the vigour of the medieval epic. The mere titles of the later Italian romances betray degeneracy: Rinaldo Innamorato, Rinaldo Appassionato, Astolfo Innamorato, Mandricardo Innamorato, Angelica Innamorata, Sacripante, etc. We see that our old friends have succumbed to the charms of love and have gone mad in the process. Of many others, as of Ogier the Dane, might William Morris have said:

Yes, his own deeds he saw, grown strange and dim Already, and true stories mixed with lies, Until, with many thronging memories Of those old days, his heart was so oppressed, He 'gan to wish that he might lie at rest, Forgetting all things.

The astonishing fact to observe, and the only one that bears upon our study, is the persistence in literary favour of the old names and of the traditional cadre in which the characters revolve. To this day the popular versions of Charlemagne's wars with the Saracens are sold to the

rustic populations of France in the editions of the Bibliothèque bleue; lurid copies of the Reali di Francia may be bought in Italian bookstores; and the head-cracking adventures of the peers may still be seen in the Italian marionette theatres. Thus, the Saracens seem assured of perennial popularity. The literary current from Spain to France, and from France to Italy, has been sufficiently traced to show the strength of the Saracen tradition in medieval Christian poetry. It remains now but to complete a final link in the circular chain which unites the treatment of the Saracens in Spain, France and

Italy.

We turn to the Spanish ballads in Durán's collection relating to the Moors. Wolf and Ticknor agree in ascribing the great bulk of the Spanish romances in their present form to the sixteenth century. Ticknor opines that "few can be found alluding to known events or to personages that occur before the period immediately preceding the fall of Granada; and even in these few the proofs of a more recent and Christian character are abundant." Generally speaking, the so-called historical ballads, which are the oldest in inspiration, depict the Moors only as incidental to the action of the national heroes: the Cid, Fernán Gonçález, Bernardo del Carpio and the seven Infantes de Lara. This class of ballads is written distinctly from the Christian standpoint and, like the epic poems, reflects the literary apathy of the Christians for their enemies. Frequent reference is made to the vicissitudes of frontier warfare. But there is no grandiose conception of two hostile civilizations arrayed against each other, as we have noticed it in the French epic. During the period between the fall of Granada in 1492 and the final expulsion of the unhappy Moriscos by Philip the Third in 1610, the Spanish ballad poets had a continuous opportunity to remark the characteristics of their neighbours, and to portray them in their true colours. Here we meet the artistic work of such poets as Sepúlveda, Padilla, Laso de la Vega, Encina, Lucas Rodríguez and Góngora. With them the Moors fell into the hands of

skilled artificers in verse, who were not slow to see their

literary value.

Durán includes 243 of these ballads, which he calls romances moriscos novelescos, in which the centre of interest shifts from the Christians to the Moors. These ballads purport to be written from the Moorish standpoint, and thus offer a different point of view from any of the poetic material we have studied. Here the dramatis personæ are all Moors, engaged in the two congenial pastimes of fighting in tournaments and making love. The ladies are all fair with golden tresses, and are compared in beauty with Venus, Juno and Diana. They are intensely jealous, now bestowing some token of favour upon their lovers as a reward of bravery, now reproaching them for their assumption or neglect. There is a rich dose of Oriental colouring in the scene, a pleasing feeling for that outdoor Nature which the Moors prized so highly, no lack of charm in the dallying of lovers over the street balconies, and in the shock of arms sustained for a bauble from a mistress's hand. And yet, consider what the wretched estate of the Moriscos was in Spain at this very time. While the Christian poets were descanting upon the Oriental chivalry of the Moors, the Moriscos were hewing wood and carrying water for their intolerant masters. Their families broken up by exile and banishment, the survivors condemned to a sorry existence, with no social or political rights; distrusted alike by their own people who had clung in secret to the traditional Faith and by the Christians who did not believe in the sincerity of the recantation which had been wrung from their defenceless victims—such was the actual condition in the sixteenth century of the once proud and refined people who had tilled the soil, founded the schools, and reared the elegant architecture of Southern Spain. How explain, then, the blindness of the Spanish poets to the reality of the case? Why did they choose to show the Moors riding about on proud chargers, encased in rich armour, vowing their devotion to their ladies in an imaginary setting of Oriental magnificence? Surely, the time for all that had been centuries before,

when the Moorish chivalry still held sway in the pleasant valleys of Andalusia. The fact is that the ballad poets wanted romance, and there was little enough romance in the actual estate of the Moriscos. As in France and Italy, romance had woven its web round the Moors, and all hope of realistic treatment was killed. All this Oriental setting of the romances moriscos novelescos is a preposterous misrepresentation, with no warrant in contemporary reality. It is a sham, an effective literary convention. One may very well imagine oneself wandering in the shade of the orange courts of the Alhambra and Generalife, until one is brought up with a sudden start. For all these knights, once stripped of their armour, are suspiciously like the hidalgos and caballeros of the comedias de capa y espada. In them all we remark the same pundonor, the same solicitude for personal reputation. The fair-skinned ladies show the same intense jealousy and inclination to amorous intrigue, which mark their Christian sisters in the Spanish classic drama. If the truth be known, these Fátimas, Zaidas, Vindarajas, Boabdils, Zaides, Audallas, Gazuls and Tarfes are but Christian lovers in disguise. There is no effort made to differentiate the exterior of the personages, nor are the ethical traits of the Moors in any way contrasted with those of the Christians. The constantly recurring sentiments in the Moorish romances are the identical ear-marks of the later Spanish comedias: celos, penas, pundonor, cuidados, retratos, contentos, etc. After the favour of the Orlando Furioso caused it to be imitated in Spain, we meet with Moorish ballads in the most deplorable taste. After the incongruous migration of the gods and goddesses to Moorish Spain, the whole motley crew of Renaissance mythology invades this poetry. We meet Sacripante, Rugero, Angelica, Mandricardo, Roldán, Bradamante and the rest-all faithfully transplanted from Italian poetry, and with the romance and mystery of Ariosto still clinging to their garments. And thus, in the strange irony of literary history, we have completed the circle. Geographically, we are back where we started. And yet, how far we have got from

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the Moors of Valencia and Granada! The *Poema del Cid* and the sixteenth century ballads mark the extremes of sobriety and fantasy of which the Moors were susceptible in literature.

There is one more division of the Moorish ballads which should claim our attention in conclusion. Durán calls them romances moriscos satíricos. With their dash of satire, they give grateful reading to one who has made his way through the preceding mass of false colouring and characterization. In these ballads the contemporary poets are berated for deserting the old traditional heroes, for substituting romance for patriotism and realism: "What of the Sanchos and the Laras?" cries one. "What of the Cid, that such glory should be forgotten? " (No. 244). Another says: "A long farewell to Gazul, and the devil take Celindaja. . . . Have you never remarked that there are some Christians in Spain? . . . Here are Fátima and Jarifa selling figs and grapes, while Lagarto Hernández has them dancing in the Alhambra! . . . And the Cegri who ceaselessly carries water on his mule is said to be breaking lances" (No. 245). Such was the literary triumph of the defeated and despised Moors. They had so invaded the poetry of the sixteenth century, that the very Christian poets themselves were forced to cry, "Enough." The explanation of the conventional use of the Moors in Christian love poetry is found in No. 246 of Durán's collection: "It is not becoming for the Cid, Bernardo, Diego Ordóñez de Lara, brave Arias Gonzalo, famous Rodrigo Arias, whose exploits were fighting, to come in dancing and making love with ladies. That is all very well for Muza, Arbolán and Galiana, the Cegríes and Aliatares, who were always engaged in making love." So it had come to pass that when love and gallantry were in question, the Oriental colour and Moorish names were de rigueur.

The last stage of the Moors in popular poetry is neither worthy nor dignified. Under the most favourable circumstances for intimate observation of their manners and customs, the Spaniards have given us no realistic picture of the Moors in popular literature. First, they were

slighted; later, they were caricatured. Not until Cervantes came back to tell in story and drama of the captive's lot in Algiers, do we get any satisfactory objective treatment or historical accuracy of observation. To a similar conclusion, indeed, we are forced in reviewing the Saracens in the larger field of medieval Christian poetry. As was said at the outset, we must look for convention and romance rather than historical accuracy. Enough has been said to show that the Saracens in medieval poetry had a historical reason for existence, and that they passed into the three great literatures of Southern Europe as romantic stock-in-trade. The general lines of their treatment have been followed. So far as medieval poetry is concerned, we have reached the terminus ad quem. But the Saracens by no means passed out of European literature with the sixteenth century. Like the Turks in European politics, they are not yet quite a dead issue. Modern artists in literature, like the diplomats in politics, can still take account of the great Mohammedan world and of its unabated hostility to Christianity.

WILLIAM WISTAR COMFORT

# The CATHOLIC CHURCH and RACE CULTURE

TO start a movement, having for its aim the better-ment of the whole human race, would seem to imply that the pioneer was either a fool or a man of exceptional courage and understanding. Now Sir Francis Galton was no fool. He was a scientist through and through. Moreover, he was a man who was willing to spend both his time and his wealth in furthering that science of eugenics which he had founded, and in applying the results to the welfare of mankind. But even such noble efforts and accomplishments must not blind us to his shortcomings. idea was far too big for one man to manipulate. It was in the possession of mankind also, silently working out its realization, before he called attention to it. And when he did see it he saw only one small side of it. His pupils have found out that it has still other sides. But none has yet fixed on the most important side of all. This is that sphere of eugenics, to promote which is the reason for the existence of the Catholic Church, namely the development of man's spiritual nature. I propose then in this paper to sketch the chief aims and features of the eugenic movement, and to indicate its need of the Catholic ideal.

"Eugenics" is a word invented by the founder of the movement. Derivatively it means "good breeding." As a science it is defined by the Eugenics Education Society to be "the study of agencies under social control that may improve or impair the racial qualities of future generations, either physically or mentally." The analogy of the racehorse is freely used to illustrate the end proposed, and the means of attaining it. Just as the animal can be improved by attention to heredity and environment so also

can man be improved.

Obviously such a proposal overshadows every phase of human activity. But some phases more than others do bear more particularly and directly on the improvement or deterioration of the human race. Thus biology is given

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the place of first importance, for that is the science which deals with heredity and selection. Anthropology is brought into requisition as throwing light on questions of race and the institution of marriage. Politics is studied in its broader sense as a way of learning the relationship between parenthood and civic worth. Ethics is given a place as being useful for improving social quality. Then lastly religion is brought in, and assigned the function of strengthening and sanctifying the sense of eugenic duty.

With the aid of the foregoing factors it is proposed to decide what are the evils which hinder race betterment and what are the perfections which promote it. eugenics falls into two divisions, negative and positive. Negative eugenics is taken first because it is more tangible. The ideal which the eugenist aims at is illdefined. But he has no difficulty in seeing that there are certain classes of the community which somehow are undesirable. Whatever be the final end of man it is clearly his duty to eliminate, if possible, such evils as alcoholism, feeble-mindedness and hereditary disease. The Mendelian law is adduced to show that the dominant and recessive qualities in man are, in their respective proportions, reproduced. The full weakness itself may not be inherited, but at least the tendency to it is inherited, and the evil may develop in a favourable environment. Negative eugenics therefore falls into two sub-divisions. When a person is inflicted with one of the recognized racial evils he must be discouraged from propagating his kind; or when a child is born with a tendency to a racial evil it must be kept away from the environment favourable to the development of the evil.

Rejection, however, involves selection. If negative eugenics seeks to prevent the wrong people from being born, positive eugenics seeks to ensure the right people being born. Then the question presents itself: right people for what? And the most definite answer yet given by the eugenist is "civic worth." For any part of civic usefulness there is wanted good health, a certain amount of energy, a well-balanced brain and good moral training.

But even with this minimum of definition the eugenist acknowledges that positive eugenics is less practicable than negative eugenics. This did not, however, deter Galton from making definite proposals. Whilst an undergraduate at Cambridge he had noticed that distinguished scholars and mathematicians belonged, as a rule, to families having other members similarly distinguished. Later he emphasized the point by an inquiry into the family histories of Fellows of the Royal Society. Then he studied representative classes such as philosophers, artists, financiers and soldiers. Within each group he would compare the qualities which made the group flourish with the qualities which made it decay. His conclusion was that the chief among the causes of civic prosperity was a large capacity for labour-mental, bodily, or both-combined with eagerness for work. To encourage this and other qualities which he named, he proposed that a suitable authority should issue eugenic certificates. These should imply more than an average share of goodness of constitution, of physique and of mental capacity.

The great objection to these proposals was that the race would become unbalanced, the excessively good and strong at the top, and the great majority excessively bad or weak at the bottom. To this Galton replied with what he called "the law of regression towards mediocrity." The lower strata, he said, would produce an offspring which, on the whole, would be superior to itself. Assuming this law to be true, there was some plausibility in his demand for a change in the relative fertility of the two

stocks. Both would raise the average.

From the foregoing observations it is evident that the predominant aim of Galton was the production of animal or physical fitness. He did not, of course, exclude mental and moral fitness, but these, and especially the moral, would seem of less immediate urgency than the physical.

His disciple, Dr C. W. Saleeby, made a great advance on the master. Saleeby strikes a new note in eugenics with his doctrine of maternalism. It is not one that a Catholic can accept in its entirety. But on the whole it

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is a great advance away from the early eugenist towards the Catholic ideal. He insists on the dignity of mother-hood. As a leading motive he takes Ruskin's maxim: "There is no wealth but life." Hence, since life begins at home, the true politics is domestics. He carries on an incessant war against all those writers and economists who are in favour of permitting infant mortality. Once the life is in being it ought to continue in being. To deny this is to be immoral and to work against the eugenic end. He would prevent the unfit from coming into existence, but once they are in existence we must make the best of them.

In order to produce the wealth of life it is needful to study what he calls survival-values, those qualities which enable the individual to struggle and to live against adverse circumstances. And he concludes, and rightly concludes, that it is the psychical element in man rather than the physical which has the best survival value. This psychical element moreover is not merely intelligence but also love. "Without love no baby could live for twentyfour hours. Every human being that exists or has existed or ever will exist is a product of mother-love or fostermother-love. No morals, no man." Thus does he probe his way through an abundant mass of overgrowth which has covered the real root of the problem. "With all deference to Mr Galton," he writes, "I am inclined to think that a cardinal requisite for a mother is love of children. . . . The woman who does not think the possession of a baby a sufficient prize is no fit object, I should say, for any other kind of bribe or lure."

The same principle too throws a brilliant light on our politics.

There is no wealth but life: and if the quality of the life fails, neither battleships nor libraries nor symphonies nor anything else will save a nation. Empires and civilizations have fallen despite the strength and magnitude of the superstructure, because the foundations decayed: the bigger and heavier the superstructure the less could it survive their failure.

It also serves to show up the destructive teaching of Mr G. B. Shaw. This writer, counting his readers by

hundreds of thousands, can say: "What we need is freedom for people who have never seen each other before and never intend to see one another again, to produce children under certain definite public conditions, without loss of honour." It is a complete return to the life of the beast. Shaw is brutal and fearless in all his rebellions. It is well, however, for us to know exactly what is the goal to which one tends when one turns away from the spiritual ideal. It is sheer animal. We welcome then the advance of Saleeby over Galton even as we do that of Galton over Shaw. Scientific race culture demands at least that instinct shall be coordinate with intelligence, and intelligence co-ordinate with love.

It was inevitable in such a movement that Nietzsche's catch-word "superman" should be dragged in. I say catchword deliberately, for there is no definite idea behind it. In Nietzsche's perturbed mind it meant only something which was other than man, a lawless being considered to be above man simply because it should be lawless. Shaw's superman is not that of Nietzsche. It is too definite.

However, the eugenist has yielded to the temptation. "We might call the race of supermen," writes Mr M. A. Mügge, "the Hyperteroi, γενεη ὑπέρτεροι, higher by birth, nobler; for only through a selective birth-rate does the perfecting of the race become possible." Nietzsche is claimed to have founded a eugenic religion, a valuable ally of the eugenic science. The superman, it is said, cannot be produced merely by anthropometric measurements, statistical observations, human experiments upon Mendel's laws, and biological legislation. These things are not sufficient to direct man's will and action. There is need of a sentimental, artistic factor, and this is provided by the unknown quality represented by the word "superman"—that is the centre of eugenic religion.

The goal proposed by Nietzsche might well be allowed to take care of itself. Every sane-minded person perceives that superman means either super-beast or imbecile. The danger is in the means which are proposed in order to arrive at superman. This is the ignoring of all law

and convention. When the lower nature of man chafes against law, the proposal which bids him be above all law is both attractive and flattering. He who is a slave to his passions is likely to become more and more enslaved as soon as he has admitted to himself that indulgence is the same thing as freedom.

The introduction of the Nietzschian idea proves the want of a religious factor for the promotion of race-culture. But "a sentimental artistic factor," which is all that is claimed for the Nietzschian idea, will not supply the want.

Nor has the Anglican Church anything very definite to offer instead. The Rev. W. R. Inge, D.D., and the Rev. J. H. F. Peile have ventured to speak on its behalf. Mr Peile apologizes for the Anglican clergy not taking an active part in the eugenic movement, on the grounds that they have not sufficient knowledge of the details of the science, and that in so far as they have any definite views upon the matter the opposition of public opinion deters them from giving expression to such views.

Dean Inge is much more courageous and also a little more definite. He faces the fact that physical, intellectual and moral excellence have each an independent and positive value, and admits that these values are not equal, intellectual excellence having a higher worth than physical, and moral than intellectual. He even goes so far as to hint that there is a *religious* element in man over and above the moral. But then he would not allow the moral factor to have complete sway over the intellectual and physical.

We can only defer to the moralist so far as to place virtue above brains and brawn; we cannot allow him to have everything his own way. We certainly do not want a society so plethoric in altruistic virtue, and so lean in other goods, that every citizen wishes for nothing better than to be a sick-nurse to somebody else.

The aim of Christian ethics is declared to be the production of "the perfect man"; a man full-grown, complete and entire; spirit soul, and body altogether without blame. These are eternal values. They involve a drastic re-valuation of all the good things of life. They lead us to the con-

clusion that any sacrifices which a good man would make for the good of his kind, ought, when the time comes, to

be exacted from those who are not good.

If the foregoing statement means anything at all it means that religion (or religious ethics) is to be the handmaid of eugenics. The religious ideal is to be subordinated to the eugenic ideal. Nothing else can be implied by the Dean's statement concerning celibacy and virginity.

We do not think it wicked [he says in astonishment] to encourage a beautiful and glorious specimen of womanhood to become a nun or sister of mercy, with vows of perpetual virginity. Here, surely, is a case in which the Eugenics Education Society ought to have something to say. A man or woman belonging to a good stock ought to be told by public opinion that it is a duty to society for him or her to marry and have children.

The truth is that the eugenist, from Sir Francis Galton to Dean Inge, has been carried away by the initial racehorse and borne on to the wrong track. The illustration of breeding for points is not one that is applicable to a being with a spiritual nature. Hence we find instead of a sleek steed nothing but a hobby limping all along the line. First a fine physique and constitution is asked for. Then it appears that a worthy citizen must be intelligent. But for an intelligent and muscular citizen a mother's love is wanted. Yet none of these is possible without an emotional and artistic stimulant. Nay, they must be sanctioned by religious ethics. Whatever factor is introduced it must be directed towards the improvement of the breed, and breed signifies in the mind of the eugenist either the animal horse or the animal man.

Let us try another ideal, and see how it fits the case of man's nature. The physical element in man must always be subordinate to the psychic, and the psychic to the

spiritual.

By the word "physical" I mean the same as "animal." It denotes those functions of man which are merely vegetative and sensitive in their operation, such as the circulation of the blood, digestion of food, sight, hearing, touch, imagination and emotion. By the "psychic" I mean the

operations of intelligence and will in the strictly natural sphere. The "psychic" man is the man, together with all his natural functions and powers, considered apart from their relation to grace and revelation. The "spiritual" man is the same man duly informed with the truths of faith and

ennobled by grace.

But revelation and grace are from their very nature helps towards a higher and other life than this. The revelation indeed makes known the nature of that other life, assures man that he is destined to it, and that he is heir to all necessary help to enable him to attain it. Any proposal, therefore, for the improvement of the human species which does not take these facts into account must be regarded as so far unscientific. So we are compelled to reverse the eugenic ideal. The final end of man is not civic worth. That is but a means to the end. The end is another

world, and this world is but a preparation for it.

From the gospel times until now there has been a tendency to use the claims of the other-world to the detriment of the claims of this world. But sound Catholic philosophy has ever insisted on the right use of this world as a means of attaining the next. Fine physique, good digestion, clear eye, keen intellect, and indomitable will are gifts of God and are given precisely to enable man, under the influence of grace, to develop his spiritual nature. Only in so far as these things hinder that development must they be restrained. But, normally speaking, their full perfection pertains and tends to the full perfection of the spirit. That was the condition in which they were made at the beginning, and that at least will be the condition to which they will be brought when at the end they shall be glorified. Because then all man's functions, powers and environment are ordained to so sublime an end, therefore they all acquire a dignity and an importance far higher than if man aimed merely at civic worth, and much more so than if he subordinated religion and morals to civic worth. We have to seek first the kingdom of the spirit, and then all the riches of the psychic and physical kingdoms are added unto us to aid us in our quest.

In the light of the respective ideals we may venture to examine some of the practical measures of eugenic reform. The racial poisons, for instance, are evils which we all deplore. A racial poison is defined as one that injures not only the individual who takes it, but also the race of which he is a trustee. It is not an inherent defect of nature, as feeble-mindedness is said to be, nor yet an acquired mental proclivity such as criminality. It is a substance which is introduced into the blood, and with the blood is transmitted from parent to offspring. There are three chief racial poisons, namely, alcohol, lead and venereal disease. All three tend to destroy the reproductive powers. All are causes of a terrible amount of infant mortality. And wherever infant mortality is due to these causes there is always a large proportion of defective children who survive.

Many remedies have been suggested. The first is systematic instruction as to the nature of the poisons. Every facility is to be given for treatment when the poison has been contracted. Laws must be enacted for those who are affected. The whole of our licensing legislation, our factory laws, the laws dealing with overcrowding and the provision of workmen's dwellings, all bear on the subject. So far the work of healing is easy, the duty obvious, and there can be no clash of ideals. But so far the work of healing is hardly anything more than an alleviation of symptoms. The radical cure is untouched. And the eugenist, above all things, professes to deal with the very fountains of good and evil. Eventually the question of racial poisons harks back to the one of selection in marriage. How can public opinion, private judgement and legislation be brought into operation so as to prevent people from marrying who are likely to transmit the poisons? The remedies of segregation and sterilization have been proposed.

Other racial evils, as distinct from poisons, are inherent and hereditary defects. Chief among them are deaf-mutism, feeble-mindedness, epilepsy, insanity, colour-blindness, hæmophilia and tuberculosis. Some eugenists include

criminality and pauperism. For the purpose of our discussion, however, we may confine our attention to feeble-mindedness. This problem is regarded as the most urgent

in the field of eugenics.

In England a Royal Commission has sat for four years and has given the result of its inquiry in eight large blue books. Its conclusions have, moreover, been adopted by both the Majority and Minority Reports of the Poor Law Commission. The problem acts and re-acts on the allied problems of pauperism, drunkenness, immorality and unemployment. The Commission defines the feeble-minded as persons who may be capable of earning a living under favourable circumstances, but are incapable from mental defect, existing from birth or from an early age: (1) of competing on equal terms with their normal fellows; or, (2) of managing themselves and their affairs with ordinary prudence.

Roughly speaking, the number of the feeble-minded in

England and Wales is about 66,000.

The two chief remedies set before the country are segregation and sterilization. These may be either com-

pulsory or voluntary.

The moment these remedies are named there is a clash of interests, ideals and sentiments. To allow the feebles unrestrained liberty would appear to be a menace to the freedom of the community, whilst to subject them to all the remedies proposed would seem to be an unnecessary violation of their rights, and perhaps an infliction of unwarranted cruelty. We must move warily and scientifically.

In the first place it must be granted as a principle that the government of a country has a right to have recourse to compulsory segregation and surgery if such action is necessary for the good of the community.\* The State hangs people, shuts them up in gaol, in lunatic asylums and in inebriate homes. On the same principle, it can, if necessary, carry out the eugenic reforms proposed. The question is whether all such drastic measures are necessary. Now with

<sup>\*</sup>For a full discussion of "Vasectomy," the branch of surgery most favoured by eugenists, see American Ecclesiastical Review, March and July, 1910.

regard to surgery the preponderance of both theological and medical evidence is that it is not only useless but harmful. It hinders one evil, but it produces a whole brood of others. Very little reflection is wanted to show what an anti-social being would be produced if a man were so treated against his will. The practice would lead directly to an increase of drunkenness, crime and disease. Indeed such an enthusiastic eugenist as Dr Saleeby himself declares: "We are dubious as to the help of surgery.... It is necessary to be reasonable, and, in seeking the super-

man, to remain at least human."

A little positive knowledge, however, of what has actually been accomplished in the way of voluntary segregation is enough to demonstrate conclusively the needlessness of surgery. Feeble-mindedness is a defect for which there is absolutely no cure. Therefore, if the patients are to be cared for efficiently, the care must be life-long. Farm and industrial colonies are admitted on all hands to be the best suited institutions for this purpose. America undoubtedly leads the way. For efficiency and success there is nothing to surpass the school at Waverley, in the state of Massachusetts, together with an allied colony at Templeton. The conjoint institutions have 1,311 inmates. In 1905, they were visited by the British Royal Commission, who were most deeply impressed with all they saw and heard. The Commissioners were able to realize that this permanent employment of custodial cases was not only the best thing for the health and well-being of the colonists, but also that it was the best economical utilization of such capacities as they had. Moreover, it was an object lesson, showing the adaptability of the method to every class of defective. It gave opportunity for experiment and variety of employment. Its marked success reconciled the relatives and friends of the patients to their permanent detention. The public, too, who might reasonably object to keeping them, saw that in such a permanent colony they were less of a burden, and less of a danger to the community. The Commissioners declared it was a pleasure to see the happiness of the colonists, the humanity

of their treatment, and the social utility of their employment in reproductive work, with prospects of good economical results.

In England, there is an excellent school at Sandlebridge, Alderley Edge, in Cheshire, founded by Miss Dendry, and supported by the Incorporated Lancashire and Cheshire Society for the permanent care of the feeble-minded.

The most practical example for our purpose, however, is the Catholic colony at Ursberg in Bavaria. The patients consist of 284 Idiots, 695 Mentally Deficient, 151 Epileptics, 107 Deaf and Dumb, 99 Cripples, 125 Blind, 64 Sick People. These are controlled by a staff, consisting of 405 Sisters of the Order of St Joseph, 148 Postulants, 63 Pupil Teachers, 16 Priests, 12 Lay Brothers, 10 Voluntary Workers and the Doctor. The patients pay for their keep, the first class £27 10s. per annum, the second class £17 10s., and the third class £12 10s. The occupation is chiefly farming, but there is also a brick and tile works, a quarry, a saw-mill, a brewery, a windmill, a printing-press, a village inn and a guest house. The feeble-minded are divided into grades on the most scientific principles. It is of the utmost importance that a patient should associate only with his intellectual equals. Amongst inferiors he has no motive to improve himself, but rather every encouragement to sink to their level. Amongst superiors he becomes depressed and ceases to exert himself. Amongst his equals, however, he competes with them both in work and in play, and thus possesses an unfailing interest in life.

There are no walls round the colony, no gates to lock. The sexes live in separate houses, meeting only on special occasions, such as at church and at concerts. So long as they are separate supervision is reduced to a minimum, but the strictest vigilance is exercised when they are together. This, together with the good public opinion which prevails, keeps them from trouble. The mere threat to send them away is sufficient to bring them to order. They are all happy. Some earn pocket-money. They like to remain because they have far more comfort here than any-

where else. The eugenic aim is achieved. They do not propagate their kind, nor are they themselves changed into anti-social units. On the contrary, the civilization is

so high that no police are needed.

In this connexion it may be mentioned that at the Gheel Colony for the Insane in Belgium there is less supervision than at Ursberg. There the patients walk about together in the village and round the farms. Yet, during twenty-two years, there have been only four cases of maternity, and the fault in no one case rested with the

patient.

Professor Karl Pearson, the great expert in biometric figures, has said that the Eugenics Education Society ought to wait half a century before beginning to move, so imperfect is the exact knowledge upon which it has to go. It might, at any rate, try to clear up this point: How many of the 66,000 mentally deficient in this country to-day would be only too glad to be taken care of, only too willing to be segregated, if accommodation were found for them?

Meanwhile, the Catholic community is making experiment with all the light available. A colony is being organized by Dr Alice Vowe Johnson, assisted by an influential committee. The White House Home at High Wycombe is a large house standing on a high hill in one and a half acres of grounds. Here fifty feeble-minded girls, all over sixteen, will be taught work in the garden, poultry-farming and bee-keeping, besides household work. In order that the management shall be the most thorough and up-todate, a company of nuns, the White Sisters, have been specially sent out to the Waverley Home in Massachusetts to be trained. Some £600 is required for initial expenditure, but after that the home will be self-supporting. The girls will be medically inspected every week at the home, and they will also be inspected by the officials of the Board of Education and the Local Government Board.

With institutions, then, such as Waverley, Ursberg, Sandlebridge, and White House before our minds, we

have no scruple in brushing aside as anti-eugenic and anti-human the proposal for the application of surgery.

The same institutions, on the other hand, constitute a strong practical argument in favour of compulsory segregation. If the life there is so happy, moral and useful, both to the patients and to the community, then those who need it and are unwilling to submit to it are unreasonably unwilling. Provided all due safe-guards are taken in respect of the grades of feebleness, then there is every reason why a benign government should take charge of these dangerous units of society. Nor should there be any exception for the rich. Society suffers its full share of injury from the rich degenerates even as from the poor ones. The abovementioned colonies have shown that it is quite practicable to grade the feeble-minded according to social as well as intellectual standards. This ensures that the patient is not deprived of liberty unduly, that he does not lose his strict rights. Catholic morality asks no more than this.

It cannot be denied, however, that there is a danger of this zeal for reform degenerating into oppression. Feeble-mindedness is so often a cause of poverty, and poverty so often a cause of feeble-mindedness, that there is a danger of confusing one with the other. Catholics, therefore, need to exercise a strong vigilance lest, under pretence of eugenic reform, the rights of the poor are infringed. Poverty is no bar to the sacrament of marriage. The poor, and even the destitute, as such, have every right to the joys and protection of married life. Destitution is largely due to economic causes. In so far as the poor are the victims of these causes and are not subject to the racial defects mentioned above, so far must they be protected against the indiscriminate zealot who would deprive them of their most

precious rights.

Sufficient has been said now to justify a general statement as to the chief difference between the eugenics of the Galton school and the eugenics of the Catholic Church. The Galton school is simply not ultimate enough. It does not realize how far-reaching is its much vaunted principle that there are causes of causes. The Church, however,

goes to the ultimate source of things and declares the root cause of degeneracy to be sin, and the root cause of betterment to be virtue.

I have been much struck lately in my intercourse with the members of the medical profession in regard to their attitude towards the various cures for such diseases as inebriety, nervous debility, feeble-mindedness, phthisis, perversion. All seem to be agreed that whatever remedy is prescribed it is not of much use unless you can get the patient to put his will into it. Yet, with the exception of a few who have made a study of medico-psychic therapeutics and who are regarded with some suspicion by the rest of the profession, they have almost nothing to offer in the way of will-stimulus. Now this is precisely what the Church can do and does. The whole of her sacramental system, nay her very essence and existence is designed to this one end, to put the human will in the right direction and to keep it there. This quickening of will-energy constitutes a development of life. There is a spiritual growth which is hardly analogous to animal growth, so different are the laws by which it is governed. It is a growth of the faithful in the faith, and depends on the promptings of the Holy Spirit. If we must use modern parlance, it may be said to have a principle of selection, but such principle must be admitted to be supernatural, not natural. It is divine charity which permeates human life and controls all the multitudinous principles of variation, assimilating that which tends towards life eternal, rejecting that which tends towards death eternal.

The result of such a supernatural selection may be a superman, but it will not be a Shakespeare, nor a Beethoven, nor a Newton, nor a Tintoretto as such, still less the ideal imbecile which tortured poor Nietzsche's brain. It will be an Augustine of Hippo, or a Francis of Assisi, or a Joan of Arc. The ideal at which the Church aims and actually does accomplish is the production of genius in morality. Intellectual power may minister to this end as in the case of St Augustine, or poetical inspiration as in the case of St Francis, or warrior prowess as in the case of the

Maid of Orleans. But all these other accomplishments must be subordinated to the one supreme accomplishment, emin-

ence in sanctity.

Now it is precisely this eminence in sanctity amongst the few which tends above all cosmic forces to produce that rational restraint of the will which is so needful for the production of a vigorous, healthy body, and a useful, sane intellect. Eminence in sanctity is eminence in love, and eminence in love is eminence in will-power. But the will-power of the few acts upon the will-power of the many. Just as the leader of an army impresses his volition on the rank and file of his army, and leads them chiefly through his own sheer will to victory, so the saints, with their wills quickened by that of the Saint of saints, impress their volition on the struggling multitude. It needs personality to appeal to personality. And the personality which alone is effective for any wide-spread morality is that of God, revealed

in Christ, and reflected in the saints.

Guided by this supernatural principle of selection, aiming solely at the development of spiritual life, the Church is able to carry out her own system of eugenics. She is able in the first place to promote and control the eugenic principle of selection in marriage. Sir Francis Galton need not have gone to such pains to demonstrate that rational selection in marriage is possible. It is obvious. The Church promotes it and controls it perhaps more effectually than any other organization on the earth. The way in which she has promulgated the decree Ne temere and the sanction with which she has enforced it against much opposition is the latest proof of her power to do these things. As a matter of positive eugenics she teaches that marriage is a sacrament through which is conveyed a divine strength enabling the married pair to perform all the duties of their state. As a matter of negative eugenics she places impediments against undesirable unions. Some of them are inexorable as being at variance with the divine or natural law; others can be dispensed from whenever there is a sufficient reason. In imposing or in taking away impediments the Church always puts religious considerations first. If the sanction of religion is destroyed, other sanctions are

ineffectual. When the eugenist therefore objects to the impediment of difference of religion (disparitas cultus) he must be resisted. But if he is wise he will not object to it, for the religious ideal is the sanction through which the Church controls other impediments which incidentally pertain to

animal and psychic well-being.

The impediments bearing more directly on physical and psychic culture are those of consanguinity and affinity. On all hands the intermarriage of blood relations is admitted to be an evil. It tends towards racial degeneration, to feeble-mindedness, to insanity, to consumption. It hinders the formation of new social relationships, and thus weakens the social bond. Not merely, however, because of personal and social health does the Church impose the impediments, but for the higher claims of the spirit. The spirit lives by faith; faith is a habit of the intellect; a sound intellect can only exist in a sound body; therefore does the Church enact laws pertaining to bodily health. Indeed, at one time in her history she exercised a much more particular choice in forbidding unhealthy people to marry. If she has allowed such impediment to fall into desuetude it is only in deference to the claims of the spirit in changed circumstances. And who shall say that the limiting of the Church's power has not tended to increase those hereditary evils which the eugenist deplores?

So, too, in the treatment of racial poisons. Whilst allowing full value to the remedies of segregation for inebriates and diseased, whilst giving all encouragement to legislation on behalf of the workman, the Church sees in these things but temporary palliatives. With true eugenic instinct she goes to the source of the poisons. The only real preventive of alcohol poisoning is the cardinal virtue of temperance. The only real preventive of venereal disease is the angelic virtue of purity. The only safe preventive of lead poisoning is the rightly informed and rightly trained conscience of the employer. Not for one moment would we relax or under-value legislative forces in these matters. But police regulations are only for degenerates. The perfect man, perfect both in his God-given nature and

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God-given supernature, needs the higher intellectual light of revelation and the higher volitional energy of grace.

Sir Francis Galton, then, and Dr. Saleeby and Dean Inge would seem to have made the most anti-eugenic stroke of all in striking at the Church's practice of celibacy and virginity. Their assumption all through is that man is primarily and essentially an animal nature and that his betterment is chiefly if not entirely a matter of germ-plasm, milk, fresh air, sentimetral art, and illuminated certificates. They ignore almost entirely the fact that man is essentially a spiritual nature and that his betterment is consequently a matter of spiritual forces. Thus Sir Francis Galton, in reference to the so-called dark ages, can write, and Dr. Saleeby can say that the words ought to be written in gold: "Whenever a man or woman was possessed of a gentle nature that fitted him or her to deeds of charity, to meditation, to literature, or to art, the social condition of the time was such that they had no refuge elsewhere than in the bosom of the Church. But the Church chose to preach and exact celibacy, and the consequence was that these gentle natures had no continuance, and thus by a policy so singularly unwise and suicidal that I am hardly able to speak of it without impatience, the Church brutalized the breed of our forefathers." And further, "as she brutalized human nature by her system of celibacy applied to the gentle, she demoralized it by her system of persecution of the intelligent, the sincere, and the free." Finally and logically the best form of civilization in respect to the improvement of the race would be one "where the weak could find a welcome and a refuge in celibate monasteries or sisterhoods."

One of the most important questions for the eugenist is the relative importance of heredity on the one hand and environment on the other. We must agree with Dr. Saleeby, for instance, that in certain circumstances Mozart would have been tone-deaf and Shakespeare a gibbering idiot, and that no education in the world would enable a door-mat to write *Hamlet*. It would also be to our purpose did we agree with his opposition to Lamarck's doc-

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trineaccording to which acquired characters are transmitted by heredity. Nor do we hesitate to avail ourselves of his expert opinion, "that the babies of the slums, seen early, before ignorance and neglect have had their way with them, are physically vigorous and promising in certainly not less

than ninety per cent of cases."

If so much depends on environment and education, and if heredity is nothing without it, then the monks and the nuns of the dark ages did the best possible thing for race culture in retiring to such places where they could train themselves in art and literature and where they could impart these acquired accomplishments to others. It is to the celibate life of the dark ages that we owe all that is worth having in our present university system. Moreover, the strong and intellectual parents of those ages did not send all their children into the cloister.

And if this is true of art and literature much more is it true of "deeds of charity and meditation." Obviously these are not characters transmitted by heredity. If one thing is more certain than another in religious experience it is that charity and meditation are first of all divine spiritual gifts, given independently of physical and intellectual perfection, and secondly that their perfection is normally wrought only by hard, constant and careful cultivation. If they are wanted for race betterment, as every one must admit they are, then the monks and nuns of the dark ages did the best possible thing for race culture in fashioning for themselves the cloistral environment.

What is true of charity and meditation is true of all spiritual accomplishments. The flesh ever lusteth against the spirit. The three strongest appetites in man are those having for their objects respectively gold, food and sex. If these appetites are to be controlled and utilized for the betterment of the race it can only be by cultivation of moral power. Thus even to-day the Church sets a higher dignity upon that life which aims at the more complete control of these appetites, namely, that life which is vowed to poverty, chastity and obedience. It is the leaven which leaveneth the whole lump. It works through the whole

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## Race Culture

Catholic body, the members of which are constrained to participate in the same life through prayer, fasting and almsgiving. The force is both negative and positive in its operation, restraining on the one hand the animal and psychic man, stimulating on the other the spiritual man.

We submit, therefore, that this spiritualized and divinely illuminated moral force is the prime factor in sound eugenics. It is wanted, as we have seen, for the eradication of the racial poisons, for it is the very substance of temperance, purity and justice. It is wanted for all those who would legislate for or have care of the segregated, for the whole success of segregation depends on the humaneness of the treatment. Nothing is so striking as the effect of religion in improving the condition of the feeble-minded. It is wanted in all education for parenthood. Those who give instruction to children in the laws of sex must do so with a combined fearlessness, reticence and reverence, exercising the greatest possible care so as to give the information at the right moment, not too soon and not too late. Those who receive the instruction are to be trained in restraint, being made to understand that every indulgence outside marriage is anti-eugenic, because against the designs of God for the welfare of the race. It is wanted for selection in marriage. If affection, love, reason and religion are to be adjusted so as to be mutually helpful and complementary, it can only be by the exercise of will power, spiritually enlightened and strengthened.

The Catholic with this ideal has no fear for the eugenics of the future. His belief in the Communion of Saints is his guarantee. He knows that in every age in the past his Church has produced the only supermen worthy of the name, the great experts in moral excellence. If the nineteenth century can witness a Curé d'Ars and a Don Bosco, the twentieth and every other century can do likewise.

THOMÁS J. GERRARD

### FAC ME CRUCE INEBRIARI

MAKE merry, soul of mine, say: "More!" say: "More!"

Art thus o'ercome the feast before? Thy chalice sparkles . . . Or

Would'st be milk-nurtured till the sod has gaped?

Not so! Drink of the wine Heaven-graped

None ever yet escaped;

A myriad sainted hearts, love-pressed in pain,
Have spurted blood of Christ; 'twere vain
Another hope to feign.

Come, come, drink deep, my soul, inebriate!
Stagger a mad unworldly gait!
Let pain articulate
Love's estimate.

The world's prim ears in thine unlovely key Startle, while God brings out in thee His heavenly symphony.

Roll in the dust—is that a fall for us?—

Be wounded. Let the dead discuss

Why thou art lowered thus.

Exult that Evil, seemingly at peace,

Triumphant prides in thy decrease—

Thy pain, not his, will cease . . .

Will cease? Is not! For some commingling sweet

Decrees thy pain a counterfeit,

Nor leisure leaves to greet

Sorrow so fleet.

There is a master-vision haunts thy dreams,
Whose Face a mist of spittle seems,
A fog of blood, where beams
No more the sun of beauty!—Ah! 'tis He
Hath overset thus utterly
Thine heart's identity!

#### Fac me Cruce Inebriari

See how he creeps to conquest amid jeers:
Falls, rises, totters . . . meekly bears
A thousand shames! His tears
Speak agonies to thy love.—Come, soul of mine,
To where at last thy Worm Divine
Must on His Cross resign
His life for thine.

Ah! Cross of Christ! My own, my own thou art!

Hug closer, lest thy counterpart

Steal off my fickle heart.

Let me not love the staid and sober road,

But ever, with unfaltering goad,

Drive me where bleeds thy Load.

May not I be the mystic Body's side

Spear-thrust, one of the Wounds nail-plied?

These shall be glorified.

Cross! Vine of vines, bearing death-trampled Fruit!

The quest of all our mad pursuit

Hangs there, the world's dispute—

Joy undilute.

Soul, soul of mine, be not unworthy found
Her slavery, whom Calvary crowned
A queen compassion-throned!

Be moulded Jesus-shape in her embrace;
Be crucified; and on thy face
The Passion's Hall-mark trace.

Be cut and hammered for eternity,

Thou Temple-stone. Gold, minted be
For next-world currency.

Mary! The magic metamorphosis
Of such an earth-clung soul as this
To any form of His
Thy secret is.

T. GAVAN DUFFY.

#### POINTS OF VIEW

OO far as it is possible, in the face of the common Character of human nature at all times, to distinguish one age from another, it is probably true to say that our own is one of specialists. We are engaged, with the most frantic intentness, in discovering what is believed to be Truth in every direction, now that, in so many points, old barriers are being thrown down; and we are doing it much more through the researches of specialists than by attempting to form comprehensive philosophies. The old plan was to educate a man in a certain common theory of the universe, to assume that certain things were final and irrefutable, and to leave him, after that, and within those limitations, to take a few steps on his own account. The present age, however, which believes itself to have discovered that there are no limitations, no finality, no irrefutable scheme into which the universe must be made to fit, is aiming not so much to arrive at Truth—since Truth is thought to be in its essence evasive—as to pursue it; and this is largely done through the distinguished children of the age pursuing, each in his own direction, as hard as he can, the particular line in which he feels himself capable. The botanist pursues Botany, the socialist Socialism, the historian History; and there is hardly anyone left with sufficient leisure even to attempt to combine Botany, Socialism and History into a common philosophy.

Now this plan has its indisputable advantages in the attaining of apparently solid results; but it has accompanying it, as at present organized, no less its equally indisputable disadvantages. It is for the indicating of some of these

disadvantages that this paper is largely designed.

There is a well-worn parable with which, perhaps, it may be best to begin. "Once upon a time three men stood side by side looking over a gate. The first was a geologist, the second a farmer, and the third a poet. The same view was spread before them: yet no two of them really saw the same view. The geologist noticed the tilt and strata of the ground, and jotted down an important note, on lime-

stone formations, upon his shirt cuff—and a day later incorporated his observation in a foot-note in his great work entitled Some Aspects of Volcanic Disturbances. The farmer chewed a straw and decided that he could not offer more than five pounds an acre, all circumstances considered. The poet, after a prolonged stare, went home and wrote a sonnet, which he offered to, and which was returned by, The Westminster Gazette. I may add here that the three were no longer on speaking terms, after the exchange of a few sentences. The geologist thought the farmer an ephemeralist and the poet a donkey; the farmer thought the geologist was himself a fossil, and the poet a fool. And the poet thought both his companions unspeakable Philistines.

"Each of the three, then, thought that he himself had seen all that there was to see, that his own set of terms was the only medium in which truth could be properly expressed; and yet it is pathetically obvious to the onlooker that, in order to gain a real knowledge of the meadow-land that lay beyond the gate, you must first of all believe there is such a thing as a field, and not merely aspects of a field, and then that it is necessary not only to listen to all three of the observers, but to summon to the gate as many more individuals as possible, and to hear their accounts of the situation as well."

(1.) First, then, it is necessary for us to be aware that there are other points of view besides our own. This sounds a very trite observation to make; but the rediscovery of platitudes is an essential in all progress. For, the more we get to know other people and, simultaneously, therefore, to know ourselves, the more it seems that not only do we need (as Cardinal Newman said) to define our terms if we would argue profitably, but that actual ignorance of the very existence of other people's terms and points of view is at the root of most of our quarrels. It is not so much that the geologist disagrees with the farmer—he has really not got to the point of being justified in doing that—as that, in a minute or two, he is practically unaware that there is such a person. If you question him afterwards, he

will, of course, recover himself with a jerk and say that he believes, now he comes to think of it, that there were two other persons standing beside him; but it is an effort to him to realize it. It is necessary to remind ourselves occasionally that there are such people (let us say) as Mormons, archæologists, plumbers and divinity professors.

(2.) The next point is that various points of view are not necessarily incompatible. There is an old story of a visitor who once rang a front-door bell. When the butler came to the door, the visitor asked whether his master were at home, adding "I think he will see me, as I have come by appointment." And the butler, on telling the story in the pantry, remarked "I knew when he said that, that the fellow was an impostor. Because I had just seen

him come by omnibus."

Now this is the supreme defect of the specialist mind. A man devotes himself, let us say, to the study of chemistry, follows its ramifications into every conceivable plane and sphere and mode of existence; he begins by discovering the effect of a given drug on his own animal spirits, and he ends by attributing to an elaborate combination of drugs the Forgiveness of Sins, the Resurrection of the Body, and the Life Everlasting. No doubt he is justified in observing even these dogmas through a chemical lens; as a mathematician is justified in dealing with the universe under the algebraic signs of x and y; but he is not justified in thinking that, if he is unable temporarily to reduce the universe to his terms, the universe, therefore, has no concrete existence. There really is a field, even though you may be a poet. It is possible to come by omnibus, and yet simultaneously by appointment. One is not necessarily false because the other is necessarily true. A human body may be composed largely of lime, and yet a human being need not be as largely unintelligent as lime.

For it is unreasonable and impossible, however great may be our specialistic attainments, for us to demand that a thing shall be reduced to our special category if it is to be believed. An oculist has no right to say, "Unless my retina reflects the immorality of theft I will not believe

that theft is immoral": nor a specialist in perfumes to say, "I have smelt all the instruments of that orchestra from the double-bass upwards, as well as the original score of Beethoven's Sonata, and yet I can detect no beauty in them." Yet scientists do say, "I have searched the universe with my telescope, and have not found God: I have dissected under the microscope every molecule of the

human body, and cannot find the soul."

May I pursue this point a little further-into some illustrations? There is a considerable section of our teachers at present who tell us that good citizenship is the supreme duty of man. Now it is impossible to deny that it is a duty of man, and an exceedingly important one: and we can have no objection even to Dr Clifford's telling us so. But we may protest with our whole soul when it is assumed as an axiom that there is no other conceivable scheme of the universe except one framed in those terms, and that all other virtues must necessarily be secondary to civic obedience. (It is pleasant, we may observe in passing, to notice that Dr Clifford, too, is occasionally of this opinion, as when, for example, he refuses to pay rates for Rome, in spite of his passionate intellectual gospel of universal toleration and the sanctity of the Law.) It is quite possible to understand, then, the point of view of those who specialize on citizenship, who choose to express eternal truths under those terms, and who find that their highest interests in the next world are best served by devotion to drains and female suffrage in this. But what is unreasonable is that they should demand that I should feel this too. Personally I belong to another school of thought; I am not at all interested in drains and, with regard to the suffrage, I am of Ruskin's opinion that not only would I not extend it to women, but I would take it away from men. It is this insisting on putting all things in one set of terms that I am objecting to-this constant tyranny on the part of the specialist and the partisan. We freely allow that citizenship is an exceedingly important duty; but not that we are bound to subordinate to it, and express in its terms, everything else.

For see how, as a matter of fact, this school of teachers who preach citizenship in reality tend to crush it. They begin with the axiom that citizenship is the supreme virtue, and they stare so hard upon this that not only do they become blind to everything else, but the very object of their vision begins to swim before them. Notice how this is so. For there is a class of citizens who, while they acknowledge a citizenship of this world, acknowledge simultaneously a citizenship of another, and find as a matter of experience that their only motive for loyalty to earthly authorities lies in their loyalty to unearthly authorities. (I find it so myself, at least. I see no kind of intrinsic reason why I should be honest in my incometax returns—it may be blind and unpatriotic; if so, I am blind and unpatriotic. It is only the supernatural motive that makes me play the game; and that supernatural motive depends in its turn on a number of theological propositions which happen to convince me.) Now one would have thought that the passionate preachers of patriotism would have been aware of this. I do not expect them to believe my theological propositions, but I think I have a right to expect that they should believe that I believe them, and to understand that if they really wish Englishmen to be patriotic citizens, they ought actually to encourage that group of Englishmen, of which I am a member, to foster and keep alive among themselves and among their children these motives which alone will keep them patriotic. But, by staring too hard upon citizenship, not only do they lose sight of other considerations, but they become too much dazzled by the glory of their vision to see the elements of which it is actually composed. They cannot see the trees for the wood.

So again with morality generally. Moralists desire sincerely enough to see their country moral. Morality is for them such a self-evident good that they are impatient of all details. "Be good and you will be happy. You need no dogmas or sanctions or ultimates, surely, to persuade you of that glorious truth." This of course is charmingly final to those—well, to whom it is charmingly final. But what

of the innumerable persons who simply do not believe that morality is its own reward? Honestly and simply many believe that they would be better in health, more cheerful in aspect and therefore more beneficial to their neighbours, more effective and more stimulated, if occasionally they were allowed to run amuck and, let us say, take a good deal to drink about once a month. They may be wrong, but that is their conviction. And absolutely the only thing that prevents many people from acting upon this conviction is the existence of certain dogmas that tell them that, in the long run, it is not so. Now we must not in the least expect those moralists to believe our dogmas; but it is hard to understand why they will not consent to believe that others believe them. If they were not such vehement specialists—or rather, if they would only allow other people to be specialists too—they would understand that the only hope of finding their general ideal realized lies in making concessions to those other people's point of view.

In the same connexion consider the eloquent gospel of Art for Art's sake. There is really something inspiring about the very sound of the words. It has not the slight tinge of melancholy connected with the sentence, "Morality for morality's sake," and it has all its splendid and irresponsible recklessness. Now, obviously there is a considerable group of persons who really believe it means something—who believe that form, in itself, can be an object. Personally I do not understand it in the slightest. I can understand Art for man's sake or Art for God's sake, but practically nothing else, since ultimately I believe that God and man are the pivots of everything. Yet I do not deny the other point of view, and I do not deny that people must be allowed to say this over and over again, in chorus and solo (and, above all, in duet) if they are "to produce their best work." But I object very much to their regarding as Philistines and outsiders those who do not join the chorus; for one has only to look at facts to see that other points of view do, enormously, affect the very Art that is in dispute. Compare, for instance,

the rival galleries of the Louvre and the Luxembourg. The former is, roughly speaking, filled with the works of persons who believed in Art for God's sake; who believed certain dogmas—whether true or untrue is not to the point. The latter is filled with the works of persons who do not believe those dogmas, and who do believe in Art for Art's sake. And there is just the whole difference in the world between the two galleries. I do not mean in the matter of subjects painted. It is as possible to depict an immoral St Agnes as to depict a moral Magdalene. But I mean in the actual art and method of treatment. Whether artists like it or not it remains an enormous fact that we cannot dissociate dogma and morality from Art—that what a man happens to believe or disbelieve about the New Jerusalem makes a vast difference as to the actual

manner in which he paints Paris and London.

We get the same incredible narrowness of view in literature. Certain writers are being continually found fault with for using fiction for a purpose. We are told that Art is impossible under such circumstances; that they ought to present life as it really is, and not as they think it ought to be. Let us analyse that last idea closely. The thought underlying it is this—that in life as it really is there is no particular moral; and that all we are responsible for is to see that we are irresponsible—that, as somebody said, "The Golden Rule is that there is no Golden Rule." But this, obviously, is as much a dogma as anything else. It is not a self evident fact that there is no Golden Rule. Certainly it is a point of view of some people, and a point of view, therefore, that they have every right to present in their works. But, in so presenting it, they are preaching their gospel as earnestly as Mr Silas Hocking himself: it is impossible for any but the most confused or superficial mind to think that they have escaped from dogma. Anarchy is as much a dogma as socialism. Anarchy is the tyranny of the individual over Society, as much as socialism is the tyranny of Society over the individual. Irresponsibility is as much a point of view, a moral, a scheme of the universe, as is responsibility. Art for Art's sake, therefore,

is as much a defined creed as Art for morality's sake. Now it is impossible to protest against writers preaching this faith of theirs, or any other, if they really believe it: in fact one ought to be rather shocked if they did not. But they have no right to say that Mr Hocking and Mrs Humphry Ward have not an equal right to preach theirs. All are dogmatists alike. Of course sins against Art —that is sins against Truth—are very frequently committed by persons who write with a purpose. It is extraordinarily easy actually to misrepresent facts in the fervour of one's evangelicalism; just as it was a temptation of Turner's to represent the world as large and misty because he liked it to be large and misty-whereas it is often small and precise, as the Dutch painters show us. It is as much a temptation for the "Art for Art's sake" school to represent human beings jumbled about like chess-men in a box, or arranged in a picturesque pyramid, as it is for the morality school to picture the chess-board every time in a state of check-mate. Neither is wholly true—that is the real situation; sometimes games do end in checkmate; sometimes the pieces are jumbled in the box. And the only real quarrel between the two schools lies in this—that the Moralists maintain that some form of checkmate is the ideal end of the game and, therefore, some day will really end it; and that the unmoralists insist that the characteristic and ultimate attitude of chessmen is to lie on their sides in the dark.

Let us look at the whole thing once again from a still wider angle. There are roughly, two ways of regarding the universe in which we live. The first is, that matter is a phenomenon of spirit; the second, that spirit is a phenomenon of matter. The adherents of the first maintain that spirit is the point, so to speak; that matter is formed by it, used by it, discarded by it; that matter originally came from spirit and will, in some form, return to it again. The adherents of the second maintain the opposite—viz.: that matter is the origin of all, that spirit is an emanation of matter, originated by it, bound by it, dependent upon it

and limited by it.

Now we hear a great deal to-day as to the conflict of science and religion-which is another way of saying that there are these two parties in the world. It is not our affair now to discuss the arguments that can be produced on either side in support of these two fundamental conceptions of the universe. That these two conceptions are, as a matter of fact, mutually exclusive is simply undeniable; but it seems increasingly probable that the wrangles of which we hear so much do not arise so much from the fact that these irreconcilable antagonists have met face to face, as that they have not met face to face. For when they really meet there is no argument possible. For it is exactly the matter of the hen and the egg over again. To one kind of mind the hen is the primary ideal; to the other, the egg is the primary ideal. And there is no room for argument between primary ideals. The materialist, who says that there is no spirit except that which is in its essence material, cannot even exchange ideas with the Christian Scientist, who says that there is no matter except that produced by mortal mind.

It seems, then, that we have really, in these arguments, the same kind of confusion of thought as in the matters which have been touched upon. It is not that the materialist is wrong in his affirmations; it is that he cannot conceive of any others. It is not that the Christian Scientist is wrong in his positive remarks upon spirit; but that he cannot listen with patience to the materialist where the materialist has a right to speak. Consider this more closely.

There is a certain class of mind that specializes upon the material laws of the universe. To such a man the interplay of law in the material world is the most fascinating subject in his experience. If he is a geologist, he loves to watch in imagination the play of the enormous powers of fire and water upon inert solids. If he is a biologist, he delights to trace the influences of environment and heredity upon animal life, and to deduce, little by little, the conditions under which these act, and their modification by other circumstances. Little by little, then, each comes to regard this or that particular plane of existence as the one plane

that is worth considering, and when there flashes upon his experience some cross-current—let us say, the existence of the instinct of prayer, or the instinct that the weak should be protected rather than that the fittest should survive—he sets to work instantly to reduce these things, too, to his own terms, and to trace their origins back to some source that lies within the field of his own particular

study.

Take next the pure spiritualist: for example the Christian Scientist. He begins by selecting the human spirit, and the power of human will. To him motives and desires and instincts—those movements of apparently free choice of which he is aware within himself—those things become to him the objects of his special study. Then, one day, there comes to him, too, a flash of a cross-current. He has begun to think that the power of spirit is unbounded, and, behold, it is apparently brought up short by some material barrier. He has the toothache, let us say, and finds that his geniality is almost irresistibly impaired. He, too, then acts as the materialist; he seeks to reduce the toothache to his own terms—and Mrs Eddy's

philosophy is born.

Now it is not to the point here to attack either materialism or Christian Science. The two philosophies have only been introduced as standing at the two extremes of all philosophy, and as furnishing the most striking possible examples of what I am trying to say. The reason why I do not believe in either of them exclusively is that both seem to me to be making supremely the mistake of narrowmindedness. The materialist is perfectly right in studying the universe under terms of matter; Mrs Eddy is perfectly right in studying the universe under terms of spirit. But both are perfectly wrong in saying that the terms of each are the only terms under which the universe can be profitably studied. For, if it is once admitted that any one set of terms is exclusive of the rest, you get real narrow-mindedness. The artist, then, has a certain subjective right to say that it can be studied only under terms of beauty; the gourmet, under terms of food; the geologist, under terms

of limestone formations. But what we really need, if we are to get a comprehensive view of the universe, is not the silencing of the specialist, but that the specialist should be

taught that he is not a generalist.

The first practical point, then, is this. That everybody in his own particular line is nearly always right in what he affirms; and nearly always wrong in what he denies. The biologist is right in saying that environment and heredity affect character; the religionist is right in saying that character affects environment, and that the sins of the fathers are visited upon the children. But the biologist is wrong in denying religion; and the religionist is wrong in denying biology. The artist is right in saying that art can exist even if the Ten Commandments are broken; and the Puritan in saying that the breach of the observance of the Ten Commandments profoundly affects art. One must encourage the specialist with all the power at one's disposal: all positive information is always good; but simultaneously one must remember that the specialist lies under a peculiarly insidious temptation of thinking that his speciality is the only one. If any given proposition is true it does not follow that any other proposition is untrue except its exact opposite—and not always that. To maintain that because the liver complaint depresses the animal spirits, therefore we have no souls, is as wildly illogical as to maintain that because a pen is writing down these words of mine, therefore the Editor of the Dublin REVIEW has not encouraged this article.

May I take a few more examples of this principle that affirmations are generally right, and negations generally

wrong?

Fifty years ago alchemists and dealers in witchcraft were regarded with extreme contempt. Their very existence in the Middle Ages was taken as proof of the intellectual darkness of that period. Here were two classes of persons tolerated, respected and feared by the community—specialists indeed, and yet specialists on sciences that were supposed, fifty years ago, to have simply no concrete existence at all. Alchemy and witchcraft were

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mere dreams; all the calculations and processes based upon those subjects were fantastic nonsense; there was absolutely no substratum of truth whatever in the subject matter of those two almost professional modes of life, although five hundred years ago they loomed very large

indeed in the popular eye.

Now observe how recent researches have modified this sweeping judgement. There is hardly a well-educated person alive to-day-no well-educated person, at least, who has even the slightest acquaintance with modern psychology—who would dare to deny that a malevolent solitary possessed of a strong will may not be capable of causing, by other than mere physical means, real and grave injuries to those against whom his ill-will is directed. It may be by hypnotism, it may be by suggestion, it may be—as some apparently sensible people are beginning to suspect -by some practically unexplored realm of energetic symbolism; it may even be—as some perfectly solid scientists are beginning doubtfully to admit—actually by the help of discarnate personalities (which was, in so many words, what the witches claimed) that harm can be done. I am not in the least concerned to defend this or that explanation; but the fact is beginning to emerge that it is exceedingly probable that the affirmative philosophy of witches rested on a perfectly sound basis, however wild or grotesque may have been their theories on the subject, or theories formed by others concerning them. With regard to alchemy, I was informed the other day by a very soberminded University lecturer, that while the changing of a base metal into gold was still (as a matter of practical chemistry) utterly removed from fact, yet that theoretically speaking it was remarkable that, should things ever be otherwise, it was exceedingly probable that modern chemists would make the attempt along the lines at which the old alchemists had begun to grope—that the alchemists had indeed enough right instinct to guide them to choose exactly those metals for the process of transformation (and no others) which modern chemistry also would choose, should such ideas ever come to the front again. In

a word, there really was some kind of affinity between the metals chosen by alchemists and gold, which modern

knowledge also affirms.

Take another example of a very different kind. It came as a tremendous shock to the religionists of a few centuries ago when it was discovered that the earth on which we live was not, after all, in the very least degree the centre of the physical universe. For it seemed that an irresistible blow was delivered to the theological belief that the earth was the special object of the designs of Providence. It was comparatively easy to believe in the Christian religion when it was supposed that the earth was a fixed centre, and that the stars were hung up as small lamps for the purpose of making the skies interesting and instructive to ourselves. Then came one after another those astronomical discoveries which need not be described further than by saying that they reduced our earth to the condition of an unimportant speck of dust, whose relative position to the rest of the unfathomable universe was completely unknown except in a very few minor details. It seemed, therefore, then, and it seems now to people when they meet this fact for the first time, as if the religious affirmation were completely knocked out of existence by a new physical affirmation.

But notice now how that first shocking conclusion has been modified. We have always recognized, at any rate subconsciously, that size was not at all the same thing as greatness—that a flea was incalculably greater than a mountain. And now, so far as science tells us anything at all about the physical universe, it is that no evidence of any sort or kind is forthcoming which leads us to believe that in any of the heavenly bodies about which we know anything, there is any order of life in the least comparable in importance to our own.\* I do not say that it actually is so; I only say that science does not give us any reason for believing that it is not so. We may conjecture and make depressing acts of faith on the subject: but conjecture and acts of faith, however depressing, are not

\*Man's Place in the Universe. Dr Wallace.

science. Once again, then, our old affirmation remains unshaken; and astronomical science, so far as it tells us anything at all about it, supports rather than discounts it. We have learnt that the sun is larger than the earth; but that, if physical life means anything, the earth is incom-

parably greater than the sun.

A third illustration of my doctrine of affirmations may be found in what is known as Comparative Religion. In the religious controversies of fifty years ago it was usually taken for granted as a kind of axiom that if one religion was true, all other religions were untrue. If Apollo were a reality, Thor was either not a reality or the devil. Echoes of this mode of argument are heard sometimes even in our own day. Well, this particular assumption has more or less passed away. It has at last entered people's minds that it was just possible that both Thor and Apollo were different names for the same idea; and it is this conception that prevails more generally amongst us now. But this modern conception has in turn given birth to another, even more extraordinary, mode of reasoning, just as narrow-minded and specialistic as the old one, only disguised in an ampler cloak. It is a common argument now, amongst people who have thought too deeply along one line and not at all on other lines, that since comparative religion has shown us that there are vast elements of religion common to all faiths (since, for example, certain dogmas hitherto thought to be peculiar to Christianity have been discovered, at least rudimentarily, amongst other forms of faith in North America, India and China), therefore no religion is true at all. The former position was that since Christianity was true, all other religions were necessarily false; the latter position, that since other religions are false, Christianity, which holds some articles of faith which these hold, is false also. This is exactly as if a Christian Scientist, suddenly convinced that Christian Science was not true, declared that henceforth he must be a materialist; or as if a man who suddenly discovered that a number of reflections, which he had taken to be lights, were but reflections after all, came to the conclusion that there was no such thing as light.

Now if, instead of this very human but very unscientific reaction, one attempts to apply the principle sketched in this paper—if one approaches the subject with the belief that on the whole men's affirmations are generally true and their negations generally false—one reaches, I will not say a self-evidently true conclusion, but at least an hypothesis that satisfies the demands of the situation at least as satisfactorily as Professor Frazer's in the Golden Bough. Professor Frazer, perhaps it may be remembered, traces with extraordinary patience and minuteness points of resemblance between Christianity and certain things which he assumes to be myths, and therefore essentially false; and concludes Christianity, therefore, to be essentially false too. No one in his senses dreams of disputing Professor Frazer's scholarship and learning as a specialist—no one, least of all myself, finds fault with his positive affirmations of fact; but does it not seem probable that he has fallen into that error which is the supreme temptation of all specialists, and has concluded that his own speciality is the key to the universe in a word, has thought that specialization justifies negation, whereas it can never possibly justify anything except affirmation?

For while he accounts with extraordinary skill for certain resemblances and parallelisms here and there between the religious creeds of various nations, he does not attempt to account for the fact that those creeds have, as a matter of fact, come into existence. He has arrived at certain affirmations of his own—affirmations that I do not doubt that the religious world will have to deal with, and indeed avail itself of, in future—but the hypothesis that I have been trying to state as regards affirmations in general meets, not only all the phenomena which Professor Frazer meets, but also those which he neglects; since it concludes that any given dogma shared by practically all nations alike has an appeal, on natural grounds, far stronger and more urgent than a dogma that is the ex-

clusive possession of one.

Take another small sub-point in this matter. It has been discovered that certain religious regulations hitherto

considered to be purely ceremonial and symbolic (for instance, the laws relating to leprosy among the Jews) are, as a matter of fact, in exact and extraordinary accordance with our modern sanitary knowledge. Physical scientists, therefore, have shown tendencies, to put it mildly, to leap into the breach, and to conclude that since Moses was a good sanitarian, therefore he was a bad theologian. Really the thing does not follow. It is a little hard to conclude that because a man is eminently and unexpectedly right in one branch of knowledge, he is on that very account eminently and unexpectedly wrong in every other branch. It is the old specialist fault under another aspect. One might just as well conclude that because a dog is fond of bones and fond of his master, the reason why the dog licks his master's boots is because he is dwelling fondly on the thought of the bones in his master's leg.

To sum up then: it seems to me that our crying need at the present day is what I may call a new Science of

Evidence.

It is inevitable that from time to time a certain mode of thought should colour and dominate the methods of popular thinking. For instance, citizenship was taken as, so to speak, the ground-philosophy of life in the early days of Greece; law was taken as the philosophy of the Roman Empire; extended citizenship (or, as we should say, patriotism) is the philosophy of modern Japan. In each of these instances these respective philosophies are assumed to be self-evident, and there is a tendency to exclude all activities which cannot fit themselves in under the terms of each.

Now, at the present day, amongst ourselves—though there are unmistakeable symptons, now that Sir Oliver Lodge and Sir William Crookes have taken to spiritualism and theology, that the phase is going to pass away—at the present day it is, more or less, physical science that is assumed to be the philosophy into which everything else must fit or perish. There is no wonder that it is so. We have made amazing discoveries, the whole world has changed its aspects, many old axioms have turned out to be

no better than hypotheses after all, under the rise of physical science during the last fifty years. Specialists, therefore, in this branch of knowledge have advanced before the world under the guise of crowned kings; nations have bowed down before them, peoples have done them service. Their conquests have been so tremendous, and their achievements so undoubted, that they have been hailed as discoverers of a new universe and victors over the old.

Their tendency has been to do, then, exactly as one would expect—exactly as every specialist always tends to do-viz. to claim lordship, not only over their own perfectly legitimate territories, but over all other territories as well; to denounce as deceptive, if not as actually nonexistent, all knowledge that cannot be expressed in their terms. Fortunately, physical scientists are, as a rule, mild and gentle persons—they have not enforced with any fire or sword, except those of well-bred contempt and compassion, their sweeping claims. But imagine what perils would fall on the world if a fiercer school were to prevail! Imagine, let us say, an oligarchy of artists—or even, if I may dare to say so, of theologians—who had managed to persuade the world that Art or Theology was the only true science in existence. The thing is perfectly conceivable; in fact, already, amongst large masses of our population to whom athleticism is the supremely important plane of existence, it is believed that a man who can kick farther than anyone else is a more noble specimen of manhood than the greatest philosopher that ever lived. It is conceivable—though I will not say it is likely—it is conceivable, since it is no more narrow-minded than the philosophy of Haeckel which has its serious adherents everywhere in the civilized world, that in some far-off century our children's children will express everything in terms of the picturesque—that everything that is stimulating to the eye will be considered useful to the community, everything that is unstimulating, the enemy of the human race—that, for instance, unless food can be made artistic it will be doubted whether it is advantageous to

eat it; and that a house that is ugly cannot possibly shelter us from the rain. (In fact Goethe has already said that

artists must live in beautiful houses.)

What we need, therefore, is a new popular science of evidence. We need it to be made plain to all men, once and for all, that while every branch of knowledge has a right to exist, and a right to be imperative and final within its own province, it has no right to be imperative anywhere else—and, above all, that while every branch of knowledge must use evidence proper to itself, it has no kind of right to demand that other branches of knowledge should use

any evidence except their own.

For instance, it is perfectly evident that while music, in certain of its lower aspects, can be dealt with in mathematical terms—that, to take a particular example, Professor Cayley could, no doubt, if he applied himself, compose an exceedingly elaborate and perfectly correct fugue in B minor-yet to demand that mathematical tests shall be applied to all music, and to allow no one to compose a comic song unless he had passed a Government examination in algebra, would be tyrannous in the last degree. For it is obvious that there is somewhere—though God alone knows where—a centre or hub from which all branches of knowledge radiate, and an imaginary circle which they share in common; yet that these various spokes, as a matter of fact, diverge perfectly legitimately one from another and, indeed, the further they are developed, the further diverge. Music is mathematicalyes; but it is also a great deal more than mathematical; in fact its very essence is nothing of the kind. Some of it can be expressed in mathematical terms, but it has a transcendent existence of its own entirely apart from mathematics; and the more utterly true it is to itself, the more completely it leaves mathematics apart from itself.

So, too, with dogma and biology.

Theology has a certain sphere which it shares with biology, as it has another which it shares with geology and another with psychology.

Now, it is perfectly possible to allow-to take as an

instance, the sphere where it meets psychology—that certain popular traditions of religion have been profoundly modified by recent discoveries in psychology. The cure of certain kinds of diseases, hitherto considered to be miraculous, has been shown by psychology to be not necessarily miraculous. Suggestion, even apart from religion, can accomplish some of these things, and, therefore, the psychologist is perfectly within his rights though I do not say he is necessarily correct in his claim in claiming that these particular cures are natural. But it is necessary to object very strongly indeed to his advancing beyond his province and making, in the name of science, what is really a sublime and childlike act of faith. "I have shown," the modern psychologist tends to say, "that I can cure St Vitus' Dance by hypnotic suggestion. Therefore, though I cannot at present do it, I am sure that an instantaneous cure of lupus can also be accomplished by hypnotic suggestion. I believe in Nature, Creator of all things visible and invisible . . . by whom all things are done." The psychologist is perfectly justified in making such an act of faith; if only he will remember and confess that it is an act of faith, and not a conclusion of science—in fact, that he is no longer acting as a psychologist, but as a humble believer.

So, too, with biology. The scientist is perfectly at liberty, since he is within his own province, in tracing all animal life to protoplasmic slime—if he has really, that is to say, established the genealogy to his own satisfaction. But he is not at liberty, since he is no longer within his own province, in declaring in the name of science that, therefore, protoplasm is eternal. Again he may make this act of faith if he wishes; but let him confess that it is an act of faith, a dogma, an article of a creed, and not a scientific

conclusion.

In these provinces, therefore, which various sciences share in common, disputes must be fought out between the sciences—the theologian and the geologist may argue together legitimately on terms to be agreed upon between them, with regard to phenomena in which they have both

staked out claims. But neither must the theologian lay tyrannous hands upon what is not in his province, nor must the geologist or the psychologist. Not one of them has a right to claim that his terms are the only ones on

which the controversy can be conducted.

We need, therefore, a new science of evidence. We need that men generally should recognize that every science has its own province, within which province it has a right to dictate terms; and, what is above all important, that each science has its own particular kind of evidence. For instance, the phrase "moral certainty" is usually employed to denote a certainty less than scientific; whereas it means nothing of the sort. On the contrary, it means a certainty as certain in the moral plane, as scientific certainty in the scientific plane. Or again, it is artistically certain that the Sistine Madonna is a finer work of art than the statue of Oueen Anne outside St Paul's Cathedral; and this certainty is no less certain because physical science does not come into it at all. It is not by chemical analysis that we arrive at artistic certainty; it is by application of canons of art, of which we are as absolutely certain, within the province of art, as we are certain of scientific canons within the province of science. And the fact that moral certitude is assumed to be something definitely inferior, in all cases, and intrinsically, to scientific certitude is a sign of how physical science has succeeded in her usurpation, and has established herself as sovereign over realms where she has no right to reign.

For when this distribution of provinces is fully recognized, and the new science of evidence established indisputably, not only will there be comparative peace, but that which is the corollary of peace—progress.

At present we are all nervously engaged in trying to translate the evidences of our own particular provinces into the languages of other provinces, instead of simply adding our contributions together. The scientist tries to become rhetorical; the orator scientific; even the artist has shown signs of trying to become chemical. And the result is an enormous waste of energy. Is it not possible to

look forward to the time when every concrete event or question will be tested in turn by specialists, each in his

own province?

Take crime, for instance. In our criminal courts we see now at least three or four branches of knowledge represented. The lawyer applies his principles—e.g. every man is innocent until he is proved guilty. No amount of preponderating evidence which does not actually tip up the scale is sufficient. The chemist applies his tests; and hours of trial after trial are occupied with the contributions that the physical knowledge of the laboratory can supply. But the amazing fact still remains that the psychologist and the moral theologian are wholly unrepresented except as regards the tiny demand made in the name of the law that some motive shall be forthcoming, or the still more ineffective testimony of inexpert witnesses to moral character. For it is still an unhappy fact that psychological and moral certitudes are considered flimsy and unsubstantial compared with scientific and physical certitudes. With regard to a recent very sad and dramatic case of murder, it occurred to me again and again that what was really needed to make justice wholly satisfactory was the evidence of a psychological expert. Inexpert evidence in psychology was there in abundance -witnesses to moral character, and all the rest. But exactly that which was most needed in that particular case was not so much inexpert evidence as expert. We ought to have had—and it is possible that we shall have fifty years hence, when psychology has become more of an organized science than it is at present—a body of persons, trained somewhat after the way in which priests are trained by the scientific study of casuistry and the extraordinary experimental teaching of the confessional, whose business it will be to examine motives and mental processes, and to give evidence in each case; and whose words will be taken as being of at least equal weight as those of chemists and anatomists on whose evidence, to so large an extent, criminal trials at present depend. For moral certainty, in spite of a popular opinion to the con-

trary, can be in its own province absolutely as satisfactory and convincing to those who understand the meaning of casuistical and psychological terms, as chemical evidence

in the province of chemistry.

Progress, therefore, it seems to me, lies for the future in the development of one side of each science in its own province, and of stern restrictions imposed upon it at those points where each province ends and another begins. Certainly there will always remain common ground, and, therefore, there will always remain controversy. But at least three-quarters of the controversies that occupy our time now will have ceased. We shall understand that the geologist of our parable has a perfect right to be peremptory upon the tilt of the strata, but no right at all to dictate to the farmer as to what the land is worth. The farmer will be a kind of Pope as regards the number of bushels which each acre will produce, but will not be allowed to put the poet's sonnet upon the agricultural index. And the poet will succeed in getting his sonnet, after all, into the Westminster Gazette; but will have his laurels taken from him if he calls the geologist a fossil. The lion will lie down with the calf; and the leopard with the kid. And the little child—that is, the amateur generalist—will head the procession of Peace into the Land of Promise.

ROBERT HUGH BENSON

### TOTEMISM & EXOGAMY

Totemism and Exogamy: A Treatise on Certain Early Forms of Superstition and Society. By J. G. Frazer, D.C.L., etc. 4 vols. pp. xix—2,181, with maps. London: Macmillan and Co. 1910.

It is now some forty years ago since McLennan, in his work on *Primitive Marriage*, first really attracted the attention of scholars to the two customs which form the title of the work under review. He was not the first to refer to these customs, since totemism as a term seems to have been originally introduced by J. Long, an Indian interpreter, in 1791, and the custom of exogamy, though that name was not then given to it, was outlined by Latham in 1859. But it may safely be said that it was not until McLennan's work had appeared that any real discussion over these matters arose.

Since then have appeared innumerable books and papers on these subjects, amongst which Baldwin Spencer and Gillen's accounts of the Central Australian Tribes, Frazer's article on "Totemism" in the penultimate edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica, subsequently published in a separate volume and republished as the first part of Vol. 1 of his present work, and Andrew Lang's Secret of the Totem (Longmans. 1905) may be specially noted. Finally, these ripples on the sea of knowledge have been succeeded by the vast billow of Totemism and Exogamy, a four-volume work containing over two thousand pages of reading matter and numerous maps, and embodying, as will be seen, a new theory of the origin of the first-named custom, new, that is, to the author's previous volume, but first given to the world in the columns of the Fortnightly Review in 1905 and reprinted in Vol. 1 of the present work. The greater portion of three out of the four volumes is occupied by an ethnographical survey of the customs, as to the value of which there can be no second opinion. Many years must elapse before the time arrives when any ambitious writer will essay the task of compiling a collection of facts which shall render this

book obsolete. And, as a collection of facts, it is indispensable to all persons engaged in the study of primitive races and their ideas. The fourth volume is devoted to summaries and conclusions. The former, expressing the essence of what has been learnt from the survey, contains those pages which will naturally be most referred to by the general reader and sums the evidence up in a manner of which it would be hypercritical to complain. It is when we come to the conclusions, the theory as distinguished from the facts, that we find cause to confirm the belief raised in our mind by the careful perusal of Professor Frazer's other works, that whilst he is, perhaps, the most painstaking collector of evidence in the world of scholars, he is not the most trustworthy theorist, but is apt to be led to what seem to us, with all respect be it said, utterly improbable conclusions by a too great reliance on isolated cases and far-fetched analogies. This in no way lessens the debt of gratitude owing to him by scholars, who will greedily avail themselves of the quarry of facts which he has opened for them, but it does call for a note of caution to those who are inclined to place his theories as well as his facts in the same category of things unassailable. To this we shall refer in a later portion of this paper: at present we confine ourselves to giving some account of the two customs whose names appear at the head of this article.

"A totem is a class of material objects which a savage regards with superstitious respect, believing that there exists between him and every member of the class an intimate and altogether special relation" (1, 3). Apart from the material objects selected as totems, and these are innumerable, there are several varieties of totem to which reference must be made. Of these by far the most important is the Clan-totem, common to a class and passing by inheritance from generation to generation. The Crows are succeeded (within limits which will be indicated further on) by Crows and the Eagle-Hawks by Eagle-Hawks. Then there is the sex-totem belonging to all the men or all the women of the tribe but not to

members of both sexes. Finally there is the personal totem, which belongs to a man or a woman and which

is not handed down to his or her descendants.

We have already seen that the term totem is derived from a North American Indian source, a fact which is due to the accident that the custom was first noticed and described in that part of the world. But it is by no means confined to the peoples which once inhabited the prairies and mountains of that vast area of land. Of late it has been carefully studied amongst the aborigines of Australia, where it appears to have occurred universally. It is met with amongst the western islanders of Torres Straits and the coast tribes of British New Guinea, very commonly amongst the Melanesians, to some extent amongst the Polynesians, and, perhaps, still more so among the Indonesians. "In India it is widespread, and may well have been at one time universal among the Dravidian races, who probably form the aboriginal population of Hindostan, and it appears to be shared by some of the Mongoloid tribes of Assam. But on the frontiers of British India the institution, or at all events the record of it, stops abruptly " (IV, II). It is well known in Africa, as we have seen, in North America and, it may be added, in the southern part of that continent as well. It will be expected that efforts have been made to show that it formerly existed in other races now presenting no traces of any such institution. Thus, Robertson-Smith endeavoured to trace it amongst the Semites, Reinach and others among the Celts and so on. It cannot be said that these efforts have so far met with any great success. The facts upon which these theories are based are not always unassailable, and, even when they may be taken as reasonably well established, a wholly different conclusion from that drawn by the totemists may with equal reason and probability be adopted. Perhaps one amusing instance of how these theories, based on insufficient evidence, break down when exposed to expert criticism may here be given. The late Mr Grant Allen, in his book on Anglo-Saxon

Britain, which, with a real touch of humour, was published by the S.P.C.K., included Wormingford among the Place-names leading to "the almost irresistible inference that at some earlier period the Anglo-Saxons had been totemists" (p. 81, ed. 1891). In this hypothesis was, of course, involved the idea that Wormingford was the ford of the Wormings, and that the Wormings, after Kemble's theory, were the family or people of the Worm. Unfortunately for this view of things, Mr Horace Round has had no difficulty in proving that Wormingford is, by a corruption of the name, the "Widemondfort" of Domesday Book and the "Withermundeford" of later charters and has nothing to do with Wormings or Worms.\*

Respecting the races other than those included in the list of undoubtedly totemistic peoples, Professor Frazer concludes that, so far as he has studied the evidence adduced to support these conclusions, he has to confess that it leaves him doubtful or unconvinced (IV, 13), and with this view it is probable that most

anthropologists will agree.

However, in the vast field of undoubtedly totemistic races there is abundant material for study and sufficient underlying similarity of custom to permit of scientific

generalizations.

What, it may in the first place be asked, is the real relation of the man to his totem? On this point there seems not to be any very great reason for doubt that in a number of cases a tribe believes itself to be actually descended from the totem it bears. Thus, for example, "the Cray-Fish clan of the Choctaws were originally cray-fish and lived underground, coming up occasionally through the mud to the surface. Once a party of Choctaws smoked them out, and, treating them kindly, taught them the Choctaw language, taught them to walk on two legs, made them cut off their toe-nails and pluck the

<sup>\*</sup> In a paper read before the Congress of Archæological Societies in Union with the Society of Antiquaries, 1900, and subsequently published in his Commune of London and other studies.

hair from their bodies, after which they adopted them into the tribe. But the rest of their kindred, the crayfish, are still living underground" (1, 5). From this view as to the kinship between a man and his totem would seem to arise the idea, which, by the way, is not in any way universal, that a man must not eat his totem-animal. The man, in fact, pays to the totem something like the same respect and consideration which he pays to his obviously human relatives, "hence, when his totem is an edible animal or plant, he commonly, but not always, abstains from killing and eating it, just as he commonly, but not always, abstains from killing and eating his friends and relations" (IV, 5). Even where the idea of descent is absent or obscured there is, or may be, an obvious recognition of a relationship between the man and his totem, and, on the man's side, a kind of feeling of camaraderie, coupled, at least at times, with the belief that he can, by the exercise of magic bring his influence to bear on the totem animal with which he is connected. Thus he will perform ceremonies in order that the totem animal or plant may be miraculously multiplied, and thus an abundant supply of food be provided for those members of his tribe, though not of his clan of that tribe, who, owning another totem, may partake of his totem animal; and in the expectation that they, in their turn, will pay him the compliment of multiplying their totem animal for his benefit. It is quite obvious that, with the multiplicity of totem animals and plants, if the owner of a totem was called upon to defend it against the hunger of all other persons as well as to refrain from it himself, existence would become unbearable or impossible. So he does not object to his fellow feeding on the totem which he himself must avoid. Thus we get the intichiuma ceremonies of the Central Australians, where the native identifies himself, as far as possible, with his totem in order to attain the object in view. "If he desires to multiply grubs, he pretends to be a grub himself, emerging from the chrysalis state; if his wish is to ensure a plentiful supply of emus, he dresses himself up as an emu, Vol. 149

and mimics the bird, for by thus converting himself into a grub, or an emu, he thinks he can move the other grubs or emus to comply with his wishes "(1, 119). But from this it must not be supposed that totemism is a religion or that the totem is a god. Some have held the opposite view, and amongst them was Professor Frazer in earlier days, but he now makes it clear that he considers these views to be erroneous and that it is wholly improper to speak of true totemism as a religion (1v, 5).

Nor must we part from this point without alluding to the puzzling fact that, whilst some totemists may not and do not eat their totem, others not only eat it occasionally but believe that their ancestors did so frequently and in large quantities, and this with the idea in both cases that to eat the animal is in some sense to become the animal and, therefore, to gain greater power over its race-fellows. This discrepancy of idea affords a striking example of the difficulties which arise in the path of anyone who endeavours to correlate savage beliefs

and draw wide generalizations from them.

We cannot spare the space to consider the question of the relation of decadent systems of totemism to forms of what may be called religion, but must content ourselves with calling attention to the fact that there is some evidence as to a causal nexus of this kind as, for example, in the region of Torres Straits (see 11, 18), where there are the shrines of two brothers, called Sigai and Maiau, who first appeared on the island as a hammerheaded shark and a crocodile, but seem later on to have assumed human attributes and are even now known to women and uninitiated, who are not allowed near the shrines, under their names and not as animals at all.

We must now turn to the subject of exogamy, the consideration of which is so inextricably mixed up with that of totemism. In its essence exogamy means "marriage without," i.e., without the tribe or clan, and to make things simple we may say that it resolves itself into a less or more complicated Table of Forbidden

Degrees.

In the first place let it be understood that by most ethnologists and, at one time, though apparently not now, by Professor Frazer, it is held that descent in the maternal line is a more archaic system than that in the paternal; indeed it is not hard to understand why this should be when one considers many of the phases of

savage life.

Professor Frazer, who firmly adheres to the idea of a primitive system of group-marriage which others refuse to admit, suggests (IV, 133) that the germ of exogamy "is the deliberate bisection of the whole community into two exogamous classes for the purpose of preventing the sexual unions of near kin." If this be correct we can imagine a tribe splitting into two divisions, one called Crow and the other Eagle-Hawk, and laying down the law that in future Crow shall not marry Crow nor Eagle-Hawk Eagle-Hawk. It is obvious that such a system would be exogamous in its character, and it is notorious that such a system obtains in most, though not in all, of the totemistic peoples. There are, however, further complications in other cases. Let us, with Professor Frazer, deal with the matter by the use of letters, and let us call the two divisions of the tribe A's and B's. Then the plan mentioned above resolves itself into the law that an A must marry a B; this is a two-class system. But there is a fourclass system under which A is again subdivided into a1 and  $a^2$  and B into  $b^1$  and  $b^2$  and under which also, though A must still marry B, he may not marry any B, but must marry if Aa a Bb, if Aa a Bb. There is even an eight-class scheme, where, of course, further prohibitions exist and greater complications arise. Let us see what these regulations amount to in terms of ordinary relationship. "The effect of the two-class system is to bar the marriage of brothers with sisters, but not in all cases the marriage of parents with children, nor the marriage of a man's children with his sister's children. The effect of the four-class system is to bar the marriage of brothers with sisters and of parents with children in every case, but not the marriage of a man's children with his

sister's children. The effect of the eight-class system is to bar the marriage of brothers with sisters, of parents with children, and of a man's children with his sister's children. The result of each successive dichotomy is thus to strike out another class of relations from the list of persons with whom marriage may be contracted: it is to add one more to the list of prohibited degrees" (1, 279). In all these divisions the classes are indicated by totems, so that we prolong the prohibition that Crow may not marry Crow by saying that Crow (Cockatoo) may neither marry any other kind of Crow nor may he marry Eagle-Hawk (Owl)

and so on.

It may be added that further regulations as to marriage may be found in certain cases outside the ordinary totem rules. A curious example of this in Melanesia will explain what is meant. In this instance, with maternal descent, whilst the marriage of a son with a mother, or of brothers and sisters, or of cousins who are the children of two brothers or of two sisters is excluded, the marriage of a father with a daughter or of cousins who are the children of a brother and a sister respectively is not excluded. Yet neither of these unions is permitted by custom working outside the class-system; the former union is punished by death, and, as regards the latter, such cousins may not shake hands with one another or give presents to one another or even mention one another's names, and they may only converse with one another at a distance of some paces (II, 130). It is possible that a similar idea explains the avoidance of the mother-in-law so common amongst primitive races, and of which an extreme case is mentioned from the Banks' Islands, where a man will not even walk along the beach after his mother-in-law until the rising tide has washed away the footprints which she had left behind her (11, 76). It would seem as if, though the class-system permitted such a marriage, a better feeling rose up to declare it impossible.

It has already been mentioned that there are cases, as amongst the Arunta, where marriage with a person of the same totem is not forbidden, but this exception must

be dealt with later on. The other is the general rule, namely, the custom that persons of the same totem may

not marry together.

We have now to turn to the consideration of various general questions as to the origin of these strange customs, and here, needless to say, we embark on the sea of theory, leaving behind us the dry land of fact which we have

hitherto been treading.

What gave rise to the idea of totems? That is the first question with which we have to grapple, and it is not surprising that more than one hypothesis has been put forward to account for the origin of the custom. Professor Frazer, during the years in which he has ruminated over these matters, has himself put forward and abandoned two theories and now stands by a third, of which more in a moment. Let us briefly recapitulate these views.

(i) The theory of Herbert Spencer and, with some modifications, of Lord Avebury, that totemism originated in a misinterpretation of nicknames. Professor Frazer rules this out of court because these theories "attribute to verbal misunderstandings far more influence than verbal misunderstandings ever seem to have exercised"

(IV, 44).

(ii) The Dutch writer, G. A. Wilken, held that totemism was explained by the belief in the transmigration of souls, but according to Professor Frazer, whose reasoning here, based on the supposed primitive character of the Australians, does not by any means satisfy us, "metempschychosis is a later product of social evolution than totemism, of which indeed it may sometimes be an effect

rather than the cause" (IV, 47).

(iii) The view of many American anthropologists, that totems were derived from the personal guardian spirits of individuals. Thus the founder of a clan acquired his totem, after the American method, by a vision, and this totem subsequently became that of the clan which he founded. This explanation, which would be admirable if there were none but American conditions to be inquired into, does not, it must be admirted, fall into line with the

ideas prevalent amongst totemistic peoples in other parts of the world.

(iv) Dr Haddon's view, that totems were originally the animals or plants on which local groups of people chiefly subsisted, and after which they were named by their neighbours. This theory seems to be based on too slender a basis of custom.

(v) Professor Frazer's first theory, that the totem was associated with the idea of what is known to folk-lorists as "the external soul." According to this belief, embodied in many so-called nursery tales, if a man can hide away his soul somewhere, say, in a fish in the deep sea, he cannot be killed unless that fish is killed.

(vi) The same writer's second theory, founded on the intichiuma customs of which we have already spoken, that totemism originated as a system of magic, designed to supply a community with the necessaries of life, especially with food and drink (IV, 55). As these views have been abandoned by their parent we need not delay over them,

but may pass to

(vii) His third and present theory, based practically on the evidence of one tribe, the Aruntas of Central Australia, and underlain by the fact that these people, like some other savage races, are wholly ignorant of the facts of generation and believe that conception occurs at the moment that the female first physically recognizes the fact that she is to become a mother. Then she supposes that a spirit child has taken possession of her, and from the spot where this occurrence is supposed to have taken place she comes to a conclusion as to what kind of spirit of the dead this may be and, as a totem of one kind only belongs to any special spot, it must be obvious that the totem of the child is thus decided by the accident of position at a given moment. This accidental acquisition of the totem explains the absence of its connexion with marriage systems.

Now, before discussing this view and its rivals, the opportunity may be made use of for giving two warnings to those whose interest in early customs leads them

to read the books of explorers and writers on such things. The first of these is that nothing can be a more difficult task than to get at the exact meaning of a savage's ideas through the medium of a probably difficult and almost certainly only half-understood tongue. Can we, in the case under consideration, feel quite certain that Spencer and Gillen really got at the full meaning of the Arunta customs through the interpreter whom they employed? This is a question of crucial importance, and it is brought more prominently before us by the fact that the writings of Mr Strehlow, a Lutheran missionary working in the same district, do not seem, in some important particulars, to bear out the views of the gentlemen mentioned nor those which Professor Frazer has founded upon them. The Professor does not attach as much importance to the missionary's views as others would, because the missionary's object is to turn the heathen from their ways, about which, therefore, one might suppose that he must first know something. But the Professor has utilized, as needs must he, a great deal of missionary evidence, and where, one may safely ask, would ethnologists and folk-lorists be to-day without the details collected by missionaries of all kinds? If this warning must be borne in mind, as it undoubtedly must, so also must this further warning: that even if the language is tolerably well understood, the workings of the mind of the man who employs that language, even if he wants—as he by no means always does those workings to be understood, are not easy of comprehension. The savage is not an expert psychologist and has never concerned himself with the distinctions which arise in our more civilized minds. An example of what is meant by this may now be given. The present writer was once very anxious to ascertain whether the savage who sets up a lump of stone in his patch of yams as a protector, regards that stone as an actual god or only as the representation of a god, and made inquiry on the subject from a very distinguished writer who had spent much time as an observer amongst the people in question. His first reply was that the savage was not a psychologist and did

not distinguish between the two ideas above mentioned. And, finally, he could not commit himself to anything further than the statement, that probably the savage in some measure considered that the godhead was focussed in the stone. This wise and cautious attitude might well be considered by the cocksure persons who theorize at second- or third-hand about the views of people who may quite possibly really believe things wholly different from those which their observers suppose them to believe. Look at the absurd things which are said about the beliefs of Catholics! The present writer calls to mind a careful book-written with no obvious anti-Catholic bias-in which it is gravely stated (I) that every priest changes his name at his ordination, and (2) that the essential part of holy matrimony with us is the partaking of Holy Communion at the same time by the couple about to be married. Where such ideas can be held about the customs and beliefs of people of no obscure form of religion, what boundless possibilities of error must arise in connexion with the savage tribes of, say, Central Australia?

Leaving these warnings, let us turn to the actual facts of the case. Professor Frazer founds his latest theory on the assumption that the Aruntas are a really primitive totemistic race. But are they so primitive as he supposes? Those who read the account which Professor Frazer gives of them will hardly be inclined to agree with him, and especially if they also study the pages of Mr

Andrew Lang's Secret of the Totem.

Mr Lang throws in his lot with those who believe that in the name of a people lies the secret of their totem, and the present writer thinks that many persons will agree with him that Professor Frazer is wrong in attaching too little importance to the sanctity and mystery attaching to a person's name amongst primitive people. It would be quite impossible even to outline here the evidence on this head. Suffice it to say that all the important theories and ideas underlying that most weighty "child's tale" of Tom Tit Tot go to show the truth of the statement that the name-theory is one based on no slender foundation of fact.

# Totemism and Exogamy

If it were quite clear that the Aruntas were in an absolutely primitive state of totemism it might be legitimate to pay great respect to their isolated form of belief in connexion with the custom. But, as we have seen, this is at least a moot point. Under these circumstances we do not think that Professor Frazer has in any way shown sufficient cause for abandoning the name-theory, or indeed his own first theory, which seems to us to possess much more justification than that which he now holds.

And then as to exogamy: how are we to account for this? Here at least we know where we are as to facts. There seems to be no kind of doubt possible that the object of the custom or system is deliberately and of set purpose to prevent the marriage of near kin, and the more complicated the custom the greater the number and range of the prohibitions. But why did this arise? Judging from the nescience of the ordinary facts of generation which seems to prevail amongst some totemistic peoples we may conclude that it was no essay in eugenics which prompted this institution. What then was it? The answer is not to be found in the books of the anthropologists. Even the theory-abounding Professor throws up the sponge here, and, in words which will bear full quotation, confesses his complete ignorance on the matter. "It is impossible," he says, "to suppose that in planning it" (i.e. the system of exogamy) "these ignorant and improvident savages could have been animated by exact knowledge of its consequences or by a far-seeing care for the future welfare of their remote descendants" (IV, 168). And he proceeds to point out that the highest races do not found their unions on any system of eugenics. Further, he continues: "What idea these primitive sages and lawgivers, if we may call them so, had in their minds when they laid down the fundamental lines of the institution we cannot say with certainty; all that we know of savages leads us to suppose that it must have been what we now call a superstition, some crude notion of natural causation which to us might seem transparently false, though to them it doubtless seemed obviously true. Yet, egregiously wrong

## Totemism and Exogamy

as they were in theory, they appear to have been fundamentally right in practice. What they abhorred was really evil; what they preferred was really good. Perhaps we may call their curious system an unconscious mimicry of science. The end which it accomplished was wise, though the thoughts of the men who invented it were foolish. In acting as they did, these poor savages blindly obeyed the impulse of the great evolutionary forces which, in the physical world, are constantly educing higher out of lower forms of existence, and in the moral world civilization out of savagery. If that is so, exogamy has been an instrument in the hands of that unknown power, the masked wizard of history, who, by some mysterious process, some subtle alchemy, so often transmutes in the crucible of suffering the dross of folly and evil into the fine gold of wisdom and good."

Amazing stream of words! But to what do they all amount? If the Professor, as we feel tolerably sure he does not, means by "the masked wizard of history" the Being whom we reverence as "Factorem Coeli et Terrae, Visibilium omnium et Invisibilium" we are prepared to discuss the question with him and to admit that it may well be argued that "God fulfils Himself in many ways."

But if this is not his view, and we cannot think that it is, we must be pardoned if we say, as respectfully as possible, that all this whirl of words, full of sound but meaning nothing, might have been condensed into the simple but honest phrase, "I do not know what caused these savages to adopt the system of exogamy." In which confession of ignorance many, if not all, would feel disposed to join with him.

BERTRAM C. A. WINDLE

# CATHOLICISM AND THE SPIRIT OF THE EAST

Marc-Aurèle et la Fin du Monde Antique. Par Ernest Renan. Neuvième édition. Paris 1903.

THIS year Italy is keeping festival in remembrance of the battles, sieges and votings by which, half a century ago, she began her career as a kingdom, one and indivisible. In the same rejoicings are caught up a series of strange events which made Rome her capital and a modern city. On the other hand, Catholics, of whatever nation, have marked September 20, 1870, as a dies nefastus in their calendar. It was the day when those new Lombards, under leadership from the House of Savoy, broke through the Roman walls, and the Holy Father entered on a captivity that has lasted forty years. Ever since the drama has gone forward without pause which sets the King over against the Pope, divides the Quirinal from the Vatican, and throws between them a Parliament at Monte Citorio. The "sacred and immemorial throne," as Disraeli with his large imagination called it, whence Europe was taught and ruled, has fallen. The "new civilization" reigns in its stead. Hence the everlasting quarrel, the two Romes, and the strongly opposed characters given to this memorial year by the victors and the vanquished of 1870.

We are looking on, in truth, at a world's debate, to the vast implications and issues of which Italians brought up in the school of Machiavelli pay little heed. Astute politicians, they are seldom philosophers; their mind dwells in the concrete, the local, the lines and forms to which they have been accustomed. They cannot see that Rome belongs to mankind. Rome, which like Jerusalem, like Athens, is the "city of the soul," the place where all histories meet, these narrow-minded imitators of French-English constitutions would transform to a second-rate Paris, with its boulevards, cafés chantants, debating clubs, parliamentary cliques and the other adornments of latter-

day civilization. Rome, the capital of Italy, is no longer to be Rome, the capital of Christendom. For to the intellect fashioned by Machiavelli Christendom is an exploded idea. It has had its day. Under many names, and after vicissitudes which fill the last four centuries, that view of life discovered at the Renaissance now inspires literature, shapes the laws, dominates the school, the university, the newspaper. It colours the whole horizon. It has made to itself eyes, hands and feet in ten thousand ministers who do its will. Regarded as culture its admirers term it Humanism; as a theory of government it is liberal and democratic; when it touches religion it professes ignorance and toleration, but its very silence is denial and its outcome hatred of the supernatural in every form. Wherever it holds power, and in whatever degree, the Catholic faith suffers. As we might expect, its presence and its policy reveal themselves in the Latin world with a peculiar distinctness of outline. This idea it is which entered Rome in triumph with the Italian army, which has shut up the Holy Father in the Vatican, and which keeps its royal jubilee in the year now passing over us.

What, then, is the power, certainly neither tangible nor visible, that traces round the Pope a magic ring within which he is safe, which his enemies dare not cross and which has enabled him to live in their sight when other dispossessed sovereigns have gone into exile? Temporal dominion beyond the Vatican garden he has none. Guarantees from the governments of Europe, though talked about, were never given him and do not exist. He is quite helpless. To be elected successor of St Peter is to share St Peter's prison. Three of the Roman Pontiffs have thus lived a secluded life, which to the generation born since the breach of Porta Pia must seem to be their natural condition. If we were not used to it, should we not think it altogether the contrary, a miracle of Providence or an outrage inflicted by men and not to be endured? There is no other sovereign in the world at once so absolute and so feeble. What is the account of it? On every line of assault by arms and diplomacy the Pope has undergone defeat after defeat.

Humanly speaking, he has lost all he ever had, during the ill-starred eighty years that separate Pius X from the accession of Gregory XVI. Yet he neither leaves Rome nor surrenders nor dies. He disposes by unquestioned flat of the fortunes and possessions of the Church in France; he puts down Modernism; he creates a world-wide legislation; he is a name and an influence which no State can afford to overlook. If he were only a King, he might be deposed; if but a man of genius and nothing more he would have to charm or persuade before winning followers. What is he, then, that he should remain alive and invulner-

able after all these strokes?

We reply that he is the embodiment of Eastern religion in an imperial Western power. He sums up in his own person and expands into all his institutions an idea distinct from the ideas of the West, self-sustained, aboriginal, the expression of realities that modern civilization did not call into being and is impotent to destroy. Because the Pope holds of the East he can defy the West. Because he is throned in the West he can evangelize the East. Rome is the centre, therefore it never will sink to be merely the capital of Italy. By position, by history, by outlook, by aspiration, these ecumenical attributes of the Papacy are justified. Even the shadows which at a remote distance fall from the unity of ancient Christendom, founders of sects, generals of Salvation Armies, prophets and prophetesses after whom the ignorant crowd dances and runs mad, would never have known how to conjure up a free Church, had the spiritual might of Rome not shown them the way. It is discipline, cries one; or the gift of exploiting enthusiasm, answers another; it is Jesuit cunning, say many more; it is shameless self-affirmation, pretended miracles, age-long establishment. But a simpler, deeper philosophy would bid us consider if it be not something elemental, mysterious, perhaps divine—the secret which was revealed to man (primitive and not yet civilized), never utterly forgotten in the East, a living energy whereby we attain to union with the Everlasting. And this not private ecstasy but public communion. What we perceive

as the outward tangible form of Catholicism we may fix in the word hierarchy; but the inward essence that gives it life is the vision of faith; and if the form be Roman, the spirit is Eastern. Combining these elements as the course of ages exhibits them, we find ourselves face to face with a

Theocracy.

Theocracy in modern, scientific, democratized Europe and America, that is the wonder. On that, and on nothing else, the debate, whether by argument or force of arms, will surely be seen to turn, if we do not confuse our minds by a multitude of side issues. The claim is a challenge to every power in the world. It cannot be given up; it survives the individual Pontiff; and it is strong in possessing a local habitation and a name more august than the cities of men dare question. For they are but secular capitals while Rome is sacred. In the apologetics of an older stamp weight was laid on the "undesigned coincidences" to be met with in Holy Scripture. A fruitful theme would be the designed or Providential coincidences of history, and "Roma Sacra" points the most significant among them. We have already dwelt upon it; but our train of thought demands that we should here in a few strokes sum up the remarkable story.\* Let our drift be indicated beyond mistake. As we are now considering those facts which determine the fortunes of religion, Rome and Jerusalem are, so to speak, the vital centres, the foci, of that orbit along whose path Christianity moves. Jerusalem leads up to Rome; and in Rome the idea which lay at the heart of Israel finds its universal expression, its fulcrum, and its law. Rome is the Western Israel. Or, as on an earlier occasion we ventured to phrase it, St Peter has become the Pontifex Maximus. In taking over that title, which antedates the New Testament, St Peter's successor absorbs Rome. He does more. He seems to tell the nations that Rome was waiting for him. The Lateran is thereby exalted above the Capitol, and in Dantean language "has ascended beyond mortal things." To the poet and the philosopher, bent on "contemplation of the high

<sup>\*</sup> See Dublin Review, July, 1907, "Roma Sacra."

effect," it seemed clear that Æneas, the pilgrim of eternity according to Virgil, came into the line of prophetic forecast:

Since he of Rome, and of Rome's empire wide, In heaven's empyreal height was chosen sire; Both which, if truth be spoken, were ordained And 'stablished for the Holy Place, where sits Who to great Peter's sacred chair succeeds.\*

This origin of Rome from the East, not as we might well imagine from the colonies that brought into Magna Græcia the arts and culture of Hellas, proved to be the turning-point in human events. It is a legend made beautiful by Virgilian enchantment; we may also hold it true, since the Greeks never established their claim to a foundation by the Tiber. And while tradition spoke without wavering of an old descent from Lydia to which the Etruscans traced their pedigree, the Romans themselves venerated Troy as their Alma Mater. The argument runs thus: if Rome was not an Hellenic outpost (and it never was), the peculiar hieratic style which always clung to it, and which is equally discernible in Cicero, in Virgil, in Livy, otherwise so unlike as writers, can be accounted for only by taking as well-founded the Oriental ancestry this proud people accepted. Phrygian or Lydian, its affinities were of a deeply religious character. The first King of Rome was made the god Quirinus; the first Emperor, Augustus, was deified while yet living. On these facts and all they imply as regards "sacred Rome" we need not enlarge a second time. But there is an inference of moment to be drawn from the vicissitudes which Roman policy underwent in its long struggle with invading Eastern cults. It cast them out again and again; nevertheless, they conquered in the end. Greek letters and Greek art have taken up their abode more than once on the Palatine or the Vatican; but among the Seven Hills no Greek was ever quite at home. Dilettante or parasite, the true Hellene brought thither waited on his master's pleasures; he served,

he did not reign. It was the Oriental who dictated his religion to Greek and Roman, the strange unearthly mystic and initiate from beyond the pale of the Forum and the Schools, not Epicurean or Stoic or Lawyer, whom Clement of Alexandria and Tatian call the Barbarian. We employ this term with later chroniclers to designate the tribes of the North. But in Clement it signifies the everlasting opposition between Greeks who argue and Easterns who meditate. Rome despised the Greeks but yielded submissively at length to the yoke of these Barbarians.

Not, we say, until after a struggle, and that lasting, perhaps, five hundred years. Rome as a divine yet military State held, like all other associations of the same type, to its First Commandment, which ran, "Thou shalt not have strange gods before me." These foreign (exotic) deities were to the colleges of pontiffs and augurs anathema, save when brought home to the Capitol from vanquished cities. Any worship alien from the rites and traditions of the tribes dwelling within the consecrated bounds of the Pomærium was high treason as well as sacrilege. Church and State were one. The Kings might be driven out; the priesthood remained. It could not perish, for "the great immortals known as gods "whom it represented and propitiated, were themselves rulers over Rome. We have elsewhere observed that when Virgil speaks of the "Pater Romanus," it is impossible to say whether he has in mind Mars who begot Romulus, or Romulus who dedicated the city for Mars, or Augustus who had become their living image and their vicar. If he meant all three it would be in accordance with patriotic feeling. This identification ran its natural course, ever widening in scope and attributes, as the city on the Tiber grew to be the capital of the civilized world. Rome was the great goddess; the Emperor enjoyed divine honours; his home on the Palatine had all the sanctity of a temple; and the Pontifex Maximus reigned from the Euphrates to the Atlantic.\* Modern historians, knowing all this in detail, have seldom allowed the

<sup>\*</sup> Ovid (Fasti, iv. 949) says the House of the Pontifex on the Palatine was shared by three gods, Apollo, Vesta, Augustus.

hieratic figure of Rome to occupy their pages. To them religion is but the accessory or the background of political movements, and the Emperor a mere prince of this world. But ancient history cannot be understood by casting it into secular moulds. Before all things, it is the record of a conflict between various ideas and institutions which

aimed at controlling divine mysteries.

Be it observed that no exclusive truth, in the sense which is familiar to us, no dogma, entered into the conception of the old religious City-State. Intolerance there was, but it regarded the violation of caste by taking part in foreign rites with which as a native citizen one had no concern. These imported and often secret ceremonies were condemned as infamous crimes, detestably wicked and unclean. The language employed, for example, by Livy touching the Bacchic assemblies on their first introduction at Rome, is full of a shuddering disgust; and it has not, perhaps, been remarked how closely resembling it are the words of Tacitus when he describes Christianity and almost apologizes for Nero, as putting down a horrible superstition. In Tacitus we read, "quos per flagitia invisos vulgus Christianos appellabat "; and he explains the presence of these wretches in the city as a place "quo cuncta undique atrocia aut pudenda confluunt celebranturque." Where crime abounded Christians were likely to flourish. Livy reports of the Bacchanalians, "nihil nefas ducere, hanc summam inter eos religionem esse." Entirely germane to our subject is the consul's declaration made in public on this critical juncture; "How often," he exclaims, "have not the magistrates been commissioned to forbid exotic rites, to drive out of the Forum, the circus, the city, strange priests and soothsayers, to search after and to burn their books of prophecy, and to abolish utterly whatsoever form of sacrifice differed from the Roman? " For, he goes on to conclude, "the wisest among lawyers and divines are agreed that nothing is so apt to destroy religion as offering sacrifice in a foreign way and not as our fathers have bidden us." The lists were open; persecution (so we should call it now) had begun. Such numbers were Vol. 149 113

guilty or in danger that Rome put on the likeness of a solitude. The Senate decreed that no Bacchanalian festivities

should be held in the city or in Italy.\*

We may, nevertheless, reckon from this year, 186 B.C., to the year of Christ 313, as a period during which the ancient rites were yielding little by little to Eastern influences, until with Constantine's edict they acknowledged their defeat. Bacchus returned in triumph; Isis followed; the Idæan mother, Cybele, herself a Phrygian goddess, took possession of the Palatine under Augustus (see the inscription of Ancyra). Gods from every land might now be harboured in the city, which grew more and more indifferent to the rude old ceremonies and unintelligible chants (carmina) so long deemed the safeguard of its power. The names and offices continued, but they had lost their significance. The civil wars had bled even to the white those genuine Roman families, patrician and plebeian, to whose inbred piety the religion of Numa might appeal. Eclectic and decadent, Roman society found exciting pleasures, as well as a vague sense of the sublime and perhaps of comfort, in the mysteries, Egyptian, Syrian, Persian, to which men and women thronged, after Augustus had for a brief season restored the prestige of Italian devotions. But whereas in their aggressive time, the Roman people found their god a tower of strength, now who was there that believed in Mars Gradivus, in "high Jove "himself? No suggestion of the infinite or the eternal breathed from these dumb idols. Crude and gross, magnified men of an epoch which dealt not in philosophy, and which identified the soul with blood or ghost or vapour, of all divinities worshipped by mortals the native Roman were least divine.

Moreover, a new mental atmosphere was making itself felt among the vast population, whether of slaves or free men, but certainly drawn by the thousand from Oriental provinces to Rome, who cared as little about

<sup>\*</sup> Compare the pregnant phrase in Tacitus, about Jewish proselytes (Hist. v. 5), "Pessimus quisque spretis religionibus patriis." The other references are to Tacitus, Annals, xv, 44; Livy, xxxix, 13, 16.

the indigenous gods as Russian Jews in America may be supposed to care about Puritanism. Thus a twofold movement meets the historian's gaze when he looks upon the Imperial centuries as a whole. There is always a Pontifex Maximus on the throne, with colleges of priests and augurs complete; but with religion, inward or spiritual, they have nothing in common. Beneath and around this hierarchy a current of life is flowing which seems to issue forth from the unseen and to return thither. Old Rome was mighty as an armed State. The new Rome, struggling towards the light of day, has no weapon but the promise to all who will take it, of regeneration. Isis or Mithras, not so much pitted against Divus Cæsar as transcending him by a mystical philosophy, win adepts from all sides. What

is to be the fate of the Eternal City?

Marcus Aurelius, the Stoic saint and philosopher-King, might have seemed more likely than Augustus to preserve the old hieratic mythology from decay. But even Marcus restored the solemnities of Isis which Augustus had forbidden, and he was devoted to the "new gods." Fusion, or syncretism, while resolving the distinct personalities which had once created legends into vague (one had almost said Ossianic) forms, led on to the more intimate, ecstasyprovoking and secret ritual, in which the State had no part at all. These religions foreshadowed the Catholic idea; they were at once universal and individual; whoever joined them passed within the veil. We may compare them to a widespread Freemasonry; and it is clear that on certain points they suggest as in a confused dream observances not unlike the vows and self-mortifications which a purer faith was to consecrate. Too often they may have been but the "epitome of the Pagan world," showing "the depth of its corruption and its perfection of form." It will ever astonish and perplex the historian that Marcus, perfect in his lofty kind, should have passed away leaving no trace on the Roman conscience; and that an effeminate Syrian boy, a priest from the Lebanon, should have seated himself in fantastic vestments over against Capitoline Jove, on the Palatine, to which he "attempted to re-

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move," says Gibbon, "the ancilia, the Palladium, and all the sacred pledges of the faith of Numa." Yet, as the same acute writer observes, "this holy vocation"—the priesthood of the Sun—"embraced either from prudence or superstition, contributed to raise the Syrian youth to the Empire of Rome." Thus the City-State, forsaking its guardian gods, and under Caracalla granting its right of citizenship to all who would buy it from the exchequer, had abdicated. Henceforth Rome is the prey of the strong

hand; the West awaits a master and a religion.

Meanwhile, in the words of Suetonius, who quotes them as a prophecy, "men issuing from Judæa" had appeared in the world's centre, and by preaching and martyrdom had made good their claim to it. Nero burnt Rome and crucified St Peter. That day, probably August 1, in the year 64, when the Vatican circus blazed with living victims and the Prince of the Apostles died there, was, after the day of Calvary itself, says Renan, "the most solemn in Christian history." No reflecting mind will deny that when Peter and Paul succeeded in popular imagination to Romulus and Remus a new Rome came into sight. Within thirty years from the Apostles' death we are listening to the accents of a new lawgiver in St Clement's Letter to the Corinthians. This venerable document strikes the keynote of all future encyclicals, sober, judicial, authoritative, a judgement rather than a pleading. It indulges in no Greek subtleties of argument; it avoids esoteric jargon; it has the majesty and the grace of a Senatus consultum marked with the sign of the cross. There, we say on reading it, speaks the Roman genius, but converted and baptized. St Clement's Letter is the happiest fusion of a spiritual creed with sacerdotal forms.

But now the Roman Christian, like his predecessor in the pages of Livy, had this recurring problem to solve—how should he deal with Eastern mystics, fanatics, Gnostics? with Illuminati who took their inspiration, or at least their point of departure, from the Gospel or St Paul? If we would measure the extent and the perils of such an enterprise, thrust upon a Church always liable to

persecution even from mild officials like the younger Pliny, we may glance over the scene of bewilderment sketched. when things had a little calmed down, by St Irenæus, himself an Asiatic and Bishop of Lyons. From about 120 A.D., when Hadrian was Emperor, crisis followed upon crisis, associated with leading men who, if not so much thinkers as dreamers, knew how to entrance multitudes. Such were Basilides, Valentinus, Marcion, Saturninus, Montanus, prophets wild and austere, sometimes perhaps giving just grounds of scandal to their enemies, but without exception transforming the faith to romantic systems in which it was utterly ruined, or corrupting the Scriptures, or else throwing open the creed to every vagary of private judgement. All these sects " had in common a tendency towards moral indifference," says Renan, "a dangerous quietism." And he continues, "their stiffnecked docetism, their attribution of the Old and New Testaments to contrary gods, their aversion to marriage, their denial of the Resurrection and the Last Day, shut them out from a Church whose rulers observed moderation and shunned extravagance. It was on the rock of ecclesiastical discipline, represented by the Bishops, that all these movements of disorder were dashed in pieces."\*

At Rome, very early, or perhaps first of all, the name of the Catholic Church was uttered. By the time of Anicetus and Soter a visible centre of the hierarchy is not to be mistaken, shown by the Pope's large correspondence with other Churches, by his world-wide charities, by the pilgrimages and appeals to the "most ancient Church," as Irenæus terms it, of orthodox and heterodox, for we find the most opposite of combatants hastening to plead their cause before the Apostles' shrine. Catholics, again says Renan with profound insight, "took the Church as it was"; they turned away from the heresiarchs who had fallen in love with their own chimeras. Rome might be dogmatic, in the sense of maintaining tradition unaltered; but Rome never was speculative, or fanciful, or subject to attacks of mere enthusiasm. Her apologists had reason on

their side as well as the traditional understanding of the Gospels. If proconsular Asia and Roman Africa were the chief battlefields where Gnostics and Montanists fought for their unwholesome reveries, in those very regions the hierarchy was united and strong, while Rome sustained it with an unfaltering hand. Dogma set bounds to Greek-Oriental theorizing; the exclusive administration of the Sacraments by an ordained clergy saved Christian grace from degenerating into the convulsions which prophets and prophetesses imagined to be signs of a heavenly presence. The Papacy and the sacramental system had by the reign of Callistus, say in 220, won their triumph over

anarchy.

Great problems lay in the future unresolved; but the Roman method of dealing with them was now firmly established. A new Pontifex Maximus, according to the gibe of Tertullian, had appeared. The Empire could not survive upon its ancient lines; the West fell into divisions which portended nationalities yet to be born; the East was no longer well-read in Greek philosophy and was forgetting Greek literature. In the Papacy alone did the true Roman valour, the practical wisdom, which had been the secret of Roman conquest, display its force. Catholicism was already in idea bound to the Chair of St Peter. When St Cyprian wrote "De Unitate Ecclesiæ," manifestly his arguments might be turned to advantage by Rome. Not private inspiration nor abstract ideas were to govern the rising Christendom, but a power deep-rooted in history, true to its trust, a Practical Reason deciding with authority what it could accept and what it must reject in order to preserve the creed.\* Its method was judicial and moved by precedent; its acts illustrated the reign of law. The Pope did not profess to be an original thinker, but the guardian of a treasure confided to him. With Hellenic systems he had no direct concern; yet he was free to pass his verdict upon them so far as they expressed or traversed the doctrines of Catholicism. In like manner he sifted the religious experiences submitted to his view by Orientals

without becoming an Eastern. But his rule was already distinguished as theocratic, and St Peter's commission was

its charter. Rome had, therefore, to provide against the analytic or rationalizing tendencies of the Greek, who was bent on making of Christian truths a mere abstract scheme. But it was just as much her duty not to suffer the mystic—Egyptian, Phrygian, Syrian, perhaps even the far-off disciple of Buddha—to indulge his wild fancies, to be secret and, as was all too likely, antimonian. Reason must be the handmaid of Revelation; spiritual gifts must submit to be tested by authority. St Ignatius of Antioch had insisted on the Bishop's rule as the rule of faith almost within St John's lifetime. The local hierarchies condemned and cast out dissenters, Ebionite and Gnostic, Montanist and Donatist. Consider what would have been the fate of religion had Papal Rome blessed any one of these widely ranging sects. But Rome invariably rejected them, and by a simple axiom, "Nihil innovetur." St Irenæus found in Catholic consent and episcopal union the only safeguard against contrary but destructive systems, both of which aimed at supplanting the Gospel; we may not unfairly describe them as Illuminism and Rationalism. The Cathedra Petri was from the beginning destined to make war on such aberrations of sentiment and intellect with a vigour equal to its success.

To the Greeks we owe heresies, councils, dogmatically worded creeds, the Byzantine Emperors, and the schism of Photius. To the Orientals we owe monasticism on the one side and the victory of Islam on the other. Greeks in their hatred of mystery, trained by Aristotle to logic and its demand for plain terms with conclusions intelligible to the average mind, were led by Arius and Nestorius to deny Christ as He is revealed in the New Testament. Alexandria, that is to say Egypt, became monophysite in its passion for ecstatic enjoyment of God. These two forces, not controlled by the sense of Catholic brotherhood, rent asunder the great civilized realm which extended from Illyria to Armenia, and from Thrace to the Libyan desert.

They made not for unity, but for disruption; with what sad consequences let the Saracen and the Turk declare. Rome, as in previous troubles, knew how to hold firm, how to discriminate between parties which only a hair seemed to divide, and which were yet irreconcilable. No praise can exhaust the wisdom that upheld St Athanasius against the Eusebians, and restored the good name of St John Chrysostom. If, as Catholics believe, a more than human sagacity was guiding the Holy See in these judgements, it is at any rate sure that history has ratified them. We need not expect in a system putting forthits first essays towards ecumenical action the style or the procedure it was hereafter to adopt. Enough that a law of tendency is visible; that instances fall into line; that, while the East is breaking up, the West is coming by force even of its utter desolation to rely on St Peter as holding the keys of faith and culture.

But the last great gift which Orientals bestowed on the Latin world was brought to the Tiber and the Rhine by St Athanasius. An exile, yet welcome in Rome, he spread abroad the knowledge of monasticism among Westerns. It encountered opposition, it underwent significant changes. The clergy did not always heartily approve of this Vita Nova, with its severe practices. Priscillian, the Spaniard, made asceticism a cloak for Gnostic delusions and paid the penalty on the scaffold. Yet men so typically Roman as Pope Damasus and the ever memorable Saints, Ambrose, Augustine and Jerome, did all that in them lay to favour the monks. With St Benedict their future is assured. When we speak of religion during the Middle Ages we cannot but mean a theocracy the head of which was the Pope and its chief stay the religious orders. St Gregory the Great begins a restoration which St Gregory VII completes of the Roman power, informed by the spirit of the East.

These unquestioned facts bring us to a remarkable conclusion. Papal Rome has never changed its attitude towards philosophy, towards the friends of the Inner Light, towards monastic ideals, towards secular governments. Surely, it never will. And that is the world's quarrel with

it. Whenever the Latin State rebels against Christian truth, its policy falls into the same track. It breaks off diplomatic relations with Rome and proceeds to suppress the monasteries. What is called in France "anticlericalism" we may learn to understand if we will hear it described by M. Faguet; but, however shaped or disguised, it starts up in its genuine form when confronted with the Pope or the monks. For it aims at unlimited sovereignty and it cannot endure to be told of righteousness, temperance and judgement to come. Monastic life throws into the strongest opposition East against West; it affirms the transcendent, the supernatural, not by rhetoric such as delighted the literary imagination of Seneca, but by acts, by renouncements, by an expressive silence, by a most trying obedience, by simply going out of the world and refusing to continue in it. There is the scandal which provoked men like Nietzsche to brand and scourge Christianity as the religion of slaves, as decadence reduced to a science, as the death of art, freedom, manliness. The monk in this view is a low-caste horror, and his Church the congregation of the unclean. He is the vilest of democrats, an insult and a menace to life at its best. And the Pope is the monk's champion. In outward seeming the Vatican is a palace, a library, a museum of beautiful antiques; but inwardly it is a convent and the Pontifex Maximus a friar. He wears the white wool of St Dominic; he lives in retreat; he is a King who says Mass; and he never dies. How is the modern State to cope with him?

The modern State! Few Englishmen have so much as made an attempt to grasp what that State is, especially in countries which, modelled on the Code Napoléon, are still governed by the Imperial Roman Law. The Code or the Law, whichever we choose to name it, is a lay institution, affecting unlimited power. It recognizes no god but itself, and it would fain be the City-State, now no longer believing in Jupiter Optimus Maximus. No rights, individual or collective, exist for such a government except those which it has distinctly granted. Secular education is its chief instrument whereby to create in all citizens a type of

mind corresponding to the ideals, of the earth earthy, which it sets up in stern opposition to the "other-world" notions entertained by Christians. It exacts obedience to its slightest commands; but it leaves the will undisciplined, the conscience a blank, and the character wanting in self-control. It can teach nothing beyond words and civic ceremonies. Consequently it leaves the mind of youth a chaos, without light or law. The morality of laicism, resting on self-interest but professing devotion to the commonweal, is hypocrisy made perfect. The State decrees to itself divine honours; but who will pay them except in lipworship and hollow platitudes? This loudly acclaimed patriotism, as a substitute for Christianity, cannot but make us smile. Men have known greater gods; they will not stoop except in mockery to adore the Lares and

Penates of a parliamentary régime.

But the State is resolved to be absolute. What, then, will it answer when the Pope declines its jurisdiction? It allows no other society a free existence; the Catholic Church claims to be independent by divine right. Education is to be a State monopoly; but Catholic teachers obey their own code, which includes a philosophy of life and action not consistent with "lay" ethics; how can they be silenced? The State is really a Church in disguise, the Church of unbelief, with dogmas of its own, though negatively expressed. And "vulgar rationalism" in France or Italy destroys but cannot build up. It is neither honest nor serious; it brings no comfort; it has long ceased to shine by wit or to stir by the poetry of revolution. The State, says M. Faguet, speaking of the Third Republic, cultivates anticlericalism that it may not be devoured by Socialist agitators. It has indeed law on its side and the public resources; the common school is its preserve, the university its enclosed garden. Officials are its slaves and voters dare not oppose it. Scandals and abuses leave it intact. Civilization appears to be in its keeping. And is not Theocracy, as was said, an exploded idea?\*

So we have travelled round to the beginning. Renais-

Renan, Marc-Aurèle, p. 587.

sance and Revelation, the powers of the world that now is and the powers of the world to come, are seen struggling at every point in the vast orbit of civilization. If Humanism, if science, can satisfy the whole man, building up his life in reason and equity, kindling his imagination with lofty dreams and spurring him on to realize them, no doubt the West will have conquered the East for evermore. The West, reinforced by the North, or in terms of race, the Greeks and the Teutons, who together furnish all that thinks and all that acts in the State, so far as it is not Christian. It may be objected, "But is not the Roman Church permeated with Greek and Teuton elements also? How, then, do they constitute a specific difference outside it?" The answer is simple and momentous. Forces are differentiated by forms (to use the language of St Thomas); or, as we now speak, the spirit of a system determines its nature and efficacy. The Roman Church embodies for all civilized peoples—such is our contention—that mysterious tendency in the soul which we designate the spirit of the East; and its form is the supernatural. But whereas the prophet, standing alone, remains a visionary or degenerates into a fanatic, Rome offers him a place in her order among priests and rulers of men. Israel had the Book; Rome has the Chair—the Chair which protects altar, cloister, Scripture, Revelation. It needs not fertility in new ideas but the genius of discernment. To select, to adapt, to transmit from the boundless achievements of humanity whatsoever will fit in with Catholic tradition is the task laid upon St Peter's dynasty.

But these elements are subordinate; they never can be sovereign over a world which they have not created, and which would last on though they came to naught. Revelation found its origin elsewhere than in philosophy. It borrows nothing but a few technical terms and certain illustrations from Aristotle or Plato. In essence it is Hebrew, and that not only by its gospel of righteousness (as Arnold thought) but even more by its Messianic hopes, their fulfilment and their future. Its heart is not morality but the Incarnation, the wisdom of God made

man. Therefore it is committed to sacred persons speaking with authority, not to the individual and his arguments. When the Reformation stepped down from this height its Christianity sank to be one among the sects of philosophers; the vital form became a ruin and dissolution followed. The analogy between Protestant and Gnostic is the

plain refutation of both.

There remains the lay or secular State, throned in many capitals and making holiday in Rome itself, a foe that has outlived Luther. When we view it as a system of laws, we seem to be gazing on the mighty Empire, governed by Marcus Aurelius with his wise men, which had no need of Revelation, so these jurisconsults and Stoics held, but was framed altogether on reason. The Christian, so far from enjoying any rights, bore an illegal name; his religion was lèse-majesté; fire and sword were the benefits which that humane common law bestowed on him. The martyrs of Lyons write in their blood an eloquent commentary on such law, becoming by force of toleration intolerant. Modern France and Roman Gaul teach the same lesson; alike they tell Catholics "Non licet esse vos," a hackneyed but wonder-working phrase which is to justify the exile and proscription of men and women admittedly culpable of no crime but their faith. Of all Catholics, indeed, from the Pope downwards, it may be said that modern legislation puts them outside the law. To confiscate Church property is a duty in the eyes of Continental "Liberals." To suppress the religious orders, we are assured, is incumbent on civilized society. The temporal dominions of the Holy See were annexed to Piedmont, not because they had been ill-governed but because the Church owned them. The Pope is virtually a prisoner because he declines to be a subject. The Martyr-Church and the persecuting State of the second century come back in the twentieth, expanded to world-wide dimensions but unchanged.

Why, now, did Christian Rome prove stronger than the Rome of Marcus Aurelius? It was because philosophers could not give the people a religion; nor the Stoics do away with superstition; nor the law create morality; nor art and culture satisfy the soul; nor Fronto charm with his

reasoning as Apuleius did with his worship of Isis; nor the Emperor's "Meditations" bring men strength and joy like the Gospel. Before that exquisite and stately vision of things human, when the Empire was at rest, Marcus himself felt weary. It seemed a reminiscence, an autumnal scene, bearing no promise of spring. It vanished amid the confusions of the succeeding age; Diocletian and Julian, the last who may be thought in any sense disciples of the Antonines, could not revive their glory. Pagan Rome was dead. Humanism had no power to save it. But into its hollow moulds and decrepit language and empty shrines the Church of the Martyrs poured a new life. Rome was

born again at the Confession of St Peter.

Our last word is a hope and an aspiration. From no quarter of the sky does one gleam appear which might herald the dawn of a religion more human or more spiritual than the Roman faith. New theologies are shown to be old Eastern fancies, wanting the secret of the Incarnation, and therefore as inhuman as the dreams of Valentinus. That curious aberration, at once Gnostic and agnostic, which "overcame us like a summer-cloud" and was called Modernism, did not even pretend to set up a Church. It was conceived in the very spirit of dissolution; at its touch the Sacraments, the Bible, and all that Revelation contains, were melted into vapour, soon to leave not a rack behind. As for the lay State its impotence to frame a philosophy of life would be pitiable were it not something worse. We conclude that civilized nations cannot hope to survive, any more than the Roman Empire of seventeen hundred years ago, by relying on law, culture, art, material wealth, or even ethical philosophy, without religion. The West cannot live as it ought unless it bows to the wisdom of the East. And our hope is that every spirit touched to fine issues, desirous that civilization shall be more than a painted surface, will recognize in the Papacy its guardian and defence. When the Holy Father comes forth from the Vatican to celebrate the feast of reconciliation with a repentant Italy, the third Rome, Catholic and modern, may keep its birthday.

# THE PORTUGUESE SEPARATION LAW

PRIL 20, 1911, will be a red-letter date in Portuguese history, for on that day was published the famous law separating Church from State. That law is regarded by the Jacobin group, which at present preponderates in the Portuguese Republican Party, as "the corner-stone of the Republic and the beginning of national regeneration." Time will soon show the enormous exaggeration of these expectations, but meanwhile it would be absurd, on the other hand, to deny the social and political importance of this legislative measure. The attention of the entire nation is concentrated on this enactment, and nobody denies the gravity of the consequences that must flow from it. In order that outsiders may be able to form an accurate idea of the nature of this law and of its significance, of its political timeliness, the spirit which animates it and the justice of its determinations, it is indispensable to glance at the past history of the Catholic Church in Portugal.

Before the advent of the Republic, the Catholic Church occupied a privileged position in Portugal. The State regarded it as the only true Church. The Bishops had the right to sit in the Upper Chamber as Peers of the Realm. The Government took on itself the responsibility of collecting the dues which, according to immemorial custom, each parish contributed towards the support of its pastors. The Government authorized an external cult and made that cult respected. It celebrated official festivals at which the Court and the supreme magistrates of the nation assisted. It punished public blasphemy. It included among the expenses which the administrative corporations of the different parishes were legally obliged to pay, the expenses of religious ceremonial and the expenses necessary for the upkeep of religious edifices. It authorized the establishment of associations composed of individuals, clerical or

secular, especially devoted to the maintenance and propagation of the Catholic faith. Many of these associations had their own buildings, raised by the alms of the faithful; and to all these associations the State gave a civil personality.

In exchange for these privileges, which were, by the way, more apparent than real, the State claimed and exercised an extensive and formidable control over the Church. The Government had the right of choosing bishops for the dioceses and priests for the parishes. The Holy See could not transmit to the Portuguese bishops (even for publication inside the churches only), encyclicals or instructions regarding any subject, even regarding questions of dogma alone, unless the Government gave its consent (placet). The State exercised a rigorous control over the ecclesiastical seminaries where young priests were trained for the mission, over the text-books used in these seminaries, over the nomination of professors, the organization of studies, etc. The Bishops had not the right to confer Holy Orders on a Portuguese candidate for the Sacred Ministry without the authorization of the Government. They had not even the right to offer a parish definitively to any clergyman that had not been recommended by the State. Moreover, the appointment of a priest to a parish was preceded by a fatiguing legal competition and the exaction of heavy fees. Lastly, the clergy were obliged to keep the register of births, marriages and deaths in the Catholic community in accordance with an official model, and were obliged to furnish gratuitously to the public offices an infinity of items of information purely civil. Thanks to this system, the State was able to keep in each parish, without any expense to itself, a well-educated official, knowing the parishioners better than anybody else, and alone capable of furnishing with rapidity, accuracy and ability an immense amount of most valuable information, indispensable to the good working of the administrative, electoral, hygienic, military and financial services. "Without any expense to itself" for the subsidy which the State gave for the benefit of the Catholic cult and of the ministers of that cult, constituted only a small part of the enormous

riches which it had acquired from the sale and the usufruct of the property which it had taken from the Church and the religious Orders when the constitutionalist régime was established in Portugal. True, when that spoliation was effected, the public were told that all the proceeds would be used in the formation of a fund out of which the national clergy would be supported in a more convenient and equitable manner than that which had hitherto prevailed. This promise of course was not redeemed; and, even before the revolution of October last, the most casual visitor to Portugal could not but be struck by the enormous number of splendid public buildings which the State had taken from the Church without paying for them. From Baedeker alone a formidable list of such buildings could easily be compiled.

The clergy therefore, as I have just pointed out, were living, under the monarchy, on an infinitesimal fraction of their own money doled out to them by the State. Or, rather, they were reduced to living on the incomes which immemorial custom had assured to them in the different parishes, to which custom the Government had given the

force of law.

And, of recent years, these incomes had become almost of no account, owing to the extraordinary rise in the price of living that has taken place during the long period of seventy years that has elapsed since 1839. Other causes made the situation of the priests in many parishes so intolerable that on several occasions the Government was asked by the clergy to deal with the question. In these cases the Government always promised to do something but it never did anything. The only honest attempt to set matters right was made during the dictatorship of João Franco. But the regicide involved the failure of this good work among many others.

When, therefore, the Republic came into existence on

October 5, it found in the country:

1st. A Catholic hierarchy, officially recognized, and subject to the Holy See, to which Portugal had an accredited representative of the highest rank.

and. Very many parishes the priests of which had a civil as well as an ecclesiastical status. These priests had acquired their posts as the result of a State examination, and in exchange for their services and the large contributions which they paid (direitos de Merce), the State had guaran-

teed them a life establishment.

3rd. A large number of religious associations composed of laymen or secular priests (brotherhoods or confraternities). The exclusive object of these associations was the sustenance and the promotion of Catholic worship. Their capital was made up of the spontaneous offerings of the faithful. The existence and development of these institutions had heretofore been guaran-

teed by the State.

4th. A certain number of monastic congregations which made no secret of their existence and whose members appeared in public in their monastic habits. The State only recognized these congregations as civil and juridical persons possessing establishments for beneficence, education and religious propaganda overseas, and as having a very large amount of capital invested in colleges, hospitals, churches and other property.

Let us now examine the work of the Provisional Government in the interval of five months extending from the proclamation of the Republic to the promulgation of the Separation Law. By doing so we shall better understand the spirit which animates this first Republican Government in its relations with Roman Catholicism.

That Government first expelled the religious Orders

and confiscated all their goods.

The manner in which the religious Orders were expelled was extremely brutal. Defenceless old men and women were subjected to revolting treatment. Poor people were left in misery by the violent expulsion of their benefac-

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tors, and the most sacred and elementary rights of property were violated. When foreign Governments intervened on behalf of their countrymen, the Provisional Government tried to excuse its robberies by declaring that it had not confiscated the property in question, it had only extended a paternal supervision over that property in order to prevent it from being damaged by the mob!

This untruth of the Foreign Minister seems all the more bare-faced when we consider that, even before it was uttered, the Portuguese Government had already ceded several buildings belonging to religious congregations to different non-religious bodies, exhibiting, in this distribution, a marked preference for associations of a most

ardently anti-religious character!

To continue our examination of the Provisional Government's work, we find that it prohibits the imparting of religious instruction in the primary Government schools—not of Catholic instruction alone, mark well, but of any kind of religious instruction, Presbyterian, Methodist or any other.

Then it has acted with gross unfairness towards the Catholic secular clergy by its promulgation of the Obligatory Civil Register Law, and by depriving the clergy of the private registers which they have kept at their own expense

since the end of the eighteenth century.

Then again, we have the laicization of the cemeteries. In future, the Portuguese Catholics cannot have a private cemetery. They must be buried in the same grave-yard as the followers of other religions and of no religion. The same rule applies to foreigners living in Portugal.

Further, we have had the recent seizure of the collective pastoral of the Portuguese Bishops and the prohibition of its reading in the parish churches. It will be remembered that these measures gave rise to disturbances, to the arrest of many priests and to the expulsion from his diocese of the Bishop of Oporto, Dom Antonio Barroso. On this occasion, the Government in order to defend its action deliberately misquoted from the writings of Dr Chaves, the ablest professor of civil law at present living in Portugal. Indignant at

the use which the Government had thus made of his name, Dr Chaves (who lectures at the University of Coimbra) published a book wherein he demonstrated that the Government had really no right to exercise towards the Church the violence which it had displayed. The Provisional Government saved itself, however, from exposure by seizing the whole edition of this book, prohibiting its sale, and forbidding Dr Chaves to publish a new edition.

Finally, we have the Government's prohibition of all external cult (outside churches and cemeteries). This law ran counter to the popular sentiment to such an extent that the Republican Government has found itself obliged to let it remain a dead letter for the present. With the exception of a very few places, the external cult continues, therefore, as in monarchical times.

All these openly sectarian measures denoted the presence in the Provisional Government of an anti-religious spirit and justified the suspicions of those who saw in the longpromised Separation Law a violently anti-Catholic measure. Facts have more than justified these suspicions. To show how violently anti-Catholic this measure is we need only examine very briefly some of its clauses.

First of all, I might say that it is contained in seven very extensive chapters or divisions. In order to deal with it in the limits imposed on me by considerations of space, I propose to note separately its principal provisions regarding (1) religion or cult; (2) ecclesiastical property and buildings; and (3) the ministers of religion.

(1) Cult. The Republic, says this law, recognizes liberty of conscience and of worship (articles 1 and 2). No one can be prosecuted for religious motives. No one can be questioned by any authority regarding his religious belief (art. 3). The Republic does not recognize and does not subsidize any religion (art. 4).

The reader will see exactly how much these declarations are worth when we come to consider the subsequent

dispositions of the law.

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Family worship is free (art. 7). But worship of any kind is considered as public worship (which the law also declares to be free) when it is held in an edifice destined for public worship or when, if carried on elsewhere and particularly in private houses, more than 20 persons assist at it (art. 9). The law regards religious teaching as public worship, no

matter where it may be imparted (art. 10).

Consider how difficult this makes the position of a father. Christian instruction is prohibited in the Government schools. It is also prohibited in all other sorts of schools. If a parent wishes to impart it in his house to his own sons and daughters, and those of his neighbours, and if the total number of persons present is over 20, then the teacher must get a licence from the authorities. If he teaches without a licence, even though he teaches gratuitously, he must suffer the penalties of the law! For according to law he is engaged in an act of public worship and article 55 punishes severely any unlicensed person who holds public

worship save in churches and grave-yards.

If the believers in any religion living in any district wish to collect money among themselves for the public exercise of their cult, they can only do so by forming an association which will be responsible not only for all the expenses of the cult but also for the upkeep of an asylum, hospital, crèche or some other charitable establishment (art. 17). Moreover, the members of such associations must be exclusively Portuguese, subject to the Portuguese laws. In other words, a believer in any religion must pay, like any other citizen, the contribution exacted from him by law for the upkeep of charitable institutions, but if he wishes to practise his religion, he is obliged by law to make, for the upkeep of some special institution of charity, a new contribution from which atheists and freethinkers are exempt. And this is equality!

These cultural associations are obliged to present every year not to the local junta of their parish but directly to the Minister of Justice, exact copies of their budget, inventories of their goods, accounts of their expenditure, receipts, etc. The parish juntas are obliged to verify the

figures given and to say if they are or are not true! (arts.

23 and 24).

The cultural associations cannot assume the form or the character of regular congregations. They cannot subordinate themselves to such bodies or have any relations with them, direct or indirect, under pain of having all their property confiscated (art. 25). The same punishment will be inflicted on any association which admits among its members or employees any person of either sex who belonged to the religious orders which formerly existed in the country and which the decree of October 8, 1910, has declared to be extinct, or who still belongs to any congregation existing outside the country. In such a case the managers of the association are subject to the penalties of the law (art. 40). And yet article 3 says that "no one can be prosecuted for religious motives!"

Let us now see what the law says about the obligatory receipts and expenses of the cultural associations. Their only legitimate sources of receipt in the eyes of the law are (a) payments from their members, (b) monetary offerings made voluntarily by the congregation at acts of religious worship (art. 28). The associations are forbidden (art. 29) to receive for religious purposes any goods or objects of value as donations from living persons or as legacies from the dead, and goods or property acquired in this manner can be claimed by the heirs or by those interested.

Thus, gifts and testamentary dispositions, which in other cases pass as valid title to property, cannot pass as valid title where religious worship is concerned. The law does not allow the associations to acquire goods by donations or by testamentary dispositions, but, on the other hand, it insists on telling them (art. 28) how they must dispose of the property they have in hand. According to article 32, they must spend at least a third of what they receive for religious purposes in acts of charity, and by examination of their books the authorities will see that they do so.

Thus, in art. 4 the republic recognizes no religion, and gives liberty to all (art. 2), but in art. 32 it does condescend

to recognize them in order to supervise the distribution of the money (which they have legitimately received) and to see that this money is spent in a way not intended

by the donor!

To pass on to other provisions of the law: the local authorities can prohibit the exhibition of ecclesiastical ornaments and religious emblems in funeral ceremonies, even when such exhibition has been authorized by the central Government. This prohibition can be issued when the local authorities have reason to fear a breach of the public peace (art. 58). In the Portugal of to-day the caprice of a small local official is therefore of more weight than a legal licence duly obtained!

I shall close this section by giving a provision of the law which is curious and significant. It is forbidden for the future to display, even in private houses, any religious flags or emblems (art. 60). But one can display on buildings and in public places obscene figures, and symbols of the Masonic institute, which is itself prohibited and con-

demned by the existing code, as a secret society.

(2) Religious buildings and property. Besides the parish churches and cathedrals, there are in Portugal a great number of temples belonging to pious confraternities recognized and authorized by the law. These confraternities have for their object the conservation and extension of religious worship, consequently their buildings have all the characteristics of private property absolutely independent of the State. Nevertheless, art. 31 of the new law declares that the churches and other buildings already constructed by these confraternities, or in process of construction, cannot in future be alienated or hypothecated, and that after some time the State will take possession of them. What is still more interesting is the further declaration that the buildings which people of any religion may in future construct out of voluntary donations cannot be alienated and must, after the lapse of 99 years, come into the possession of the State without any indemnification whatever. Thus Y.M.C.A. halls, Salvation Army shelters,

Baptist chapels and the offices of the Church Lads Brigades (there may very well be a branch of that organization in Oporto, with its large colony of English Protestants), will all come, after a certain time, into the clutches of the Republic.

Article 62 deals with all the edifices whereof, until now, the official clergy (bishops and priests) have enjoyed the usufruct. All these buildings, cathedrals, parish churches, chapels, as well as the edifices destined for the residence, and the properties destined for the maintenance, of the ministers of religion, including even all the improvements made by the clergy at their own expense, are considered henceforward as the property of the State! There is no mention of any restitution being made to the clergy on account of the expenses which they incurred in improving these properties, relying as they did on that immovability which the State guaranteed them for life.

As to the destination of the confiscated churches and residences the Republic makes the following dispositions:

Regarding those edifices which have hitherto served for the Catholic cult and which do not belong to any confraternity, the State cedes gratuitously such of them as it judges to be strictly necessary for the purposes of the said cult (art. 89). Those which have not yet been used for purposes of worship or which are still in process of construction or only just finished, become henceforth the property of the State which will turn them to other uses. This rule applies even when the edifices in question have been built by means of the voluntary offerings of Catholics alone. There are many such edifices, as, for example, the monumental church of Nossa Senhora da Conceição (the Church of the Conception) in Lisbon, which has cost many thousands of pounds.

The confraternities will be obliged to devote to other purposes such of their private churches as the State may deem not to be strictly necessary for the exercise of Catholic worship! And even the small number of churches which the State may think strictly necessary for the purposes of worship may afterwards be turned to other uses. Article 93 expressly says that this may be done when the

public interest demands it!

But even in the irreducible minimum of churches that are finally left for religious purposes, public worship will no longer be as free as it has hitherto been. For the clergymen who will be allowed to officiate in them must be Portuguese citizens who accept this law and who have not been for any cause deprived by the State of their pensions (art. 94). As all the Portuguese clergy have now definitely refused to accept the Separation Law, not one of them is competent to officiate in any Portuguese church; and, for a time, religious worship must cease as completely as if the Peninsular Republic had been laid under an Interdict.

Even if the clergy had not denounced the Separation Law, their prospects of carrying on public worship would in any case have been but slight, for a priest is disqualified for public worship if he publishes an article attacking the acts of a republican authority or protesting against any of the laws which the Provisional Government has promulgated. If Archbishop Bourne now visits Portugal, as he did last year, he will not be allowed to celebrate even one Mass in the country; and the same prohibition applies to clergymen of all denominations, even to those passing through the country on their way to Brazil or Madeira.

As for the use which will be made of the Church property whereof the usufruct is at present enjoyed by the clergy, we find the following dispositions. The State cedes gratuitously their palaces to the bishops and their parochial houses to the clergy, but only in part and to such an extent as may be strictly necessary to house those ministers of religion. This may mean that a bishop will be allowed to sleep in his own cellar, the rest of his palace being used as a Carbonaria club or a variety music hall. This permission only applies to clergymen actually exercising their sacred functions and accepting this law (art. 99). One-fifth part of all the rural land belonging to the clergy passes to the State, even when the said land has been freely presented to a pastor by the faithful. As many of the rural clergy have nothing between them and starvation but a little patch of land and a few goats, this

confiscation will make life impossible for them. Meanwhile the ministers of religion must keep their churches and houses in repair at their own expense. For payment of those expenses and of fire insurance policies they will be responsible to their respective parochial juntas (art. 107). Nevertheless the pastors cannot take part in the administration or direction of the cultural associations.

Let us now consider how the new law deals with the

Catholic clergy.

(3) Upkeep of the present clergy. The State suppresses all the sources of revenue hitherto allocated for the support of the Catholic clergy, and declares extinct all the donations which, in accordance with most venerable traditions, the faithful have up to the present been in the habit of bestowing on their clergy—a habit to which the State gave the force of law. The State entirely repudiates such Catholic clergymen as are not Portuguese by birth and even such as have not exercised their sacred functions in the cathedrals or the parish churches since the proclamation of the Republic. On this account many of those priests who were chaplains of confraternities are now in a deplorable condition of want, seeing that those confraternities cannot as a rule pay them since the law obliges them to divert to other objects a good part of the capital which, freely given in the first instance by the faithful, was destined for the maintenance of Catholic worship! (Article 38.)

We have seen what the State takes from the Catholic

clergy. Let us now see what it gives them.

Those who were, when the Republic was proclaimed, bishops or priests or coadjutors, and who have not since that date committed any act to the prejudice of the State or of society, who are moreover Portuguese by birth and who have been ordained in the country,—to such the Republic by this law promises a pension which, for the present, is provisional but which may be for life.

The law says nothing, however, of the maximum or minimum amount of those pensions nor of the date when their payment will commence. It limits itself to enunciating

the principles whereby the amount of each pension will be regulated (art. 113) and then leaves this matter to a commission which must follow a most complicated process, and which has no limit fixed for the termination of its labours. All that the law says on this point is that no pension can be definitely settled until one year has elapsed from the date of publication of this law and that no pension must be such as to constitute an excessive charge for the State (art. 136). The clergy therefore will, for some time to come, have no other resources save such as may be supplied to them by the generosity of the faithful. And yet these clergymen who have had to pay heavy contributions to the State, and who have rendered the State important services, stand a good chance of dying from old age before they receive the first instalment of the pension

which the Republic has promised them.

Even if some of them lived to enjoy these pensions, that enjoyment would hardly be uninterrupted, for the risk of losing their pensions would be great and constant. Loss of his pension is inflicted, (1) on any clergy man who, later on, criticizes or fails to comply with the provisions of the present decree (art. 146). (2) On persons to whom article 48 applies, i.e. ministers of any religious denomination who in the exercise of their ministry, during any religious ceremony, in sermons, in any public discourse or in published writings, criticize any public authority or find fault with any of his acts or with the form of government or the laws of the Republic, or deny or cast doubt on the rights of the State as set forth in this decree or in any further legislation, relative to the church, which may be hereafter passed, or provoke anyone to commit a crime. Clergymen coming under article 2 will also be condemned to suffer the punishment decreed by art. 137 of the Penal Code (which punishment is extremely heavy).

In short the position is this. The Republic has promulgated laws which Catholics cannot refrain from criticizing, yet the Catholic clergy are asked to be unfaithful to their pastoral mission. If they are faithful to that mission they lose their right to the promised pension. In other words,

the law robs the clergy of their right to that free expression of their own opinions and to that liberty of criticism which every civilized country extends to the humblest of its subjects.

I cannot refrain from mentioning here some other dispositions made by this law with regard to religious worship (which the Government has, elsewhere, as we

have seen, declared to be free).

Article 177 punishes with the penalties attached to "qualified disobedience" any Portuguese citizen who exercises or attempts to exercise functions as a minister of the Roman Catholic religion in Portugal, he being a graduate of any faculty of theology or canon law of the Pontifical universities at Rome. The same penalties are imposed under similar circumstances, upon any Portuguese priest who in future graduates in any such universities.

That Portuguese priests should wish to perfect and extend their studies in some branch of the ecclesiastical sciences by proceeding to Rome is not unnatural, seeing that the Republic has suppressed the faculty of theology in Combra, but if any Portuguese priest does so he ipso facto becomes incapable of exercising ecclesiastical functions

in his own country.

The law thus prevents from exercising the duties of their sacred ministry, those priests who, by going to study in the Eternal City itself, show their zeal, earnestness and piety. On the other hand it promotes and favours the Catholic priest who apostatizes and enters into civil matrimony. Not only does such a priest continue to enjoy the right to his pension, but he is actually preferred by law before any other citizen for any civil post (art. Article 178 says that no minister of religion who is a foreigner or a naturalized Portuguese can, without breaking the law, take a principal or accessory part in any act of religious worship in the territory of the Republic without the consent of the competent administrative authority. Article 180 says that foreign clergymen or naturalized Portuguese cannot under any circumstances be authorized to act as directors or administrators of

chapels or of any Portuguese associations. If they do so act, the corporation for which they act will be sup-

pressed.

By article 181 it is expressly forbidden under the drastic penalties prescribed by article 138 of the penal code, to publish in any church or other place habitually or casually used for the purpose of public worship, or to print or publish separately or through the medium of a newspaper any bulls, pastorals or other documents from the Roman Curia, from the Bishops, or from any other authority holding a directing post in any religion whatsoever unless the consent of the State is first obtained. And the State may withhold its beneplacity.

The monstrosity of this article is so evident that com-

ment is needless.

With regard to the future training of Catholic priests, the Separation Law puts forward claims which are as

extravagant as they are unexpected.

In each of the twelve dioceses of Portugal there was, and there is, a seminary for the instruction of the Catholic priesthood. These seminaries were maintained by offerings from the bishops and the faithful. In article 101 the State says that it will seize seven of these seminaries without compensation. It will then lend five of them, those of Braga, Oporto, Combra, Lisbon and Evora, for

the space of five years to the present occupants.

But the Republic is difficult to satisfy. It is not content with the buildings. One might think it more logical of the State if, after having definitely separated itself from the Church, it were henceforward to pay no attention whatever to the education of future priests. But this logic does not commend itself to the Provisional Government. The State retains the right of intervening in the normal working of the seminaries, in the nomination of the professors and employees and even in the choice of class books (article 184). The Republic also claims the right of remodelling the theological course (article 186) and in fact of supervising the whole arrangement of studies.

## Portuguese Separation Law

Now for another outrage. Centuries ago the Roman Pontiffs made to the Portuguese Catholics a certain concession known as the "Bulla da Cruzada." In return for alms contributed for the support of the seminaries, Rome granted a certain number of purely spiritual privileges. When Church and State were united, the Monarchy claimed the right of establishing a commission composed of priests and laymen in order to administer those alms which generally amounted to thousands of pounds per annum. Now that the Republic has decreed the separation of Church and State and has seized all the revenues of the former it actually claims the sole right to administer those offerings which the Catholics freely make to their pastors in return for the spiritual benefits which the Church alone can dispense (article 183).

The reader can now, I hope, form a good idea of the nature of this celebrated law of Separation, of the spirit which animates it, and of the ends which it has in view. I need hardly say, therefore, that it is not so much a law of Separation as a law of Extermination, a law directed not only against Catholicism but against every kind of religion. Christians of all denominations should examine carefully the original of this law which, under the transparent pretext of defending the Portuguese clergy, robs even the foreign and non-Catholic clergy of their most

valuable rights.

To sum up briefly what this law does, it

 Deprives the Holy See of the possibility of free and necessary communication with the faithful.

(2) Outrages the Portuguese Bishops in their dignity and in the exercise of their sacred functions.

(3) Makes it impossible for the priests to discharge their duties, and deprives them of rights com-

mon to all other citizens.

(4) Violates the legitimate right of religious associations to make what use they like of the funds which they contribute out of their own pockets.

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(5) Insults honourable men of all religions, by robbing them of all liberty of association and of their

rights of property.

It is a law which does not seek to conceal its hatred of all religious sentiment. It is the only kind of law which we could expect from a government which, by the voice of one of its ministers, Affonso Costa, the author of this measure, recently declared at Oporto that "the religious sentiment is a lie and every kind of Church is a farce." It is a law which has for its object the tearing of every kind of belief out of Portuguese society.

Before promulgating it, its author committed the revolting injustice of suppressing the entire Catholic Press of the country. Catholic journalism was strong in the cities and very strong in the provinces, but now there is not left in town or country a single Catholic news-

paper.

Before beginning his work of violence and secularization, the Minister of Justice produced all over the country the silence of a churchyard. He suppressed all the newspapers which might possibly criticize him. But he is playing a risky game. The clergy of the diocese of Oporto have refused the promised pensions. The clergy of Braga have declared that they will uphold "at all costs" the legitimate rights and liberties of the Church. And the common people are to the last degree indignant and dissatisfied. If, within a few weeks, we have bloodshed in Portugal that blood will be upon Senhor Affonso Costa's head.

F. McCULLAGH.

# ON A METHOD OF WRITING HISTORY

BEFORE I begin this little essay, let me consider what history is and, next, what motive a man should have in writing it.

History is the record written by men, for men, of what men have done in times which it is beyond the power of

living witnesses to reach. That is history.

It is not history to describe a contemporary matter, or, at least, if we call such a description history, then we are putting into one category two very dissimilar things set down for dissimilar motives and with dissimilar objects:

the uncompleted and the complete.

History is essentially the presentation for men now living of whatever men no longer living have achieved and of the manner of its achievement. The character of the historical art lies precisely in this, that, but for history, the knowledge of past things would perish because no one is present to testify to them.

So much for what history is.

Now for its motive: and that is a more serious business. Why do men write history? Why has society always attempted some such establishment of the past? It is because the life of man is communal and organic; because we are what we are on account of what came before; because the past is paternal and therefore creative—creative in a much truer sense than Bergson with his confusion of metaphor and statement pretends Time to be.

It is because the Past has in a sense Authority, being very truly an *Author*, that history should exist, or rather that we have a crying need for it in human society.

That need shows itself in all sorts of ways, distorted and regular. It shows itself when men appeal to the origins of an institution in order to test its nature. It shows itself when they play the game of etymology and seek, through the descent of mere dead words, to grope at the descent of living ideas. It shows itself in the passion and quarrels that

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arise upon things apparently so vain as a disputed date or a doubtful inscription. It shows itself in the reverent affection which the scholar feels for his "period"; and it shows itself in the simple and beautiful eagerness of the crowd for some knowledge of the soil and the roots of its own life: there is no type of public lecture or teaching which will so hold a great popular audience as an historical description of the origin of some evil or some good which they suffer or enjoy.

It is easily perceived in all human effort that man must satisfy this craving for a knowledge of the past. It may be properly pretended that he first wrote and sculptured with the intention of preserving a record. That great human exhalation uncorrected and spontaneous, which we call legend, is the best proof of all that human society must remember things beyond the stretch of one life, if it is to remain social, that is, if man is to be man at all.

There is a negative way of determining this preliminary to our subject. What happens to a society whose history is

neglected?

What happens to a society whose history is false? A society whose history is neglected grows weak. A society whose history is false becomes diseased.

Those societies which appreciate instinctively the weakness proceeding from an ignorance of history, or from an impossibility of obtaining it, guarantee themselves as best they can by fixing their institutions with a sort of superstitious rigidity. They are in far better case than the societies which repose upon false history, for these perpetually misunderstand their own nature, proceed from blunder to blunder, and act, so far as nature will allow them so to act, against the objects and the trend of their own being.

But though the ignorant society is better off than the misinformed one, neither are in such good case nor in any way so healthy, as the society which is in full possession of its own past. That possession has a thousand advantages of detail apart from the general advantage, or rather necessity, which we have just remarked. For instance, history is

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the object-lesson of politics. It is the test of practicability in social experiment. It is the Judge and even the last Court of Appeal between men when they dispute as to what the true nature of their particular society may be. It acts as a corrector, both upon the lighter side by its irony and upon the graver side by its view of man's majestic process, to all that false philosophy which would pretend good morals to be indifferent or alien to the progress of a nation.

In a word then we must have good history as we must have bread.

Now there are two clearly defined methods within either of which history may be written and it is my purpose in these few pages to maintain that we have suffered in the immediate past from having abandoned the one without having yet properly undertaken the other.

The first method is that of the Chronicle.

The chronicler sets down what may be called "the bald facts." If he is writing in a generation suitable for such a method—and those generations include the vast bulk of known historic time—his method is healthy and is sufficient. Let me give an example: The Anglo-Saxon Chronicle under the year 591 sets it down that "There was a great slaughter in Britain at Woddesbeorge and Ceawlin was expelled." Again, the anonymous continuator of Fredegarius tells us under the year 767: that "Pepin, having ordered a general levy of the Franks, came by Troyes and Auxerre as far as Bourges; there was held by his orders the customary Camp of May; he there held counsel with his Great Men."

If we look closely at this method of chronicling—which is the universal and only known method of historical writing over much the greater part of recorded time—we discover two curious points about it. First it is apparently the most satisfactory and truthful we can conceive. Second, it tells us to-day hardly anything real of the past.

What do we make nowadays of such phrases coming from a remote past? Does "a great slaughter in Britain" connote racial war? Under what standard of political

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ethics was Ceawlin "expelled"? Under what sanction or what police did the operation take place? Again, in regard to the second quotation, what is "a general levy of the Franks"? Who were "the Franks" in the second third of the eighth century? What was a "Camp of May," and who were "The Great Men"? Why had a King to "take counsel" with them?

All those points are matters of hot dispute between the scholars—and they are matters of hot dispute precisely because the chronicler was only a chronicler: he set down the bald facts: he was quite content and so were his readers at the time. But the process of change extended over many centuries has made him incomprehensible through his very simplicity, and for this reason, that he took for granted the whole mass of physical life around him and all the names by which every detail of that life was known.

Chronicling may be regarded as the most obvious, the most just, and the most sincere form of all historical writing—when the audience is prepared for it. It is going on all round us to-day, and will go on for ever. But its defect or limitation lies especially in this, that it assumes on the part of the reader a perfect knowledge of the society described and of the terms in which the description is made. When a modern biographer writes of some bill, let us say in 1835, "Mr Jones was doubtful whether he could command a majority for his bill and was certain that, even if he had a majority in the Commons, it would be thrown out by the House of Lords," the modern reader though he is living seventy years afterward, knows exactly what is meant. The words "Majority," "Commons," "House of Lords," "Bill" are familiar to him; the "bald facts" as I have called them are all he needs to know. But suppose the efflux of five hundred years, and scholars all at sea as to what the four words "Majority," "Commons," "Lords," Bill," may stand for in the realities of the time. Then the chronicler, from his very simplicity, is useless to history.

Hence must arise a second or new method peculiar to

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those rare and probably ephemeral stages in the come and go of human affairs which we call "highly civilized": a method which should attempt a perfect resurrection of the distant past in its detail and atmosphere, and a presentation of it so living by a combination of minute information and an exact order in the marshalling of that information as shall give the reader life in the past. He meets dead people, as he would meet a living character. Their particular actions fit in with their general aspect and with all that they are as complex human organisms. Their institutions seem naturally to flow from the way they live and think and act.

This second method of writing history is necessary to those fevered and highly differentiated epochs which some would call the summits of political development, which others would call the corrupt last stages in which a State trembles with an intense activity before it dies or goes to

sleep. Our own time is one of these.

I do not say that such conditions of society are good or healthy or normal or destined to endure. Personally I think they are none of any of these things. But at any rate we are living in such a stage of European society to-day and the history of our past can only be properly presented to us by this new or second method.

The historian in any such very active, very interested, very various and very "modern" society, can only truly present the past by making it a resurrection from the

dead.

It would be readily granted by such of my readers as have busied themselves with historical study that, until quite lately, this method has not been properly pursued.

Whether it can be pursued at all or not I shall discuss in a moment, but we must begin by admitting that the historians of the nineteenth century—picturesque, vivid, convinced, many of them sincerely learned—have not attempted the full task which I here say was theirs and ours. They have held a brief, they have replied to opponents, they have discussed difficulties, they have attempted to establish theories, but they have not raised the dead. They

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have not effected a resurrection of the flesh, if I may be

permitted to repeat that bold metaphor.

Their lay readers have been perplexed almost in proportion as the historians have been honest, and satisfied almost in proportion as the historians have been conspicuously partisans. But it was not the honesty of the honest which made them dull, still less was it the partisanship of the partisan which gave him his wide public. The one has confused the general reader by masses of technical discussion and by the taking for granted of technical terms and of previous technical debates which the general reader cannot be expected either to have met or to care about; the other, the partisan, has achieved his unfortunate success not because he was a partisan but because his unjust and insecure method (often designed, I fear, with the object of gain rather than of presenting the truth) at least had the merits of simplicity and vividness.

Here are examples of the first sort taken from two great authorities, one English, one French: perhaps the two greatest modern names one could quote in connexion with historical science, Dr Stubbs, the Bishop of Oxford,

and Fustel de Coulanges.

Dr Stubbs is speaking about those German tribes whom he believed to be the ancestors of the English. He says, "The arable land was occupied by the community as a body." That is, the ancient Germans did not possess the institution of private property in land. Now this is one of the most disputed points in all history. There is no real proof behind it one way or the other so he has to back it up with a footnote: here is the footnote:

Tac. Germ. c. 26: "agri pro numero cultorum ab universis in vices (al. vicis) occupantur, quos mox inter se secundum dignationem partiuntur." If the reading "in vices" be retained and the annual change of allotment be understood, this passage must be translated, "The fields are alternately occupied by the whole body of cultivators according to the number, and these they afterwards divide among themselves according to their individual estimation." But Dr Waitz, with good MS. authority, prefers to read vicis and to understand

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the statement as referring to initial occupation: "The lands are occupied by the collective townships according to the number of cultivators, and these they afterwards divide among themselves (the cultivators) according to the estimation." The passage is confessedly one of great difficulty. See for an account of the very numerous interpretations, Waitz, D.V.G. i. 140-148. See also G. L. von Maurer, Einleitg. pp. 5, 6.

Fustel de Coulanges is arguing in his second volume that the conception of a Cæsar, an absolute monarch of the whole Empire (the antithesis of the Feudal conception), survived into the ninth century. Here again is a highly disputed point. So, having made his statement, he puts among a hundred other portions of his pleading, this:

Every man who had sworn fealty to the King as King swore again to the Emperor as Cæsar. (Capitulary of 802, Boretius, p. 92; Pertz. Leges, 1, 91; Baluze, 1, 363, 378 [cf. sup. p. 247, n. 1].).

Now that is learning, high learning, and it is pleading, good pleading: but it is not history. It is not a story told which the citizen can appreciate and read and lay to heart. It is all Greek to the citizen. It is to history what a piece of chemical analysis is to the medicine which one swallows and which makes one well. I am not saying for a moment that the thing is not necessary. What I am saying is that this mass of scholarly argument which has marked so much of modern history is no satisfactory alternative for the new method which I postulate as necessary for our time. It may be a foundation for it, but it is not a substitute for it.

With the partisans it is worse by far.

I open Renan's *History of the People of Israel* and I find quietly stated and in beautiful prose as though it were a simple historical fact "that the human race developed from a number of origins in a number of separate parts of the Globe."

There is not a shred of evidence given. It is a mere statement. But the general reader no doubt takes it for history. The directness, the simplicity and the good pre-

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sentation of the falsehood make it seem almost like that second method which I am postulating. It has all the directness and appeal of a true resurrection of the past—the only trouble is that the past it pretends to resurrect was never there at all.

I open Blunt's History of the Reformation in England and I find on the second page of it what the author calls "An axiom." The "Axiom" runs thus: "The Church of England has had a continuous and never-ceasing vitality in every stage of its ancient and modern existence."

I open Green's Making of England and I read a picturesque description of the way in which "our fore-fathers" sternly hewed their way up the Valley to York—during the pirate invasions of the fifth century. The picture sprang entirely from the writer's imagination; it bears no reference to any historical record whatever.

I open Bright's School History and I find (on page 226 of the first volume) a map of Crécy which is direct, simple and easy to grasp. It must by this time have been copied by thousands of school boys and school girls to the order of their masters and mistresses. It makes of the battle an exceedingly clear and comprehensible thing. But it has this defect, that it bears no relation whatsoever to the actual field! The woods, the hills, the watercourses and the town of Crécy itself have been put down at random by someone who had not looked at any map of the place and perhaps had not so much as spoken to anyone who had been there.

Now this sort of history, which I have called "Partisan History" and which might be better termed, "History written to sell," is obviously much worse for us than mere ignorance; and that is true whether it concerns an unmoral detail like the plan of a battle, or a matter of the highest moral significance like the uprooting of the Catholic Church in this country at the Reformation.

It succeeds because it does possess that quality of direct and vivid presentation which the general reader demands, and it works in the field of hypothesis (or worse) with instruments that should only be used in the field of facts.

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I say, a time such as our own demands the presentation of the past in a form demonstrably true; and that we should have such a presentation given with a detail and yet a vigour which the chronicle can only supply in matters the reader is already acquainted with, or in connexion with institutions and with a life which he under-

stands and takes for granted.

I think there is a method to which our modern advantages particularly lend themselves and which will succeed in providing just such history, true, voluminous and absolute as the time demands. I think that what I have called "the new method" is feasible, and what is more I believe we can point to its beginnings and to examples of it already apparent in modern literature. A few such examples will go far to prove my case.

I will first cite them and then submit them to analysis.

Here is a passage from Lenotre:

"It is 7 o'clock in the morning. The Parliament is beginning its discussion in the Riding School of the Palace. On the eight steps outside there is an almost indescribable confusion and tumult. In the narrow corridor which leads from the hall to the lane of the feuillants a crowd half panic-stricken surges: murders have taken place and severed heads appear above the crowd on pikes. Suddenly a man comes breathlessly to the bar to say that the King and his family are crossing the garden and are coming to the Parliament to take refuge there. Almost at the same moment, at the great door which opens wide on to the steps, the soldiers of the Guard with fixed bayonets march in, trying to force their way through the crowd. There is a cry of 'No soldiers! no arms!' and the members of the Parliament themselves rise to thrust back the soldiers. It is just at this moment that the King is first seen; then in the midst of the seething and moving mass of people one makes out the Queen, Madame Elizabeth holding the hands of the little Princess Royal, and, last of all, a Grenadier of the Militia carrying the Dauphin, whom he lifts up in safety over the heads of the crowd."

I have translated freely in order to give a true impres-

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sion of the original, and I would beg the reader to note

closely the nature of this passage.

It reads more like what we are accustomed to see in journalism or in a novel than in history: but that is only a superficial judgement, caused by the association of ideas. We have here a vast number of facts thrown together in an order that makes them so striking as to present a true picture. Only the weather is lacking; and that Lenotre mentions a little later: the intense sunlight and the heat of that early morning of August 10, 1792. Every adjective, every substantive and every verb contains a definite historical truth, ascertainable, concrete, objective; not one presupposes (apparently) a moral hypothesis or the passing of a judgement upon the time.

Of what value then, one may say, is this as history—since it is the function of history to judge and to present

the action of man, a moral being?

Its value lies in this: that when you have presented the mere physical picture so vividly and so truly, a great number of false judgements, a whole series of moral actions in the men concerned, which bias might presuppose, are seen to be im-

possible. You have seen the men at work.

In other words, this method of history which depends upon the gathering of a great number of physical and objective impressions, frames and limits the subjective part of history in such a manner as to subject the relation of motive and of human actions to much the same standard as they receive from our daily sight and hearing and touch of contemporary things.

One of the disputed points in history is whether Robespierre was shot by Merda or whether he shot himself.

The point has been argued from physical evidence and from moral. It is important, for it both concludes a remarkable historical career and illuminates, one way or the other, the character of a principal historic personage.

See how this modern method which I plead for would approach the problem. It would not neglect either the subjective or the objective evidence, but it would lay a

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foundation for judging the matter by giving the reader an almost personal acquaintance with Robespierre from

outside.

He would be noted in his tricks, his gestures, his clothes, his daily habits, almost as though you had seen him. You would come to know him pushing his spectacles up over his forehead to speak to his audience, settling them down again to read his manuscript to them; walking simply enough with his great dog; talking pedantically, yet nobly and sincerely, to his intimates; you would perceive his absurd little vanities; you would mark him standing in front of the bust of himself and beside a picture of himself, talking to his admirers; you would observe his indifference to nervous strain, how little he felt noise or lack of sleep; you would follow his careful toilet, you would see his really attractive smile and his bright, light-grey eyes, you would note his attachment to a few friends marred by a self absorption in manner, which too often made him seem indifferent and which always rendered him grossly tactless. In general, you would see the man as a contemporary might have seen him: not indeed piercing the intimate veils of personality (for no human being can boast of doing so in the observation of another), but judging the man from all external evidences as we judge a fellow being of our own time.

With such an equipment you would be far better prepared to judge the details of his supposed attempted suicide than anyone who had neglected the method of which

I speak.

As with the details of history so with the large sweeps of it. Present to a man an Elizabethan village. Show him the small holdings; the number of virtual freeholds still remaining; the respect for the lord; the type of road that would command its communications with the market town, and that market town with London; the physical habits of its parson; the external daily occupations of its people—and he will be able to understand the vast and disastrous revolution which the wealthy effected in Eng-

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lish life between 1555 and 1580 as he could not understand it from a mere consultation of the documents of ecclesiastical or diplomatic history.

I might sum the whole thing up and say, by the use of a mathematical metaphor, that it is our business nowa-

days to integrate.

Integration consists in the putting together of a mass of infinitely small details, so that the sum of them shall take on body and form. Integration is what we do when we look with our eyes upon physical nature. We integrate when we recognize a voice or a gesture as certainly belonging to someone whom we know. And we must integrate the dead past if we are to make it live.

But now, at the very close of my plea, I must very

briefly consider two aspects of this new method.

First, is it one possible of achievement? Secondly, is there any criterion by which we may judge whether the historian using it is acting honestly or no?

As to the first point: I believe integration nowadays to be quite possible with at least many set periods of the past.

The character of historical study in our time is that it has accumulated an enormous mass of detail. Our science permits us to reconstruct the veritable external aspects of things upon any one of a very large number of occasions with which our historical curiosity for the past is concerned. Selection is necessary of course in that vast mass, but if our selection be guided by a desire to present the most vivid things, it is not very difficult of achievement. The process is intensely laborious. No other writing of history is to be compared with it for sheer toil. No one man could cover more than a small section even of a limited field. But where the scholar is concerned with vision and where he begins with vision before he attempts interpretation, he can, to-day, succeed. The material for his building is there. It is before him in superabundance.

As to the second point, whether there is any criterion by which we may judge whether the integration presented to us be honest or no, I confess there is no such criterion available to the general reader. But, on the other hand, if

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the task of writing such history be approached by many

men, competition will decide.

It is quite easy for the general reader to distinguish between a picture which accumulates objective detail and one in which the artist has shirked the labour which that accumulation involves. Between two men who each pretend to have accomplished this kind of work, the sincere man will at once convince where the insincere man will not; for in the first place he will be impregnable to attack in his details and in the second place his facts will co-ordinate and fit in one with the other. If only a few men are at work upon this method in a particular field, there will be room for the charlatan. Where many men are at work the real picture will tell and will stand out against every false one, in the same way as reality tells and stands out against illusions or make-believes.

Upon this I base my conclusion that this new method in history is at once possible of achievement and recognizable in the long run to those before whom it is presented, and if it be attempted by the younger generation of historical writers we may have a solid foundation of truth which will make of the past something very different from a wrangling ground for expert authorities, whose different theories have hitherto bewildered the lay public and have more recently disgusted it with that form of knowledge which is necessary to a comprehension of the

State: history.

HILAIRE BELLOC

#### **BISHOP HAY**

Works of the Right Rev. Bishop Hay. In five vols. Edited under the supervision of the Right Rev. Bishop Strain. William Blackwood and Sons, Edinburgh and London. MacGlashan and Gill, Dublin. 1872.

The Scripture Doctrine of Miracles displayed. By the Rev. Dr.

Hay. Dublin. P. Wogan. 1789.

ST TERESA'S DAY, Oct. 15, 1911, is the hundredth Sanniversary of the death of the illustrious Bishop George Hay, Vicar Apostolic of the Lowlands of Scotland from 1769 to 1811. The Scottish Bishops propose to commemorate the date by solemn religious services and addresses, in the coming September, at the Abbey of Fort Augustus. It will not be out of place, therefore, to say a few words on his career, and to remind English-speaking Catholics of the work and character of one of the greatest pastors and staunchest confessors of Scotland,

or of all Britain, during the eighteenth century.

Bishop Hay was a native of Edinburgh, born in 1729, of parents who were "non-jurors," that is to say, who rejected the Presbyterianism by law established, and adhered to the Episcopal Church, and also to the cause of the Stuarts. He entered the medical profession at the age of sixteen, and made excellent studies at Edinburgh, whose Medical School was already famous. At the age of nineteen he became a Catholic. It was by the advice of Bishop Challoner that he decided to adopt the ecclesiastical state. He was sent to the Scots College at Rome by Bishop Alexander Smith, and entered there in 1751, a "man of years and understanding." He remained at the college for about eight years, and returned to Scotland in 1758, entering at once upon missionary work in the "Enzie" of Banff. He was appointed Coadjutor to the Vicar Apostolic of the Lowlands and consecrated in 1769, at the age of forty. He lived a strenuous life as missionary and Bishop till 1811, though the last two years were

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clouded by the weakness of his body and the failure of his keen intelligence. He died at Aquhorties at the age of

eighty-three.

The history of Scotland during the eighteenth century is divided into two well-marked periods. In the first fifty years of its course, the country was shaken by the agitation which accompanied the Act of Union (1709) and the Jacobite risings. These movements marked and signified a life and death struggle between two distinct but unequally matched parties in the Kingdom, for supremacy in religion and for victory in political power. They ended by the establishment of Presbyterianism and the defeat of "prelacy" on the one hand, and by the complete exclusion of the Stuart dynasty on the other. As long as they lasted, religious and political passion was red hot. Neither side, but more especially the Calvinistic majority who finally triumphed, had any scruples in dealing with their antagonists. They were ready for war, and they fought with sustained fury. The victors took care that the conquered side should be disabled for good and all, by executions, fines, forfeitures, and retaliation of every kind. As the small remnant of Scottish Catholics were at once the most opposed to Calvinism and Presbyterianism, and the most faithful to the ancient Royal House of the Kingdom, the vengeance of the Kirk and of the Whig revolution naturally fell with the greatest severity upon their heads. It is needless to refer to the hangings, the massacres, the transportations, and the forfeitures that followed Culloden and the suppression of the Jacobite rising of 1745. Bishop Hay was present at Culloden as a member of the medical staff of the Highland army. He was not yet a Catholic, but when, three years later, he was received into the Church, he came under a code of persecuting laws that has only been matched in England and in Ireland. No Scotsman could be a Catholic without incurring the sentence of banishment from the realm. If he was a Jesuit or a priest, he might be put to death. He could not possess or inherit real property. He could not hear Mass without becoming liable to have all his property

confiscated. He could not import Catholic books without exposing himself to ruinous fines. Similar fines threatened him if he sent his children abroad to be educated, or if he exercised any art or profession. Converts to Catholicism forfeited the whole of their estate to the nearest Protestant relative. The Presbyteries were authorized to hunt out and drag before them all Papists and those suspected of Papistry, and under one law or anotherand generally under three or four laws at once—such persons could be fined, their property confiscated, and themselves banished the realm, under pain of death if they

dared to come back.

These savage laws lasted beyond the middle of the century, and were actually enforced down to about 1760, when Bishop Hay was beginning his missionary work. In 1756 Bishop Macdonald was imprisoned in Edinburgh, tried before the High Court of Justiciary, and condemned to banishment for life, under pain of death if he presumed to return to Scotland. About that time we read that the Presbyteries exerted all their efforts to hunt out priests and arraign them before the courts, where, as a rule, they were condemned to banishment, under the same penalty. The ministers stirred up the magistrates, and the magistrates set in motion the military, and no priest could say Mass, no Bishop could give Confirmation, even in the Catholic Highlands, except with the utmost secrecy and at the risk of being raided by the town watch or the soldiers. The very Bishop, as whose Coadjutor Bishop Hay himself was consecrated—Bishop James Grant—had been seized whilst engaged in missionary work on the island of Barra and detained in prison at Inverness for a whole year, chained by the leg to another prisoner, and suffering as prisoners did in the prisons of the time. He nearly died under this treatment, and though he recovered it is certain that his life was shortened. He was consecrated in 1755.

From about that date the persecution relaxed. It is true that the persecuting laws were in no way abolished till the Relief Act of 1793. Moreover, the anti-Catholic

feeling in the country was still strong and dangerous. More than once there were "No Popery" riots and outrages in Edinburgh, Glasgow and Aberdeen. The ministers of the Kirk every now and then preached and wrote against Catholics, stirring up the mob, and enlisting their adherents in associations for the repression of Popery. Among these was the "Society for the Propagation of Christian Knowledge," which was founded as far back as 1709, and which, with the aid of money from the British Government, carried on through the century a work of proselytism which, among other results, exterminated the Catholic religion in many parts of the Highlands.\* But the letter of the persecuting laws was no longer carried out. The Government and the magistrates tacitly allowed Catholics to exist, to live, to trade, to assemble for "prayers," and even to build here and there a chapel. Before the end of the century, the various causes which led to Catholic relief in England, were producing their effect in Scotland. Catholic Bishops and Catholic noblemen and gentlemen began to be known to the governing circles in London. Bishops like Dr John Geddes (Bishop Hay's coadjutor) and like Bishop Hay himself, by their abilities, their character, and their continental culture, came to be widely appreciated in the influential society of the Scottish capital. Except among the ministers in their official capacity, the feeling of tolerance for the Catholics, in their fewness, their poverty and their helplessness, spread by degrees among the people, the gentry, the magistracy, and influenced even the ministers themselves as long as they were not in uniform and on parade. The outbreaks of the mob in the towns are no proof to the contrary. The slightest of reasons, the most foolish of cries, will suffice to rally the brutal multitudes of a great town,

<sup>\*</sup>This still goes on. In May last, the Lord High Commissioner announced to the General Assembly of the Kirk of Scotland, on behalf of the King, that £2,000 would again be granted to the Kirk "for the propagation of Christian Knowledge, and the spread of the principles of the Reformation in the Highlands and the Islands." See The Times, May 24, 1911.

and once gathered together neither justice nor reason has any control over them. Bishop Hay, whilst he often congratulated his fellow Catholics on the improvement in their position, always said there was never wanting a "spunk," or spark, which might at any moment be

blown up into a disastrous fire.

It was in these circumstances that George Hay commenced, in 1758, his memorable ministry among the Scottish Catholics. At that time, as we learn from reports sent in to Propaganda, their number amounted to not more than 18,000, two-thirds of whom were in the Highlands. There were sixteen secular priests in the country, thirteen Fathers of the Society of Jesus, and one Benedictine—a member of the Scottish Benedictine Abbey of Ratisbon. By the end of the Bishop's life the Catholics had increased to 30,000, and there were 40 secular priests, some of

whom had been Jesuits before the suppression.

There is a fine portrait of Bishop Hay at Blairs College. It was painted by an Edinburgh artist towards the end of the Bishop's life, and gives the effect of a stooping and rather feeble old man. He was really nearly six feet high, had robust physical strength in spite of habitual headaches and a weak stomach, and walked with "a stride," making long journeys on foot with great ease and satisfaction. The face of the portrait is very characteristicdark, shrewd and "canny," with good eyes and forehead, and a firm mouth and chin. He was well prepared by training and education for the work before him. As a medical student, he knew Edinburgh, had smelt powder at Culloden, had been in gaol and in hiding as a Jacobite, and had been at sea. He had also undergone that course of anxious inquiry and serious thought by which, with God's grace, he brought himself into the Catholic faith. As a youth, when on a visit to London, he attracted the attention of Bishop Challoner, who urged him to become a priest. When, therefore, he entered the Scots College at Rome, in the twenty-second year of his age, he was already in many respects a formed man. He had eight years in Rome. We have few particulars of the studies he

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made, or of the proficiency he attained in philosophy and theology. The Scottish students attended the classes of the Collegio Romano, then, as it need not be said, conducted by the Society of Jesus. The Roman College had great traditions. Quite recently men like Gonzales and Tanner had worthily occupied the chairs of Bellarmin, Suarez, Vasquez and Maldonatus. We do not read of any celebrated name among the professors of George Hay. It was the time of Benedict XIV, perhaps the most learned of all the Popes. But neither theology, nor scholastic philosophy was very strong in Italy during the eighteenth century, and the only name of note with which Bishop Hay can be connected is that of Boscovich. But Boscovich, though a genius, was rather a physical student than a leader in metaphysics or divinity. We find, later on, that the Bishop was much attracted to Boscovich, whilst as to Dr John Geddes, his fellow student (afterwards his Coadjutor) we read that he was looked upon as a distinguished disciple of the philosopher. Bishop Hay himself may have been somewhat impatient of the subtleties of mental science. It is probable that he never studied the scholastic or Thomist philosophy. We find him, in after life, accepting the philosophy of the mind and of common sense "which Dr Reid in his Inquiry and Dr Beattie in his Essay on Truth have so clearly displayed and so solidly established."\* This he considers the "most certain and rational system, because more closely connected with experience and observation." And it is upon its principles that he proceeds to explain what the Catholic Church teaches in Transubstantiation. His explanation proves that he does not understand the Thomist doctrine of Matter and Form. Reid was the successor of Adam Smith as Professor of Philosophy in the University of Glasgow, and we find the Bishop purchasing his books as they appear. His ingenuous "system" was all that our British Catholic seminaries knew of ontology, psychology and metaphysics till the middle of the nineteenth century. But as far as his philosophy went, Bishop Hay was an acute and lucid

\*Miracles, Appendix 11, 268.

reasoner. There is every indication that he made the most solid studies in divinity and pastoral theology. Tournely may have been his chosen text-book, for he quotes him. We are told that there are at Blairs numerous papers and exercises in his hand-writing, dating from his college days, showing how carefully he followed his classes and how he made sure of each step of the course. His published writings prove the same thing. He has not only written the admirable books which we all know, but he has also left innumerable pastorals, discussions, and instructions, both in print and in manuscript, which indicate the mind of a well-read student. Bishop Smith, the Vicar Apostolic during his college days, like most superiors of missions, wanted his course to be cut short so that he could the sooner come back to work in the country. George Hay may have sympathized with him, for it was always his view that too much trouble was taken at seminaries with "speculative theology" and too little with spiritual training. Writing of the Roman days to a friend and fellow student, a dozen years after, he expresses the opinion that more pains were taken to make men "wits and scholars" than to teach them humility, obedience and self-sacrifice.\* But there can be no doubt that this latter lesson was well learnt by the Bishop himself. We have no reason to suppose that in Rome he had not good spiritual direction; and his natural seriousness, earnestness and unaffected piety show themselves, not only in his books, but in scores of his published and unpublished letters. Perhaps the virtue that distinguishes him more than another is his fervent attachment to the holy will of God. In a career like his, where he had to contend against appalling difficulties with the very scantiest of means, where his trusted assistants and friends often failed him, and where in spite of his utmost exertions the Catholic cause again and again seemed to be desperate,

<sup>•</sup> There is an inedited letter of Bishop Hay in the Municipal Library of Douai, in which he expresses great apprehension on hearing from the President of the Scots College that one of the students is "addicted to poetry."

there were often moments when nothing was left to him but to turn with adoration and love to that divine Will, and his favourite aspiration, Sicut fuerit voluntas in coelo sic fiat, comes as a refrain at the end of many an anxious

consultation and many a painful story of failure.

The district which Bishop Hay had to administer was called the "Lowlands of Scotland." It was in 1731, on the occasion of the consecration of Bishop Hugh Macdonald, that the Holy See divided the country into two Vicariates, called respectively the "Highlands" and the "Lowlands." The Highland Vicariate included the Northern and Western part of the Kingdom, whilst that of the Lowlands consisted of the South, the whole East coast and the Orkneys. It does not appear that there was ever any strict line of delimitation. The missions were too few and scattered to require this. But a fair idea of the limits of the Lowland Vicariate may be gathered from the details which are preserved of a journey made by Bishop Geddes (Bishop Hay's Coadjutor) in the year 1790. The Bishop made the whole journey on foot. He walked about 600 miles, and it took him from the second week in June to the beginning of August. Starting from Glasgow, he passed through Stirling, and then struck across the Grampians—the natural barrier that may be said to divide the Highlands from the Lowlands—arriving in about ten days' time at Fort Augustus, then occupied by King George's soldiers. Thence he kept to the north side of Loch Ness, and travelled by Glenmorriston, Strathglass and Fasnakyle to Beauly. In Strathglass, fruitful mother of priests and missionaries, he would meet Father John Chisholm, then in charge of that Catholic district, soon to be himself raised to the episcopate. At Beauly there were then no Catholic Frasers, but the sight of the old castle would revive the memory of Simon Lord Lovat who had been executed in the profession of the Catholic faith after 1745. From Beauly he crossed to Dingwall, with its Catholic remains, and so on to Tain, whence he travelled north, right along the coast, as far as John o'Groat's House. Here he crossed the Pentland Firth, and entered the

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Orkneys. He makes many reflections on the ancient Cathedral of Kirkwall. Turning back, and slightly varying the line of his journey, he passed through Cromarty, made a short stay at Inverness, visited with a guide the field of Culloden, and arrived in good health at the seminary at Scalan, in Glenlivat, in time for the August meeting of the Vicars Apostolic. This journey gives a rough idea of the Northern boundary of the Lowland Vicariate. Towards the East and South it extended from the Orkneys to the English border. Bishop Geddes's journey is a sample of what a Scottish Vicar Apostolic had to do in those days. Bishop Hay made many a similar pastoral round, sometimes on foot, sometimes on horseback.

The priests in this wide district, in the latter half of the eighteenth century, were never more than thirty or forty. Scattered in lonely missions wherever there were a few Catholics, living in poor cottages in the glens and on the hill-sides, they were far from each other and from their Bishop. One or two dwelt in a large town, like Edinburgh and Aberdeen, and later on, in Glasgow. A few lived in the houses of Catholic gentlemen or in the neighbourhood. The chapel was a room in the house, and the priest had to live and minister with great caution and secrecy. One of the remarkable features of Bishop Hay's career is his solicitude for his priests. They were nearly all educated men, having made their studies at Douai, in Spain, or in Rome. On the whole, the Scottish clergy of this epoch, nearly all of them of Scottish blood, were zealous apostolic men. As for the Bishop, in the first place he never asked any priest to do what he was not ready to do himself. "Having sacrificed our persons," he writes, "to the service of religion in our poor country, how inconsistent would it be to refuse to part with the pelf of this world for the same end! For my own part I thank God I have nothing so much at heart as the common cause; and shall think myself happy to sacrifice everything that is near and dear to me in this world for that end." With this end in view, he undertook what was really a life-long burden—the administration of the temporal

resources of the Vicariate. The funds of the mission were exiguous, fluctuating and precarious. Yet every missioner had to be helped, with £5, £10, or £15 a year for his maintenance, and with additional assistance for house, chapel or journeys, as the need arose. Then there was the constant anxiety of providing means for sending boys to Spain, to Paris, or to Rome, and for maintaining the school at Scalan. The care and distribution of these funds, the resulting correspondence, the difficulty of satisfying everybody, and the keeping of an exact balance sheet to be presented at the annual meeting of administrators, gave the Bishop so much work that he is constantly lamenting the utter impossibility of attending as he would have wished to more spiritual matters. But he never relaxed his labours, and both clergy and laity soon found that the Vicariate had in him a man of business who was

as trustworthy as he was self-sacrificing.

There is not much material now extant to show what were Bishop Hay's relations with his clergy as a Bishop and Father. It seems certain that he was never popular with them, as, for example, Bishop Geddes, his own Coadjutor, was popular. It was not that he was unkind or ungenial. He was fond of suitable company, enjoyed a talk, and was extremely frank and unaffected with high and low, young and old. He readily joined the fouro'clock tea, had a store of anecdotes, and was not above playing the violin or even singing one of his own spiritual songs. But there can be no doubt that he had a way of dealing with his clergy on strictly business principles which was sometimes not altogether to their liking. At one time, when he had been Vicar Apostolic about twenty years, three or four of the more disaffected wrote and spoke of him so harshly that he thought of resigning. Those who knew the Bishop were aware that his real feelings were those that are freely expressed in his letters—a strong, unceasing anxiety, grounded on his own deep spirituality, that every priest should be humble in heart and devoted to his sacred calling. For this he was honoured and re-

vered as a serious man of God. But he was rather a St Charles Borromeo than a St Francis of Sales.

But he was far from being the mere administrator of a diocese. He had a wide outlook on the Church and the world. For forty years he was the guiding hand of the correspondence of the Scottish Bishops with the Holy See —a correspondence so regular and so full as to be a precious source of Catholic history. He wrote both Latin and Italian with the ease and cultured style of one who had lived eight years in Rome. One of the objects which he never in his whole life lost sight of was the well-being of the Scottish Colleges on the Continent. On this subject his correspondence is interminable. In 1772 he made a journey to Paris, and spent much labour and many weary weeks in moving the French King to re-instate the Scottish Bishops in the possession and management of their own College. In 1790 he undertook what was probably the most trying task of his whole life, by travelling to Rome, chiefly for the purpose of obtaining the consent of the Holy See to place the Scots College under a Scottish superior. On behalf of those colleges and for the general needs of the mission he corresponded with officials and statesmen, with Cardinals and Bishops and influential laymen in Italy, Spain, France and England.

For about twenty years of his life, Bishop Hay sturdily led the Scottish Catholics in their efforts to obtain relief from the iniquitous penal laws. By 1777 he began to hope that something would be done. The civil authority had permitted the erection of a Catholic chapel in Edinburgh, and one near Perth. In two year's time (1779) the British Government had given a kind of promise that they would take the matter up. Early in that year, therefore, the Bishop issued a Pastoral, in which he speaks of the hopes of the Catholics, and enjoins upon his flock "not to allow the smallest resentment to enter your hearts against those who injure us"... "to pity their mistaken zeal which makes them think that by persecuting us they do God a service." This Pastoral, which, it may be presumed, was

addressed as much to the public as to the Catholic flock, was published in the Scots Magazine and in London, and is stated to have made a very good impression. Bishop Hay followed it up by going to London, and getting into communication with the Lord Advocate, the Attorney General, Edmund Burke, Sir John Dalrymple, and others. He was in the lobby during the great debate in the March of 1779, in which Burke electrified the House by reading to them a list of the penal laws, and Lord George Gordon did his worst to bring scorn and contempt upon the poor Catholics. But there was to be no relief for Scotland for thirteen years longer. Bishop Hay returned to Scotland. We find him watching with keen interest the troubled history of Catholic discussion and negotiation which led up to the great English Relief Act of June 24, 1791. The celebrated "Protestation" he could not see how a Catholic could subscribe. When, three months after he had written in this sense, the equally notorious "Oath" was sent to him by Bishop Gibson, he gave his opinion in these emphatic words: "I would never sign the paper .... it includes in my opinion an equivalent to the Oath of Supremacy. I am much inclined to think that some pretended friends, or false brethren, who seem to be at the bottom of that Affair are only sporting with us, and drawing us on, step by step, to see how far they can drag us." On learning later that the English Bishops had condemned the oath, he wrote: "And no wonder, indeed! This convinces me more and more of my former opinion, that false friends are at the bottom, and that they only want to drag us on to their religion, or refuse all relief on our refusing such terms. And if they succeed, God help us! But this, I fear, is a natural consequence of the liberal condescending sentiments which of late have crept in amongst us. May Almighty God direct and assist us! " (Letter of Nov. 30, 1788.) As we know, the objectionable portions of the English Relief Bill of 1791 were, by a most unmistakable interposition of divine Providence, put right in the House of Lords. Bishop Hay, therefore, and his friends at once determined to strain every nerve

to obtain a similar Act for Scotland. In this they succeeded, and the Scottish Relief Bill received the Royal Assent on June 3, 1793. Bishop Hay was satisfied with it. Though it still retained some vexatious disabilities, it is clear that it was more than the Bishop expected. The Scottish Catholics were almost afraid of their new privileges, and Bishop Geddes, the Coadjutor, writes to Bishop Hay: "Every prudent person amongst us will see how proper it is for us not to appear elevated on this occasion so as to give any offence to Protestants, and this

behaviour you will no doubt recommend."

It is as a missionary, a pastor, an apostle, and a lover of souls that George Hay is best known to the present generation of Scottish and English-speaking Catholics, and it is in this character that he did his most distinguished work. A Bishop of a diocese has many parts to play. He has to keep in constant communication with the Holy See. He has relations with the State and with Society which may in some instances be very onerous and engrossing. He has to guide and help his clergy. He must attend to temporal administration. He must take the lead in great religious movements. Thus, in a large and settled diocese a Bishop may seldom have an opportunity of coming into immediate contact with the faithful. But it is altogether different in a missionary country. In a country such as Scotland was in the eighteenth century the Bishop may have to do all that has been described, but, in addition to that, he must work as an ordinary missionary priest. Partly because distinctively Episcopal work is not so exacting, and partly because, exacting and burdensome as it may be, the mission work is more exacting still, a Bishop in such a country has to fill up every possible hour of his time in instructing, hearing confessions, ministering at the altar and visiting the sick. This was Bishop Hay's condition throughout his whole career, and there cannot be a doubt that he was never so happy as when he was spending himself with the utmost devotion for the longsuffering Catholic congregations of the Lowlands.

He had been a missionary for ten years when he was

consecrated Bishop. His devotedness and success were already well known. The first eight years of his pastoral work were spent at Presome, the centre of a very Catholic district in the "Enzie," or barony, of Banff. Presome, which had been for a hundred and fifty years the residence of a priest, is three miles from the coast of the Moray Firth, in a country full of the monuments of medieval faith and piety. "My apartment," he wrote, "is vastly open and cold in stormy weather, but I hope to stand out this Winter, and get it some way helped when Spring comes." He had very little to live on. His district was ten miles long, and he had to be constantly on the move, attending stations, and answering sick-calls. Often, on a Sunday, he was so weary that he could scarcely get home. The winters were very severe, and there was often a "sickness" or epidemic among the people. Yet we find him not only repairing his house, but, with infinite precautions, absolutely building a chapel. He writes (December 3, 1765): "I have got my Chapel now put in good order; my Altar is up, and pleases." After it was opened, he was one Sunday standing at the altar, vested and ready for Mass, when an alarm was raised that a soldier was approaching. The priest at once hastened to conceal himself in a wood close by, but the alarm luckily proved false.

In 1767 he was removed from Presome and sent to Edinburgh, with which he was now to be connected for the greater part of his life. Edinburgh in the eighteenth century was relatively a much more considerable town even than it is now, and it was by far the most important mission in the Lowlands. Bishop Hay went there, not only as missioner, but as Procurator of the Vicariate. His correspondence at once became very heavy. We find letters on ecclesiastical funds, on the administration of temporal affairs at home and abroad, on keeping up the supplies of students for the seminaries abroad, arranging for their journeys there and back, and other matters of an agent's office. We find him starting a Sunday-school. And presently he takes the house in Black Friars Wynd which still stands there to be visited, and with infinite pains and

ingenuity has it adapted for chapel and presbytery in one.

He was consecrated, after two years' work in Edinburgh, not in Edinburgh, nor at Presome, but at Scalan, the little seminary hidden behind the braes of Glenlivat. But he was still to remain in the capital for many a long and laborious year. Sometimes with a friend to help him, sometimes absolutely alone, with every kind of work on his hands, he lived in Edinburgh continuously for fifteen years—that is to say, till 1782. "I am here, as it were, in the centre," he writes on April 1, 1776; "all Correspondences centre in me; all grievances are made to me; and I am often found fault with for what I have no concern in. It requires upon certain occasions all my resolution to keep my mind in peace, and sometimes my patience fails me." A few years later (1778) he again writes to the aged Bishop whose Coadjutor he was:

We are so situated now that we can never depend upon ourselves for a single hour through the day, for calls of one kind or another coming upon us, so that the only time we can get of quietness is either after supper or in the morning. For some time I was accustomed to sit up at night and dispatch what I had to do, but I found that would not answer and was very hard upon the head. I therefore for some time past have altered my method. I dispatch all my little affairs before supper the best way I can; sup exactly at nine; say Evening Prayers at a quarter before ten; retire to our rooms at ten; and I go to bed immediately, after saying a few Prayers. By this means I am six hours and a half in bed before my hour of rising, which I find agrees well enough with my constitution, and I find my head free and easy in the morning to apply to anything I please, and I have some little time of quietness for application, as well as for morning duties. Now, though you'll say, perhaps, this is little time for sleep, yet I assure you I have for the most part enough ado to get things overtaken, do what I can; and this winter, besides all the constant ordinary employments of this place, I have had several very troublesome and afflicting affairs to do which very often deprived me of sleep a good part of the time I was in bed. . . . . You see some sketch of my situation, which cannot fail in time to bear hard on my constitution; for except sitting a little after meals with the other gentlemen, I never know

what it is to take any recreation or any walks. . . . . However, in obedience to your orders, I have this day retarded my alarm half-an-hour, and shall get more time in bed.

This trying manner of life was sometimes varied by a good long journey on foot. We find him walking from Edinburgh to Galloway, and rejoicing that he does it easily and feels all the better for it. He made many similar expeditions in the northern part of his Vicariate. In 1784, for example, when he was at Aberdeen, he was called to Buchan, in March, to baptize a child. The journey took him three days, and twenty-one miles of the road had to be done on foot, as the deep snow prevented his riding. In the same year he makes a pastoral round in the late spring from Aberdeen through the Enzie. "I made out my journey," he writes, "most agreeably. The weather was not the best, at least for the first three weeks; but I had always the good fortune to get good days to travel in; had easy stages and good quarters, and kept my health, thank God, very well. I was much less wearied than if I had been riding." One of his priests, not without a spice of illnature, sketches him on this journey: "Had you seen him travelling about, on foot, from one country (district) to another, wrapt in his Highland plaid, with a Highland boy behind him, carrying a knapsack, I am certain that you would not have kept from smiling. Everybody here, even his best friends, seem to agree in thinking that he looked more like a Thief than a Bishop."

The picture reminds us of St Charles Borromeo, staff in hand and in a shortened cassock, toiling up the steeps of the St Gothard. In Scotland, a Bishop could not be particular, if he wanted to reach his poor people. At every stage of these journeys, as in Edinburgh and Aberdeen, he was ready to say Mass, hear confessions, preach and attend the sick. It was his joy to be a missionary. He preached with great force and earnestness. His sermons, like his books, were marked by two characteristics, lucid arrangement and a marvellous knowledge of Holy Scripture. He

had the Scottish analytical faculty in arranging his divisions, marshalling his "proofs" and citing his authorities. From his college days he had worked on the Bible, pondering it and noting it with a special view to use in sermons and in writing. He had what he calls a "little book" -but it was really a thick volume-in which he constantly wrote, in his neat shorthand, his Scripture analysis. This he refers to as "the Code," and whatever might be the subject of his sermon, he always found in its pages all the Scriptural reinforcement that he required. We are told that he preached with considerable warmth and use of gesture. None of his sermons seem to have been preserved in a finished state, and we are not able, therefore, to judge of their persuasiveness or their unction. The eighteenth century style of preaching was in many ways different from that of the present day. But, if we may take Bishop Hay's letters to his friends and fellowlabourers as samples of what he said in his sermons, we cannot doubt that he spoke with an earnest eloquence and with a simple and warm piety which must have been very effective in the sanctuary. In the confessional he was severe —and at the same time most fatherly. The time was past when the Scottish Missioners had to be purged of Jansenism—and there is no trace of Jansenism in Bishop Hay. But he was naturally serious and strict. Yet he had a winning and paternal way with his penitents which especially attracted young people.

When we take up the well known books which he left to the world, and which are his sufficient monument, even if we had not one of that precious collection of letters which is so happily preserved at Presome, we find the presentment of a great missionary—one of those men of clear faith, accurate speech, unwearied pains, and warm piety who are born to impress religion on a generation.

His first published book was an anonymous reply (1771) to a sermon of the Principal of Marischal College, Aberdeen, whose object was to prove that Catholicism was superstition. Concealing not only his name but also his

Catholicism, the Bishop writes as a member of a certain London club called "The Aletheian." We are reminded of the elaborate story by which Milner, nearly half a century later, introduced his End of Religious Controversy, and which afforded him so much ingenuous satisfaction. In Scotland, however, in 1771, it was considered by all concerned that it would have condemned the book at the outset had its author professed himself a Catholic, and that to have given his name would have exposed him to serious danger. The book was published in London, by Coghlan. Two years later (1773) there appeared a treatise on Usury, still without the author's name. Another two years, and he gave to the world what may, perhaps, be considered his greatest work, The Scripture Doctrine of Miracles. This most able and learned treatise, with its very remarkable appendix on Transubstantiation, should be better known than it is.\* He lays down clearly in good and plain English the nature, possibility, and purposes of miracles. He goes on to show their authority as proofs of doctrine, and he gives the criterion by which to judge their reality. Proceeding to argue against Middleton, as he had before been refuting Hume and Rousseau, he shows how reasonable it is to expect that miracles should continue as long as the Church lasts. The great power of the book lies not so much in its philosophical argument on behalf of miracles, as in its vindication of the place and office of a miracle in the system of revealed religion. Bishop Hay is not very strong in dealing directly with Hume's great argument—that it is always more probable that the testimony to a miracle should be false than that the laws of nature were suspended. But he is admirable in developing the idea of a great system in which miracles may be said to have a natural place. He brings out splendidly the conception of the Universe as a whole—physical nature in its infinite variety as the dwelling place of immortal men, whom their great Creator loves, and rules

<sup>\*</sup>The second edition, printed by Wogan at Dublin, in 1789, is in two vols. 12mo, of about 330 pp. each.

by the ministry of angelic beings. A miracle is an event physical and sensible in its happening; but its object is the soul of man, the union of man with his Creator, and man's everlasting happiness. And it is not merely that the writer states all this—but he illustrates it with such an abundance of Scriptural citation that the book on the whole reads like an apologia of the Kingdom of God. The style of the work is a very good specimen of eighteenth century discussion. In didactic writing there are few better models than the moralists and apologists of that period, whatever we may think of their opinions. Bishop Hay writes as one to whom the best of them were familiar. There is no great call for fervent eloquence in the matter he treats. But here is a specimen of his work which gives a glimpse of a spirit far removed from that of a mere plodder. He is referring to the assertions of Whiston and others as to the cessation of miracles when the Church (as they pretended) was becoming "corrupt." He continues:

Can a serious Christian in his sober senses allow himself to believe, that at the very time when the truths of God are supposed to stand in the greatest need of his protection, when the gates of hell are prevailing over the Church of Christ; when the enemy, like a torrent, is upon the point of carrying all before him; that at that very time Almighty God should abandon his truth to be totally corrupted and defaced, should give up his Church as a prey to the enemy and without the least opposition allow him to turn the chaste spouse of Christ into an adulteress? . . . . And yet it is upon this blasphemous supposition, to wit, that God Almighty has altogether abandoned his Church to the tyranny of Satan, that he has proved false to all the promises He made to her, that he has allowed the devil for numbers of ages to work lying signs and wonders to delude poor mortals . . . . it is, I say, upon this blasphemous supposition that all the various systems of Protestants for the cessation of miracles are chiefly founded (vol. 11, p. 175).

The Appendix is a spirited dialogue on Transubstantiation, in which the authority of miracles in proof of

doctrine is intended to be further examined and illustrated by being applied to a particular example. The interest of this dialogue lies in the treatment of the doctrine itself, and the demonstration that it is neither impossible nor contradictory in terms. The writer, as has already been observed, does not grasp the doctrine of Matter and Form, and the theory of material substance which he adopts from Reid is only worthy of that writer's specious shallowness. But it is not necessary to his argument that he should be obliged to know what matter is. He adheres exactly to the teachings of the Council of Trent and of Cardinal Bellarmin, and in his vigorous handling of Protestant objections there is evident the hand of an

utterly sound Catholic.

The Sincere Christian, the Devout Christian, and the Pious Christian are the works by which Bishop Hay is best known. There is no need to dwell upon them at length. His intention in writing the first of these works, which forms two volumes in Bishop Strain's edition, was to digest the great truths of Christianity in a regular, orderly manner, so that the establishing one point should be a prelude and preparation for the next. His object, as he tells us, was to "show the divine Religion in a more amiable point of view," and to assist not only learners but also instructors. He is very emphatic in protesting that he writes for the unlearned, and not merely for those who are educated. The book is a treasury of all religious doctrine, and well merits the description that Bishop Ullathorne used to apply to it—that it was "a layman's course of theology "-that it was the most solid and complete course of Catholic teaching in the English language. The writer, here as everywhere, demonstrates his devotion to the text of Holy Scripture. His view is that "a text or two hinted at now and then" is not of much effect, but when a number of texts, placed in proper order, are brought to bear upon any given question, they "give an incredible force" to the argument, showing that it is God Himself who speaks. This facility and copiousness in the

use of Holy Scripture is a marked characteristic of Bishop Hay, and no one who uses his writings can fail to obtain an enlarged appreciation of the Bible and a wide acquaintance with the text of both the Old and New Testaments.

It seems very likely that Bishop Hay made an attentive study of the works of Gother and of Challoner. He has caught not a little of the masterly style of Gother—a style that Dryden himself admired. He was well acquainted with Challoner, whom he deeply venerated and loved. But the Sincere Christian is a highly original work. One of Gother's treatises is called the "Sincere Christian's Guide in the Choice of a Religion," but it is very different from Bishop Hay's book. Challoner published more than one tractate in the form of question and answer, but he has left no such Summa as the hard-working Scottish pre-

late. Its very completeness makes it original.

The *Devout Christian* is a treatise, of about the same length, on the practice of the law of God; it sets forth the whole duty of a Catholic. It is characterized by the same attractive lucidity and the same fullness of Scriptural illustrations. The *Pious Christian* is a manual of prayers and exercises, with excellent notes and explanations. This is a very admirable book. What could be better, for example, that the instruction on Meditation? We may observe that, as manuals which provide subjects for Meditation, he names, besides the Devout Life, Think Well on't and Meditations for the Whole Year, "composed by the late venerable Dr Challoner." Challoner had only been dead three years. He supplements his treatise on Meditation, after his own distinctive fashion, by printing thirty-six pages of Scripture texts "on some of the great truths of eternity, to serve as daily subjects of Meditation." He doubtless had them all ready to hand in "the Code." In speaking of the Rosary, he describes a practical means of keeping the attention fixed which seems to be an original idea of his own. It is, to add, in each Hail Mary, after the word Jesus, a phrase connecting Our Lord with the particular mystery of each decade. Thus in the first Joyful

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mystery, it would be: "Blessed is the fruit of thy womb Iesus who was made man for us; in the second, who sanctified St John the Baptist in his mother's womb for us; in the various Sorrowful mysteries Who suffered His agony, Who was scourged, Who was crowned with thorns," etc. It is to be feared that this practice would be open to the charge of composing a new form of the Hail Mary—but to carry it out mentally is evidently most commendable and efficacious. The Bishop's prayers are long, but they are really very simple and beautiful. One can imagine how full of unction and devotion they would sound when read aloud by the priest to the score or two of people who formed a humble Sunday congregation in eighteenth century Scotland. But for private recitation there are few Catholics who would not find them moving and inspiring at the present day. It may be observed that among the various prayers for use in sickness or at death, he does not, like Gother, provide one for a person about to be executed.

In 1797, Bishop Hay, with the co-operation of Bishops Douglas and Gibson, brought out the first Edinburgh reprint of Challoner's English Bible. Mention should also be made of the very striking Letter to his clergy which he printed in 1780. It forms a small duodecimo of about 100 pages. It is an elaborate treatise on the sanctity required in a priest, a pastor, an apostle and a minister of the Church, with practical rules for the priest's sanctification and behaviour. It does not appear that this Letter has ever been reprinted. At the time of its appearance it was asserted by some critics that it had done no good because it demanded too much. But it expresses better than anything he has left the ideals of this great Bishop, and if it were reprinted for his centenary, there could

hardly be a more suitable memorial.

In 1788 Bishop Hay went to reside at the seminary of Scalan. In a secluded spot in Glenlivat, where a site had been obtained from the Catholic Dukes of Gordon in the early part of the century, the Vicars Apostolic had built a thatched house where, with many vicissitudes, a few boys had been educated for seventy or eighty years. It

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was for many years the usual meeting-place of the Bishops, and more than one episcopal consecration (including that of Bishop Hay himself) had taken place in its humble chapel. The Bishop managed the seminary for eight or nine years, until it was given up, and a new school opened at Aquhorties. The life at Scalan was of a spartan description, but it is touching to read how the Bishop, whilst doing his best to teach his boys their humanities, never slackened in his solicitude for that moral and spiritual discipline which the best traditions of the Catholic Church have always prescribed for her seminaries. He himself was foremost in regularity, in prayer, and in selfdenial. The room where he wrote and meditated, the little chapel where he prayed far into the night and in the early hours of the morning are still to be seen. He was full of vigour during these years at Scalan, making his pastoral visits regularly, and carrying on a great variety of affairs. In 1799, he began to reside at Aquhorties, in Aberdeenshire, near Inverness, where a farm had been taken and a house built, which was the predecessor of Blairs. Here he not only ruled, but, as at Scalan, taught also. He heard the boys their catechism; he has left long and laborious "extracts" made from classical authors for the use of his scholars; and he held classes in the philosophy of Dr Reid. The life was not so rough as at Scalan, and the Bishop was very popular with the boys, being always ready to tell them a story. But the vacations were of the briefest, the boys never went home, and the Bishop never gave a play-day. When he had resided about five years at Aquhorties, he had a stroke of paralysis. After that he gradually failed, his mind growing weaker and weaker. He died in his room at Aquhorties on St Teresa's day, 1811, in the eighty-third year of his age.

Bishop Hay deserves the epitaph of the ancient patriarch that we find in Ecclesiasticus—he was the "holder-up of his nation, the guide of his brethren, the establisher of his people."\* The Bishops of Scotland during the eighteenth century were without exception pastors and confessors

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of distinction. But no one so signally saved the Scottish Church from perishing as Bishop Hay. When we look back to that life of work, of struggle, of little hope and difficult achievement, it is impossible not to be touched by the spectacle of a man who never relaxed his prayer and asceticism, never wavered in his Catholic principles, and never ceased to labour, adoring the Will of God, and leaving the results to the providence of Him Whom he served.\*

₩ JOHN CUTHBERT HEDLEY, O.S.B.

We regret that owing to an inadvertence the name of the author of the article on the "Bicentenary of the Piano," in our issue of last April, was given in the Contents as "Cecil Barber"; it should have been "Clement Antrobus Harris."

<sup>\*</sup>For the facts of Bishop Hay's career the writer is indebted almost exclusively to the "Life," by the Rev. J. A. Stothert, in Gordon's Scotochronicon.

## SOME RECENT BOOKS

¶ Under this heading will be noticed a limited number of books to which the Editor is unable to devote one of the longer articles, but desires, for one reason or another, to call attention.

**R** ELLIOT is to be congratulated unreservedly on the success with which he has achieved the two aims of a biographer. In his life of Lord Goschen (George Joachim Goschen, First Viscount Goschen. By the Hon. Arthur D. Elliot. Longmans. 25s. net) he has not only given a true and complete picture of the subject of his biography but he has also produced a book of absorbing interest. This was difficult in the first place, because, although Lord Goschen at different times took to making little jottings in pocket diaries, he did not keep a regular journal of his life, and he had in all circumstances the greatest horror of self-advertisement. This unostentatiousness of character made the second aim also difficult of attainment. Often a writer who has achieved the one will thereby have been successful in the other, but this is not always the case. The greatest man is not always he about whom there is most to say, and, of course, the greatest deeds are not always the most dramatic. For instance, every one is free to his own opinion as to which was the greater, Lord Goschen or Lord Randolph Churchill, also as to how the book now under review compares with Mr Winston Churchill's brilliant work. There can, however, be no question but that Mr Churchill had in his father a much easier subject for a striking biography than has Mr Elliot in Lord Goschen. The latter was in most points a complete contrast to his brilliant but not very scrupulous adversary. Thoughtful, painstaking and tenacious, he was so conscientious that he always put principle before party, and party before self. This was the keynote of Lord Goschen's character, and Mr Elliot shews him to us as always following out his principles courageously and without swerving, and forming a mainstay of that party over which, for the time, those principles held sway. His poli-180

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tical views were such that when he entered Parliament he was known as a Moderate Liberal, and to the end of his life, this (whatever in its party sense the word "Liberal" may have stood for in the interval) was the best description of him. The strength of his convictions, however, necessarily made him express himself very strongly at times, so that on one occasion when, after a Committee meeting at which they were both present, Mr Elliot remarked that a pugnacious line had been supported by ——, an "essentially moderate man," Lord Goschen replied, "Oh, yes, —— is a moderate man, like me—a violent moderate man." As his biographer says, "Goschen aspired not unsuccessfully to make moderation a force."

Two of the subjects on which Lord Goschen felt most strongly were the preservation of the Union of the English and Irish Parliaments, and of Free Trade. When many of the Liberals followed Mr Gladstone in his attack on the former, Goschen held fast to his original opinion, and found himself, in company with Lord Hartington, a leader of the new party which called itself "Liberal Unionist," and when later Mr Chamberlain tried to drag this party into the cause of Protection, the same two statesmen became chiefs of the band of "Unionist Free Traders."

At the great Opera House meeting in 1886 in protest against Home Rule, Mr Goschen thus upheld political honesty in one of his finest speeches.

Justice to Ireland! [he exclaimed] When did it first dawn upon the thousands who are now called upon to echo that cry, that Justice demanded Home Rule? I think I know. It was when they were told so by authoritative lips.... We did not hear of that doctrine in November last. Yet Justice is not an intermittent apparition. Justice is not a figure that can be here at some times and absent at others. Justice is not an apparition that can be invoked at the polling booth alone. Expediency may change from time to time.... but Justice always stands in the same position. Expediency may have set in. The expediency of granting Home Rule may have appeared since last November; majority may have appeared since last November; threats may have doubled since last November; but I fail to see why that which we did not hold

to be just before November should suddenly have become imperatively just in December and in January of this year! Justice has often been described as wearing a bandage over her eyes. But I did not know that her worshippers were to remain blindfold till the bandage was torn off under the pressure of expediency and fear.

Hard fighter as he was, there was little in Goschen's career that was sensational. In this age a man who keeps "expediency" so firmly in the background will often have to take a subordinate position himself. But Goschen went further than this, and if he seems generally to have held the second place it was sometimes because he refused to take the first. This is why we give Mr Elliot such credit for making his book so interesting. While the biographer of a Disraeli or of a Randolph Churchill can always write directly of the man and his doings, Mr Elliot has in places to describe at length the political situation, and the trend of each party, and to make it clear to us why Lord Goschen should have thrown in his lot with one rather than with another. The only part of the book, however, where the principal character is at all overshadowed by his surroundings is that which tells of the beginning of the fight for Home Rule, and this is so admirably written as to be downright exciting and more than acceptable for its own sake.

If we have dealt at some length with Lord Goschen's political "rule of life," it is because it is in this that lies the chief importance of his history. Other statesmen of his time and since then may have been of more immediate and ostensible use to their country, but it is doubtful whether anyone has done so much for her indirectly by "upholding the character of the life political," and by demonstrating the true way in which party government should be carried on. For Lord Goschen's view of the latter, as expressed in his actions, was that parties should grow up round principles, not that these should be adopted by parties for the sake of gaining power. He was able to compromise where his so doing did not involve the surrender of anything that he considered vital, but to him the combined strength of men joined together in a party was

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never an end in itself, but purely a means to secure the enactment of measures which individually they considered just and wise. We have not space here to follow Lord Goschen through all the acts of his long life, but those who read Mr Elliot's book will be struck by the completeness with which he mastered whatever he put his hand to. This was in a great measure due to his

parentage and early training.

Born of a German father and English mother, it was doubtless to his German blood that he owed his painstaking thoroughness and mastery of detail. After a distinguished career, first at a school in Germany and then at Rugby and Oxford, he entered the firm of Frühling and Göschen, of which he became a most successful chief. We have glimpses in some of his letters of the important part that his affectionate and practical father had in the formation of George Goschen's character, and of the help that he gave him up to the year 1863, when the latter became a Member of Parliament for the City of London. A Cabinet Minister after only two and a half sessions, he served his country first as President of the Poor Law Board, and then as First Lord of the Admiralty and Chancellor of the Exchequer. In addition to this he took an important part in the affairs of the Near East, as unofficial reorganizer of Egyptian finance, as Special Ambassador to Turkey to help in the delimitation of the Græco-Turkish frontier, and finally when, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, he was instrumental in the successful tiding over of the Baring crisis. Of Lord Goschen's great services to the Navy, continued as they were in recent years, it is needless to speak. He strove always for economy, but insisted on having efficiency first, and he was not afraid of spending largely when (as in 1896-1900) the occasion warranted it. His fault, especially in his later years, was probably that of being too scrupulous as to administrative details, and insisting on taking into his own hands work that might well have been left to those members of the Board whose ordinary business it was to supervise it. On economic subjects he was always an authority—he was a

Governor of the Bank of England when he was twenty-seven—and in the City to-day a reminder of his successful conversion of Consols still survives in the name "Goschens." We must confess that in his last chapters Mr Elliot goes somewhat outside the strict province of a biographer and is inclined to preach the cause of Free Trade on his own account. To conclude, however, we cannot do better than quote the closing words of the book itself. "Public men of the type of Lord Goschen are not too common in any period of our history. And the present time can as little as the past afford to do without them."

E. S. H

T is almost impossible to follow these wanderings to Forgotten Shrines (Dom Bede Camm, O.S.B., B.A. Macdonald and Evans. 25s. net) and to remain in a critical or neutral frame of mind. It is well, therefore, before yielding wholly to the charm of the narrative, to make the one or two reservations which suggest themselves. A book like this, so vital with historic and heroic memories, will not be read by Catholics alone; it will be welcomed and treasured by all who reverence the traditions of "the noble army of martyrs," whether or no they can hold the faith for which those martyrs died. It may, then, be regretted that on one or two occasions the author has laid himself open to the suspicion of that unfairness which is the danger of the enthusiast. In his denunciation of the savage penal laws against Seminary Priests in the time of Elizabeth and no one can doubt the barbarity of those laws or the valour of the men who braved them-he persistently ignores the fact that they were as much directed against political as religious antagonists, and that the methods of some of the Catholic extremists, which did not hesitate at attempted assassination, gave but too much colour to the accusations of their enemies. For the sake of mere justice, these truths should have been faced, and Dom Bede Camm had so shining a record to unfold that there was no fear of dimming its brightness by any shadow which reality could have cast. Again, in the essay on "An Oxford Martyr" (George Napier) there is an irrelevant

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passage, concerning the Oxford Memorial to Ridley, Latimer and Cranmer, which will hurt and estrange many Protestants who otherwise would turn over these pages in

a spirit of deepening sympathy and awe.

The ungracious task of fault-finding done, the critic is free to yield himself, with an emotion too poignant for the slight word, pleasure, to the thoughts and visions evoked by these tales of "victors in Heaven's high chivalry." Alike from an antiquarian and a religious point of view, the book is inexhaustible; while the illustrations, portraits, pictures of little known castles and manor houses and of ancient sepulchral effigies, are altogether worthy of their text. A few of the stories told here will be familiar to most lovers of the past, as, for instance, that of gallant old Richard Norton, who, followed by his band of devoted sons, carried the Banner of the Five Wounds in the illstarred Rising of the North "for God, our Lady and the Catholic Faith " and for the rights of Mary Stuart. Far less known is the longer, sadder tragedy of the Fitzherberts, a slow martyrdom of imprisonment, impoverishment and betrayal, which is here recounted with a most moving dignity and pathos. Dom Bede has to an unusual degree the faculty of conveying alike the personality of his characters and the atmosphere of the places linked with them. So, in reading of the Fitzherberts one seems to stand beneath the fourteenth century walls of Norbury Hall—whose owner went from it to thirty years of prison for conscience' sake—or to kneel in the exquisite church among sleeping, sculptured knights of the Wars of the Roses, bearing on their mailed breasts the Lion of Edward of York or the Boar of Richard of Gloucester.

It must not be supposed, however, that "the glories of our birth and state" claim any undue part in a volume devoted to a nobility higher than ever herald blazoned. The writer's pilgrimage is always in the track of saintly footsteps, and the dark hidden chamber where a priest lurked and prayed in secret, the lowly mound where the champion of the faith was laid, appeals to him as intimately as the stateliest ancient chapel, reverberant with the

worship of centuries. Marking with what tender homage he writes of obscure heroisms and sanctities, the reader is reminded of one of his loveliest episodes, that of Helen Wintour, whose father had been executed for his share in the Gunpowder Plot, who devoted herself to making those marvellous embroidered vestments, rich with pearls

and gold, which remain to us even now.

"It is almost with a shock of surprise" says the author, "that we realize that the splendid Wintour vestments, now preserved among the chief treasures of Stonyhurst College, were made for and first used in such a poor and humble sanctuary; but Helen Wintour knew that what makes the temple glorious is the presence of the King, and that the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass was not less worthy of honour when celebrated at dead of night in a garret, than when offered on the High Altar of St Peter's Basilica, by the Vicar of Christ himself."

It would be impossible even to enumerate the many life stories which are here gathered. The range of characterization is of the widest. We pass from that eager and mystical chronicler of the inner life, Thomas Fitzherbert of Swynnerton, with his power of vision and his quaint lack of humour, to the simple and kindly Father Kemble, one of the victims of the "Popish Plot" agitation, who peacefully enjoyed his pipe before passing to execution, and is whimsically claimed by Dom Bede Camm as the patron saint of lovers of tobacco. Now and again a wonderful study is lavishly tossed into a mere parenthesis, as in that sketch of Sir John Stanley, the young hero of Flodden, who, at thirty, put worldly glory and love aside and gave himself to the monastic life-to atone, it may be, for the sins of his house and the ineffaceable treason of Bosworth Field.

Reluctantly one puts aside the book, keeping a vision of the many hidden sanctuaries, where, through the darkest days of persecution, the sacred fire burned, a slender, inextinguishable flame, visible but to a few faithful on

earth—and to the congregations of Heaven.

D. G. McC.

#### The World of Life

N 1904 Mr Alfred Russell Wallace published his work, Man's Place in the Universe, and now, as a sequel and complement to it, on the threshold of his ninetieth year he gives to the reading public The World of Life (London: Chapman & Hall. 1910), a book which will certainly give rise to much controversy in scientific circles. The object of the first-named work was to show that our earth is the only inhabited planet, not only in the Solar System but in the whole stellar universe. Mr Wallace complains, in the preface to the work under review, that numerous critics treated the conclusions which he arrived at "as if they were wholly matters of opinion or imagination, and founded (as were their own) on personal likes or dislikes, without any appeal to evidence or to reasoning. This," he continues, "is not a method which I have adopted in any of my works" (p. viii). The present work includes a number of interesting observations and conclusions of a purely biological importance over which we will not linger, though they are well worthy of careful consideration. It is over the philosophical conclusions that discussion will most actively rage, and these conclusions may thus be summarized in the author's own words. "If there is a ruling and creative power to which the existence of our cosmos is due, and if WE are its one and unique highest outcome, able to understand and make use of the forces and products of Nature in a way that no other animal has been able to do; and if, further, there is any reasonable probability of a continuous life for us, in which we may still further develop that higher spiritual nature which we possess, then we have a perfect right, on logical and scientific grounds, to see in the infinitely varied products of the animal and vegetable kingdoms, which we alone can and do make use of, a preparation for ourselves, to assist in our mental development, and to fit us for a progressively higher state of existence as spiritual beings" (p. 334).

The author makes it quite clear that in his opinion the qualifying "ifs" in the above quotation may be eliminated. He shows that vegetable growths, even the dif-

ferent kinds of woods, find their best explanation in their fitness for the use of man. "Had no wood existed suitable for sea-going vessels, the whole course of history, and perhaps of civilization, would have been different" (p. 326). The same may be said of many of the metals (p. 360) and even of water and its remarkable characteristics (p. 366). The whole system of life-development is that of the lower providing food for the higher, and it has "succeeded marvellously, even gloriously, inasmuch as it has produced, as its final outcome, MAN, the one being who can appreciate the infinite variety and beauty of the life-world, the one being who can utilize in any adequate manner the myriad products of its mechanics and its chemistry" (p. 373). Further and careful consideration of nature as we know it, and more particularly of the prolonged and complicated processes which have led up to the development of the condition of things with which we are acquainted, including the existence of man and his domination over the animate and inanimate objects by which he is surrounded, all these things, in the writer's opinion, afford "an exceedingly powerful argument for an over-ruling MIND, which so ordered the forces at work in the material universe as to render the almost infinitely improbable sequence of events to which I have called attention an actual reality" (p. 186). The same thesis is upheld in various other passages throughout the book which considerations of space will not allow us to quote in full. Reference must, however, be made to the passage in which the author combats the view that the universe is eternal and self-existent, and asks whether such an explanation is "easier, simpler, more rational, more scientific, more philosophical, than to posit one supreme MIND as self-existent and eternal, of which our universe and all universes are the manifestations, and yet the 'infinity and eternity men' call themselves 'monists,' and claim to be the only logical and scientific thinkers. With them matter, ether, life-(surely three absolutely distinct things)-with all the wonderful laws, and forces, and directive agencies which they imply, and 188

#### The World of Life

without which none of them could for a moment exist, all are to be accounted for and explained by the one illogical assumption, their eternity; the one complete misnomer, monism; the one alleged fundamental law which explains nothing, the 'law of substance'" (p. 353). It may be gathered, from what has been quoted, that the author has no sympathy with the chemico-physical explanation of the phenomena of life, and those desirous of a simple refutation of that view of things may be referred to his admirable "allegory" (p. 296), which we cannot find space for here. Brief reference may also be made to the manner in which what Huxley called "gratuitous gifts," such as the appreciation of scenery or of music, are handled and used, as the author has elsewhere and previously used them as powerful arguments for "a benevolent Author of the Universe" (p. 324 and see also p. 312). Reference may also be directed to the sections dealing with the explanation of the existence of pain (pp. 371-2). Whilst fully recognizing the existence of a Creator, the author thinks that the actual operations of creation may have been carried out by intermediate discarnate beings, which never were incarnate. At first sight one would imagine this to allude to the commonly received heavenly hierarchy, but this does not seem to be the author's meaning; in fact he speaks of the existence of such beings "as attendants and messengers of the Deity" as being an irrational idea (p. 393), and seems to indicate that the spiritual beings whom he postulates have themselves taken part in the work of creation. It must be admitted that this portion of the book is rather vague and lacks the clearness and force of the earlier sections from which we have quoted. In conclusion, as a curiosity, a single word, surely the longest ever conceived, may be quoted "octamethyltetraminodihydroxiparadixanthylbezonetetracarboxilic acid." This throws into the shade Mark Twain's well-known example, and even the Welsh place commonly shortened into Llanfair P.G. must hide its diminished head before this awful concatenation of syllables. B. C. A. W.

FTER reading The Patrician (By J. Galsworthy. Heinemann. 6s.) the ordinary Christian is appalled by the grey world revealed in it. There is no argument, perhaps, in the conviction borne in upon him as he reads that a society without faith and without consciousness of sin is singularly undramatic. There is drama in the first open attacks on the beliefs of a country or a society, for there is in such attacks the din of a living battle. But the old faiths must be alive enough to provoke real attack or there can be no drama, and in Mr Galsworthy's world they are sick unto death. Grey, dreary, ineffective is the married woman, Audrey Noel, who has left her husband and cannot understand why Lord Miltown has any scruple as to a secret connexion with her. And Lord Miltown himself, though he believes in God, has but one real motive that conquers love, the motive-power of passionate and honest ambition. There was one who, seeing Faust for the first time, said to himself, only a belief in sin and hell can keep human literature on the large lines of drama. Strangely enough, without the "old superstitions" men dwindle in stature to an astonishing degree. With all his skill, his industry, his literary gift, Mr Galsworthy fails to touch the heart in The Patrician; chiefly this is due to the unreal moral position. For the fact is that the author cannot bring himself to believe in the reality of Lord Miltown's faith, cannot throw himself into the mental condition of a Christian and therefore fails to give the picture of his temptation its true values. But the second cause of failure seems to be the over-careful study of class characteristics; immensely clever as this study is, it is too much obtruded. Individuality is lost in over-great study of any typical qualities: if the man were quite alive his class characteristics would not overshadow his personality; he becomes attenuated to a dead specimen in a museum by such elaborate labelling.

There is in the book a delicious child, who "had a broad little face, and wide frank hazel eyes over a little nose that came out straight and sudden." It is sad to think

that she had to grow up in such a world.

## Church History

What does it mean, this picture of life of Mr Galsworthy's? It would be too terrible to believe that it is "a picture of our own life in England to-day," as the Times' review said of his former novel, Fraternity. But whether it be true or untrue of our life now as a whole, it must, it is to be feared, have a certain resemblance to groups of men and women now alive, and it reads as if the temper and tone of mind which produced it might be infectious. The Patrician is wholly unprofitable reading unless it makes us feel the "neediness of the world" so acutely as to beget a keen desire to do some little to help it.

A carried to the Vice-Provost of Eton, when he was desired to write the History of the National Church during the Nineteenth Century in one volume. Fortunately for him and his readers, the editors have since allowed two for his work (The English Church in the Nineteenth Century. By F. Warre Cornish, M.A. In two parts. 7s. 6d. each. Macmillan and Co.). The enlarged limits are not too great for the story of an institution which touches the national life at so many points, and which, as the useful abstracts here given of so many Acts of Parliament will show, is eminently "the Church by Law Established."

But the narrative, though necessarily compressed, is the work of a scholar and gives an excellent account of the almost bewildering changes through which Anglicanism has been passing. It is admirable in arrangement and proportion, and most serviceable with its apparatus of dates, summaries and bibliographies. The detached and impartial tone will probably render the book less welcome to the High Church party, and may lead unfriendly persons to call it Erastian; but there is nothing of the acid, Voltairean flavour found in Mr Herbert Paul's History when he deals with Church matters. And in spite of the author's habitual restraint, he is moved to warm admiration as he records the story of the Anglican sisterhoods and their devoted work. Upon the less successful attempts to foster the religious life for communities of men, he is silent.

Again, while candidly allowing the immeasurable superiority of Catholic Missions, he surveys with satisfaction the efforts of the Church of England in missionary enter-

prise.

He is not, indeed, unmindful of the problems that must arise as to the relations of these daughter churches with the parent stock. Many of them, such as Canada and Australia, are jealous of their independence; Japan aims at a native church. There is neither rule of faith nor rule of discipline. How long can unity be kept? Such authority as the Archbishop of Canterbury possesses is entirely of the moral kind, not the legal, and depending entirely upon personal gifts. Enthusiastic persons love to acclaim him as a new Patriarch, and even the author declares that "in a new sense he may still be said to be alterius orbis Papa." But this must surely be a very new sense indeed, so long as grave questions, for instance, polygamy, have to remain unsettled. Again, while some colonial churches show the most marked tendency to Catholic traditions, the disestablished Church of Ireland avows itself in communion with the Church of England "as a reformed and Protestant Church," expressly declaring that "No Adoration whatever is to be done "to any "supposed" real Presence. Words like these, and stubborn facts like the existence, history and influence of the Evangelical and Erastian party, must be unwelcome to what is termed the advanced school. But if they are going to hold by the theory of continuity they cannot limit themselves to just so much as they like; they will have to take "continuity" after the Reformation as well as before it, with all the changes thereby involved.

In fact, the record of these two useful and trustworthy volumes is mainly one of change accompanied by inevitable trouble and strife. It is so, because, in spite of the King's supremacy, there is no real living, energizing power which all parties will recognize as finally sovereign. The formularies are there, but apparently, however great the need, they cannot be altered. All parties interpret them as they will and, as a result, "Doctrine is obscured,

# Across the Bridges

discipline crippled and ritual intolerably distorted so long as the only power to command is the discordant opinion of one set of lawyers after another "as to the precise meaning of ancient rules drawn up in other times and circum-

stances, without regard for consistency.

How great the outward change has become may be seen in the completely different aspects of the Churches. We observe frequently arrangements not merely Catholic but continental, and, moreover, continental of the French or Italian type. How utterly unlike the Church of England even fifty years ago. And the changes in families correspond to those in the places where they worshipped. The names of Bickersteth, Buxton, Shaftesbury are still prominent, but no longer on the Low Church side. And together with the outward change there has grown a complete difference of spirit. Apathy has yielded to an enthusiasm that runs at times dangerously near to hysterical excitement.

It may, indeed, be true, as the author suggests, that the Evangelicals, even in their best days, were never the dominant party in the Church, but beyond question they were the most active. It should not be forgotten that there was a Cambridge Movement as well as an Oxford. If Pusey and Keble are to be remembered, Simeon and Wilson must not be forgotten. And there is a further point; the author justly says that the characteristic of the Evangelicals was activity based on sentiment, not on learning. Is not that noticeable of the dominant party at present? The earlier movement is dead; the present must surely develop further; there remain Indifference, Science and Democracy to encounter. It needs a wise man to forecast the issue.

A. H.

A CONSIDERABLE number of books have been written on the condition of the poorer classes in London, but owing to the great changes which have taken place during the last few years most of them are already out of date. Across the Bridges, by Alexander Patterson (Arnold. 1911. 4s. 6d.) is therefore particularly welcome at the present time, as it

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gives an accurate and vivid picture of the life of the people by the riverside in South London to-day. Mr Patterson has spent seven years in Bermondsey and has been during part of the time a teacher in an elementary school. His experiences have convinced him that our social evils are chiefly due to stupidity and lack of foresight, not-as some suppose-to inevitable necessity, and he pleads throughout for a little more intelligent care of the rising generation, in order that they may become the parents of healthier and happier children in the future. One example, which he gives, is typical of the lack of imagination characteristic of our methods in the past; when model dwellings were erected the people were not supposed to want baths, so no provision was made for bathrooms; to-day there is a widespread desire for personal cleanliness which through the folly of builders cannot be satisfied. In this spirit Mr Patterson describes the ugly streets which might have been beautiful, the hazards of infancy which could easily be avoided, the happy years of school life which might be made so much more fruitful than they are. He follows the dwellers by the river through many vicissitudes; home, courtship, prison, employment, unemployment, success, failure; finding everywhere wonderful love and kindness, and everywhere too that waste of human lives which he sees to be unnecessary and remediable. The remedies are being applied. Family life upon which the future depends is, says Mr Patterson, being strengthened by measures like the feeding and medical inspection of school children; the clause in the Children's Act excluding children from public-houses has already been justified by its results; the education authorities have become alive to the importance of providing suitable employment for those leaving school. Other reforms are indicated in Mr Patterson's pages, but, above all, he insists that whatever the legislature may do the only basis of lasting social reform is a stronger grasp of religious principles by the people themselves. In this connexion he complains bitterly that the teaching of religion in the schools is often left to teachers who have no faith in what they expound, though, as he points out, this arrangement could easily be altered without inter-

## Across the Bridges

fering in any way with the legitimate independence of teachers.

The two chapters devoted to school life are indeed the most interesting in the book. Mr Patterson with fresh recollections of public school and university draws a comparison between the education he received and that given in the elementary schools. Both systems tend to run in grooves, for public school masters were public school boys, and elementary school teachers were elementary school children and neither have any experience of the other. The teaching in the elementary schools is vastly superior to that given at public schools, but the size of the classes, the inevitable separation, except during working hours, of the teachers from the children and the lack of school patriotism outweigh the advantage of trained teachers. Small classes are essential for good education. At present the "hopefuls" and the "very doubtfuls" sit together to their mutual detriment. The former deserve a classical education and university scholarships, the latter might very well leave school at twelve for all the good they will derive from any attempt to teach them more than the three R's. Mr Patterson suggests various ways by which these defects could be overcome, so that something of the spirit of the public schools—without their educational inefficiency—might be introduced into the elementary schools for the benefit B. W. D. both of pupils and teachers.

ON surveying the fourth volume of The Catholic Encyclopædia (Cland-Diocesan. pp. 799. double columns. New York. Robert Appleton Company. 27s. 6d. net), we are impressed with the thought that the progress of the work has been as happy in the manner of its achievement as it was bold in its conception. Encyclopædic in design, it has been cosmopolitan in execution. The total number of contributors in the present volume is 268, of whom 120 belong to the continent of America, 111 of that group residing in the United States. The United Kingdom supplies sixty-four writers, and the continent of Europe upwards of sixty, Italy heading the list with fifteen. Re-

moter places, such as Ceylon, Egypt, Jerusalem, New Zealand, the Sandwich Islands, and Sydney have each one

contributor, while India has four.

In so varied a texture it is difficult to say which is the dominating element; still there are features which doubtless lend a certain individuality to the production. Articles have a tendency to group themselves, though not exclusively, under particular names: thus A. F. Bandelier (New York) is associated with Spanish affairs, U. Benigni (Rome) with Italian subjects, E. Burton (St Edmund's) with English saints and worthies, Dom Chapman (Erdington) with patristic lore, W. H. Grattan-Flood (Enniscorthy) with Irish archæology, W. H. W. Fanning (St Louis) with Canon law, Mgr Kirsch (Fribourg) with biography; A. Fortescue and H. Thurston enjoy almost a monopoly of the curiosities of liturgy; S. Pétridès and S. Vailhé (Constantinople) are entrusted with Eastern matters and ancient sees. The aim of the writers is rather to register in a simple and definite manner the results attained by scholars than to discuss the tentative advances of individual study. Of the competence of the bulk of the contributors there can be no doubt. To cite only a few instances: Père Vermeersch (Louvain) deals with the thorny subject of the Congo State, and is candid about the rights of occupation and the existence of abuses. Professor Nys (Louvain) deals with Cosmology. The article on Criticism (historical) was written by the late Père C. de Smedt (Brussels), who revolutionized the procedure of the Bollandists. This is an article which will be of considerable assistance to the student of epistemology. O. Marucchi (Rome) and Dom Cabrol (Farnborough) furnish two articles (thirty-one columns) on the Cross-interesting studies which one would rejoice to see reproduced in a cheap form for the general public by the C.T.S. C. S. Gardner (London) writes on Dante, Clodius Piat (Paris) on Descartes and W. Turner (Washington) on other philosophers.

Among the articles which by reason of their subjectmatter claim a foremost rank should be mentioned Deity

## Catholic Encyclopædia

(an account of the non-Christian concepts of God), Deism (a useful contribution chiefly on English Deists), Creation, Cosmogony (an account in fifteen columns of the various non-Christian beliefs concerning the formation of the world), Deluge (an article of seven columns by A. J. Maas), in which the main issues of the subject are discussed, and the writer finally adopts the opinion that the deluge did not extend to the surface of the entire globe, though the whole race of men was destroyed except those who were providentially saved in the ark of Noe. An article of twenty-four columns sketches the history of the Councils of the Church, their procedure and authority. The non-specialist will find all the information and guidance he requires on the subject in the article Criticism (Biblical), which, in the compass of twenty-three columns, deals first with the higher criticism, and next with textual criticism. To the eminent city of Constantinople three articles are devoted—the City (S. Vailhé), thirteen columns; the Councils (T. J. Shahan), nine columns; and the Byzantine Rite (A. Fortescue), nineteen columns. Historical studies which all will read with satisfaction are the appreciation of Constantine, and the article on the Crusades. This latter, in our judgement, will take a high place among the best in the present volume. The writer's estimate of the period may be inferred from his concluding words; "If, indeed, the Christian civilization of Europe has become universal culture in the highest sense, the glory redounds, in no small measure, to the Crusades."

The treatment of Conscience (Joseph Rickaby) and Consciousness (M. Maher) show the contact between modern scholastics and the thinkers of other schools of philosophy. In both articles clear exposition renders anything like controversy unnecessary. When once we quit the domain of ethics proper, differences will arise as to the inclusion of this or that term in a Catholic Encyclopædia. We here meet with Collectivism, Communism (in every way a first-rate piece of work), Compensation (brief but comprehensive), Democracy (a section which may be recommended to the perusal of all). But, notwithstanding

their directly moral implications, no place has been assigned to Competition or Co-operation in any of their aspects. Death Penalty might at least have claimed a cross-reference. Other minor omissions have occurred to the reviewer. Under Dancing, the religious dance executed before the Blessed Sacrament in parts of Spain; under Damien, R. L. Stevenson's remarkable letter in defence of the great apostle of the lepers; Daughters of the Cross (p. 638); Sir J. C. Day received a part of his education at Oscott. The article Congress, after informing us of the success of the international scientific congress at Munich, omits to say why no subsequent meeting was held. To the Bibliography of Congress should now be added L'Œuvre des Congrès Eucharistiques by the Abbé J. Vaudon, Bloud, 1910. The article Corporation is a little disappointing, as it is taken up somewhat too exclusively with the legal aspects of the question. Similarly, with reference to the able contributions on Demon, Demoniacs, Demonology, Devil, Devil-worshippers, many will regret that so little is brought forward in a definite form to show that the demon is to be reckoned with in our own days.

The biographical element is strong in this fourth volume, and among these stories of the lives of Catholics of note we have vignettes or full-sized portraits of wide interest; such are the sketches of Coppée, Cornely, Cornoldi, Cardinal Cullen, Dalgairns, De Rossi, Deschamps,

Aubrey de Vere, C. S. Devas, Père Didon.

Some articles appeal especially to the general reader, such as the frank and unapologetic account of Catholic views concerning Cruelty to Animals. Communion under both kinds is a thoroughly readable article. Cremation is a veritable multum in parvo, and deals conclusively with the sanitary pretexts made so much of by the advocates of cremation. The article of J. H. Pollen on the Counter-Reformation will be read with surprise by some and with profit by all. The notices of Coimbra and Conimbricenses will be gratifying to the student of philosophy. Non-Catholics will find in these pages the explanation of such

## Downfall of the Gods

ecclesiastical curiosities as Deo gratias, Deus in adjutorium, Diario Romano. H. T. Henry writes in an interesting manner on the Dies irae. In conclusion, we may remark that we have not met with a word that would give offence to the most fastidious reader; and we feel that this great work has already established a claim to be looked upon as one of the indispensable sources of reference in every public library in the English-speaking world. H. P.

CIR HUGH CLIFFORD says that before the pagoda on Stop of the Phnom Penh, in Kambodia, he found that which he had been seeking, "the East, the real East—mysterious and very ancient..." That "here in veiled seclusion dwelt the most ancient of the gods of the East," of whose defeat he tells us in his latest book The Downfall of the Gods (Murray. 6s.). It is not, however, around the Phnom Penh that the story centres, but around the three temples with equally strange names of the neighbouring city of Angkor, theancient capital of the great Khmer Empire-the Ba Phun, Ba Yon, and Angkor Wat. Whether following Chun in his perilous night venture to steal the Sacred Sword of Indra from its shrine in the Ba Yon; or watching the myriads of bats as they stream forth in their black columns at evening from the recesses of the mighty Wat; or again mingling with the crowd raging round the holy elephant in the final disastrous procession, we do move in the East—the East, mysterious, and ancient, and very fierce, as Sir Hugh Clifford knows so well how to paint her.

The story itself is exciting from start to finish. It tells of the love of Chun for Gunda, the little dancing-girl of the temple, and of how these two, helped by the old wiseman Slat, overthrew the "demi-gods"—the Brahmans who for centuries had ground the people of Khmer under a rule of hideous cruelty and superstition. In the whole book we do not meet one virtuous character. The hero is perhaps not so very wicked; he is a natural savage. Probably most men of his race and antecedents, if they were so badly struck by "the madness" as he was, would behave in the same way, and his anxieties, triumphs, and bitter disappointments are admir-

ably described. We must also confess to some fellow-feeling with that very human old scoundrel, Slat. The Cleopatra of this grisly tragedy, however, is not very convincing. She is unnecessarily bad. Her cruelty to others is intelligible enough, but her horrible treatment of Chun is overdone. As a mere matter of policy, a woman as clever as the author would have us believe her to be, would have treated him better. There is one question in particular that is to us unanswerable. What possible motive can she have had for unveiling herself in the last procession of the Snake? She seems to have been quite surprised at being recognized by her companions of a few weeks before! It must be admitted that Sir Hugh Clifford is not so successful with his novels as he is with his short stories. His subject usually demands a somewhat archaic style of language, which, in a long book, is apt to become tedious. Here for instance the word "builded" is quite an obsession with him. Those however who start reading The Downfall of the Gods will not willingly stop until they have finished it. The excitement of the story and the weirdness of its setting will absorb their attention and quite outweigh any defects in the construction or language.

THE History of the Papacy in the Middle Ages, by the Rev. Horace Mann, has now reached its ninth (nominally its eighth) volume, and its dimensions entitle it to the name of a great work. It has involved considerable labour, and is written with moderation and judgement. Its facts are drawn from the original sources, with full references; and a sufficient number of modern studies have been consulted. Five volumes are now before us: vol. IV, The Lives of the Popes in the Early Middle Ages (891-999), and vols v-viii, The Lives of the Popes in the Middle Ages (999-1049, 1049-1073, 1073-1099, 1099-1130), all large octavo volumes of excellent print (Kegan Paul & Co. 1910. 12s. net each vol.). The fourth volume deals with the tenth century, the darkest of the Dark Ages; it commences with Pope Formosus, whose rotting corpse was exhumed by his successor, tried, condemned and thrown into the Tiber. There were no less than twenty-eight

## Lives of the Popes

Popes in the hundred and eight years covered by the narrative. Of these little is known; of some of them almost nothing at all. Some were the creatures of the temporal tyrants of Rome, Marozia and her family, or of the Emperor. Those who were appointed by Alberic II, son of Marozia, were good Popes. Many others are said to have been virtuous. The vices attributed to some are often less well attested; but none of these Popes are Saints. Only one, John X, appears as a man of conspicuous ability. It is wonderful that while the Holy See was oppressed by the secular power the respect for it was scarcely lessened in the rest of Christendom. The next volume plunges us into an almost equally melancholy period, wherein we find the Popes already struggling against the prevalent evils of simony and the concubinage of the clergy. The brightest spots are the life of the learned Pope Gerbert (Silvester II) and the relations of the Popes with the holy Emperor, Henry II. Information gradually becomes less scrappy, and the Popes have rather longer lives. Vol. vi brings us to the great revival under St Leo IX and the "Hildebrandine Popes" who succeeded him. Vol. vii is entirely taken up with the pontificate of St Gregory VII himself and his saintly successors, Victor III, better known to fame as Abbot Desiderius of Monte Cassino, and the Cluniac, Urban II, the promoter of the first crusade. These two volumes on the great reformers are far more interesting than those which preceded. It is a great thing to have in English so careful and dispassionate a life of Hildebrand, and these volumes will not only be found very valuable for reference, but they are eminently readable, in spite of the awkward digressions and repetitions which are necessitated by the biographical form in which the story is told. The eighth volume relates the histories of the pious Paschal II, the short-lived Gelasius II, the excellent Calixtus II and the learned Honorius II.

The chief blot on all Father Mann's praiseworthy work is the carelessness of style. There are too many sentences one would like to rearrange in more logical form, or to correct. But his task was a difficult one, and so far as the matter is

concerned it is well fulfilled. He always mentions the relations of the Popes with different countries and diverse affairs. The complete union of East and West in the tenth century, and until Michael Cerularius, is an interesting point, which is clearly shown, in spite of the slightness of our information, and the rareness of any actual communications between Rome and Constantinople.

C.

THERE is, probably, nothing in the whole of his public school education to which the average Englishman looks back with more resentment than the time he spent in attempting to learn modern languages; for, apart from all other controversies, the very first essential of a living language is that it should be presented as alive. Yet hour after hour was spent upon grammar and parsing and abstract principles deduced from concrete facts, to the neglect of vocabulary and colloquial phrase, with the result that the ordinary schoolboy visits modern France even less equipped for intelligent conversation than he would be in ancient Greece. All this, however, is rapidly changing; and an illustration of the change is to be seen in the admirable and most successful edition of French literature—in some cases translated from other languages—being brought out at the present time by the house of Nelson, under the direction of Dr Sarolea, the head of the French and Romance department of the University of Edinburgh, expressly for the use of students who really wish to learn French. The selection of books—about a dozen and a half at the present time—has been excellently made, and includes such novels as Le Disciple of Bourget and Anna Karénine of Tolstoi, with other volumes, such as La Pucelle de France by Andrew Lang, La Vie Dévote of St François de Sales, and an anthology of French poets. The books are charmingly printed and presented in all respects, with a useful introduction, and do not in the least resemble school-tasks. They cost only I fr. 25 c. and contain from two to three hundred pages.

## Bible Commentaries

THE well known Cursus Scripturae Sacrae, published by Fathers of the Society of Jesus, under the general editorship of Fathers Cornely, Knabenbauer and De Hummelauer, has been enlarged by commentaries on the books of Proverbs and Wisdom. Commentarius in Proverbia, I. Knabenbauer, S.J.; Commentarius in Librum Sapientiae, R. Cornely, S.J. Paris, P. Lethielleux. The commentary on Proverbs is comparatively short, but it displays those qualities of sound learning and sober judgement with which students of Father Knabenbauer's previous commentaries (Job, Ecclesiasticus, Prophets, Maccabees, Gospels and Acts) are familiar. His choice of a critical text is marked at once by caution and painstaking thoroughness, and he has made good use of the critical labours of de Lagarde, Bickell, and Müller and Kautzsch. The bibliography, though select and unexceptionable, is not quite as complete as it should be; it does not mention even Toy's volume in the International Critical Commentary. A valuable element in the prolegomena is an analysis of the contents of Proverbs. In this analysis the various passages bearing on the same subject are brought together so that one can quickly refer to the whole teaching of the book on any particular point. The author says sufficient, perhaps, on the literary structure of the proverbs, but the exposition of the nature and different types of proverbs is jejune. The question of how far the Solomonic authorship of Proverbs may extend, though necessarily indeterminate, is left more vague than it need be. Notwithstanding these shortcomings the work is solid and of high value. Those who are interested in the study of Hebrew poetry—that thorny and apparently hopeless region of research—will not be disappointed with the appendix wherein Father Zorell makes his own original contribution to the subject. Avoiding those violent alterations of the text which are only too common in the theories of verse structure, Father Zorell holds firmly to the consonantal text. He believes that the principle of rhythm in Hebrew poetry is the same as in German and English—beat or accent or

stress—and not as in Greek, Latin, or French. For pronunciation he starts from the system of Origen, St Jerome, and the Babylonian Jews; and then for the treatment of the vowels in reading or singing, he draws illustrations from Syriac and Arabic. By application of his theory to a few selected examples he makes out a fair prima facie case.

The commentary on Wisdom is drawn on a much larger scale. It contains more than six hundred pages as against the two hundred and forty-six of the commentary on Proverbs. It reads more easily than do the author's previous commentaries on Romans, Galatians and Corinthians, but we may be indebted in part for this, as the work is a posthumous one, to the careful revision of Father Zorell. The exposition is clear and adequate as well as reverent, and ought to be received with grateful thanks. Although in the introduction and in the course of the commentary points are treated of as to the relation of the teaching of Wisdom to the tenets of Greek Philosophy, especially as contained in the writings of Plato and Philo, the matter has not received all the attention which its importance deserved. In respect of textual criticism, the author has utilized the Observationes Criticae of Reusch, for the Latin text, and the labours of Loch, Deane, Tischendorf-Nestle, and Swete, for the Greek text.

AD Mr Henry Osborne Taylor found another title for his book (The Medieval Mind. Macmillan. 2 vols. 21s. net) there would be little but praise to bestow on so scholarly and comprehensive a work. He has traced with fine insight the development of medieval thought from its bewildered beginnings amid the mists of barbarism and the dying after-glow of pagan philosophy to the meridian clarity of the ages of faith. In his study of sources and influences he is as thorough as the most profound German historian could desire, and he is gifted with a sensitive literary style and a lurking sense of humour such as rarely fall to the lot of the learned and earnest student. If, in spite of all these admirable qualities, Mr Taylor's book fails fully to satisfy the critic, it is because he has dwelt

## The Medieval Mind

exclusively on one aspect of his subject. He speaks, indeed, in a fine phrase, of "the harnessed processes of medieval thinking and the passion surging through the thought," but he depicts that thought and that passion moving almost entirely along academic and religious lines, and this limitation is the more disappointing since the author is so eminently fitted to do justice to the whole of his

mighty theme.

No one who is in the least acquainted with the Middle Ages—say from the eighth to the fourteenth century—can question that life was dominated by the immense authority, shaken by the superhuman hope and menace, of the Catholic Church. The intellect and imagination of men found their chief occupation and expression in religious and metaphysical subjects. Yet even then the human mind was not so absorbed in speculation, nor the human spirit in worship, as Mr Taylor would seem to imply. It cannot be doubted that he himself is well aware of the many-sided interests of the period; but he has either assumed more knowledge in his reader than even the historian is justified in expecting, or, in his determination to emphasize certain leading characteristics of the time, he

has lost sight of others only less important.

Medieval thought, no less than its emotion, expressed itself potently in its political theories and conflicts, wrought and shaped itself amid the tumultuous activities of court and council-chamber as well as in monastic cells and the lecture-rooms of universities. Yet of the secular world, its problems, ideals and difficult adjustments, Mr Taylor gives but the most casual glimpse. He merely touches incidentally on that majestic dream of the Holy Roman Empire, which, dream though it might be, swayed the real world for centuries by the might of tradition. He attempts no adequate account of that crucial struggle between two authorities, both held to be of divine institution, which so engrossed alike the intellect and passions of the time; yet the clash between those "two swords" of the Papacy and the Empire, St Peter and Cæsar, sounds through all medieval history. Nor do we find in these

thoughtful pages any sufficient suggestion of those impulses of heart and brain which led to the development of the free towns, the organization of guilds, the unification of states, which, in fine, show the mind of man in relation to his practical tasks. Mr Taylor turns, as though by deliberate intention, from the complexities of the actual to the clearer though still intricate lines of the theoretic. In his portrait of St Bernard, for instance, we find the reformer of the Church, the opponent of Abaelard, the inspirer of the Crusades, but nowhere do we find the politician who, with no very fortunate results, sounded the silver clarion of his eloquence against Roger of Sicily. Perhaps the most significant omission in the book is the almost complete silence regarding the Emperor Frederick II. The last and greatest of the Hohenstaufen has a manifold claim to a place in any history of medieval thought: as a great law-giver, as the royal troubadour who first made the Italian language literary and fitted it for Dante's uses, and as a champion of speculative freedom in an age of dogmatic assertion and prohibition. Yet Mr Taylor has found no place for the man who in his own day was acclaimed as stupor mundi et immutator mirabilis. It is unjust and ungrateful to dwell so long on negative criticism where there is so much of positive appreciation to be given. Its scope once ascertained, the book may be enjoyed without reservation by those who are attracted by the religious and literary aspects of the Middle Ages. The author goes far in his search for the roots of medieval culture, giving a brief but illuminating glimpse of the Greek philosophers, especially the Neo-Platonists, whose thought passed by so many, often unrecognized, channels into the currents of Christian metaphysics. More fully, he deals with the "Latin Transmitters," Cassiodorus, Boethius and others, who passed on the heritage of antiquity to the barbaric races, and so comes to the age of Charlemagne the great civilizer, and the beginning of the Middle Ages proper.

It would be impossible to follow him closely in his detailed account of the gradual development of medieval

## The Medieval Mind

thought, busied at first in mastering and combining the knowledge handed down from the classical past, finally elaborating its own system and shaping clearly its own conception of the universe. The writer himself, in a truly delightful passage on Duns Scotus, remarks that his own book is "heavy enough." He will not find many readers to agree with him, for even his severest chapters, such as those on "The Patristic Mind" and "The Scholastic Method," are lightened by flashes of humour and touches of admirably human characterization. In fact, while he never loses sight of the large progression of medieval thought, from its first hesitant utterances to the grand affirmations of Thomas Aquinas, yet much of the attraction of his work lies in his power of making those far-off students, teachers and mystics stand forth as living men. Not merely are the more familiar figures real to him: Anselm, who broke in dreams the bread of heaven; Abaelard, in his tragic and militant self-hood; St Francis, the jongleur of God, in his joyous selflessness. He summons forth little-known shades and endows them with vitality. Sometimes they are the recognized creators and discoverers, like Alanus de Insulis, whose wonderful allegorical poem suggests an anticipation of the Divina Commedia, or Roger Bacon, who to most men is little but a name, but who in Mr Taylor's book becomes a vivid personality, a mind rent between submission to authority and the yearning for scientific truth. Or, again, one may turn to his studies of cloistered women: Elizabeth of Schönau, whose mystic visions make her another forerunner of Dante, and Mechtild of Magdeburg, whose outpourings of spiritual passion recall the fire-hearted songs of Jacopone da Todi, of whom, curiously enough, Mr Taylor makes no mention.

To do justice to the erudition of this book in so short a notice would be a hopeless task, nor would brief quotations give any adequate idea of the author's style. Before closing, however, a word of praise should be given to the fascinating chapter on the old chivalric romances. The study of the Northern sagas is less satisfying to those who

are sensitive to the deep ethical significance of Gisli the Outlaw and the strange Christian foreshadowings in Burnt Njal. It may be seen that, whatever its limitations, The Medieval Mind will be a book of value to the special student and of inexhaustible interest to all who seek to understand something of the history of the "universally striving and desirous soul of man." D. G. McC.

R MACNAMARA'S work on The Evolution and Function of Living Purposive Matter (The International Scientific Series, vol. xcvii. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner and Co. 1910. 5s. od.) divides itself into two portions which may roughly be described

as biological and historical.

In the first portion he sets himself to show that "the purposive elements of protoplasm undergo evolution pari passu with those elements which constitute the structures and organs of the bodies of the ascending classes of animals" and to "trace the development of these elements through their various stages, showing that this specialized form of matter has come to occupy a definite part of the cerebrum, its functions being to elaborate the instinctive and emotional faculties displayed in the movements made by animals." Further, he brings forward evidence "to prove that the psychic nervous substance of the brain has been developed from matter possessing instinctive functions."

With this object in view he considers the development of nervous matter from the simplest forms up through the various classes of animals to man, and deals further with those manifestations in plants which led F. Darwin to conclude that "in plants there exists a faint copy of what

we know as consciousness in ourselves."

The second part of the book applies the test to his conclusions by detailing the leading characteristics of a "long line of individuals who lived under conditions well adapted to show the power which their inherited qualities exercised on the actions of many succeeding generations, and on the destinies of the race to which they belonged."

# Mysticism

This portion of the book consists of a sketch of Irish History from the earliest times, and especially of the Clan Culein in the County Clare, and the writer, tracing their characteristics, deals with the influence of their social environment thereon, and especially with the resemblances between their characteristics and those which historians have assigned to the Celtic race to which they belonged. As the result of his inquiries he finds that if historians are correct in their ideas regarding the early Celts of the continent of Europe, there is "a striking affinity between their inherent characters and those possessed by their descendants in Ireland."

B. C. A. W.

THE growing demand for literature which deals directly or indirectly with problems generally described as mystic may be due to a reaction against the materialism of our age, or it may be the result of an unhealthy religious tone. Both in works of fiction, written with the apparent object of edification, and in more serious writings it is becoming more and more common to introduce a true or false mysticism. Whether the tendency is likely to be useful to religion is at least doubtful. But however that may be the question is full of interest and will no doubt secure a circulation for the latest work written in English on the subject (Mysticism. By Evelyn Underhill. London: Methuen. 15s. net). This book is "addressed to readers of all shades of belief," and must therefore have but an academic interest for many readers. The writer's point of view may be understood from the definition of mysticism adopted:

"Broadly speaking, I understand it (Mysticism) to be the expression of the innate tendency of the human spirit towards complete harmony with the transcendental order; whatever be the theological formula under which that order is understood. This tendency, in great mystics, gradually captures the whole field of consciousness, it dominates their life and, in the experience called 'mystic union,' attains its end. Whether that end be called the

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God of Christianity, the World-soul of Pantheism, the Absolute of Philosophy, the desire to attain it and the movement towards it—so long as this is a genuine life process and not an intellectual speculation—is the proper subject of mysticism. I believe this movement to represent the true line of development of the highest form of human consciousness."

One is therefore not surprised to find St Teresa, George Fox and William Blake cited indiscriminately. If, as Catholics believe, true "mysticism" depends essentially on a direct communication on the part of God to His creatures, it is not clear that it can avoid being a monopoly

of true religion, or at least in ordine to it.

The work is divided into two parts, the first of which deals with the subject from a philosophical and theological standpoint, with chapters on its relation to psychology, symbolism and occultism. The general reader who takes the trouble to read this part carefully will find many useful observations, but he will be not a little bewildered by discussions on theories which would require a very much fuller treatment to be appreciated by one who has not specialist knowledge. The specialist is advised by the author to pass over several of the chapters, as being too superficial, and perhaps the general reader would be wise to do so too for the same reason. It is hardly necessary to remind those to whom this book is addressed that the views on theological and philosophical questions which are expressed do not pretend to be anything more than the writer's own opinions, or the writer's interpretation of the teaching of others. Such questions as those connected with "personality" and "immanence" are amongst the most thorny and far-reaching which the theologian has to deal with, and therefore need judicious treatment. What the generality of readers would be glad to have given them would be an authoritative statement of orthodox Catholic teaching concerning the problems which present themselves in mystical theology, and course this work makes no attempt to do this. Such treatment would be welcome to Catholics and non-

# Medieval Italy

Catholics alike. As is evident from the history of this subject, the vast majority of real or so-called mystics belonged to the Catholic faith, and it is only possible to study their spiritual life in connexion with their religious beliefs. It may also be observed that even the writer does not appear to be confident that in the present state of psychology much light will be gained from this source. "On the whole, then, whilst psycho-physical relations remain so little understood, it would seem more prudent and certainly more scientific to withhold our judgement on the meaning of the psycho-physical phenomena which accompany the mystic life, instead of basing destructive criticism on facts which are avowedly mysterious and at least capable of more than one interpretation." Seeing that the danger of deception has always been recognized by the greatest mystics as very real, it is important that the natural elements in the problem should be carefully examined, and hence even those who do not agree with all the writer's views will sympathize with the attempt to examine the question in all its aspects.

The second part of the book deals with the different stages of the mystic life. Here, as we should expect, the writer has made much use of the writings of St Teresa, St John of the Cross and other well-known authorities. The bibliography is extremely full, and the brief biographical notices of "mystical" writers will be found very useful. Whether the reader will consider that the writer has succeeded in the object of the book—to present mysticism from the psychological point of view, as a life process, the emergence and development of man's transcendental sense—will depend of his attitude of mind towards

other problems. H. V. G.

ROFESSOR PASQUALE VILLARI in his Mediæval Italy from Charlemagne to Henry VII (T. Fisher Unwin. 15s. net), agreeably translated by his granddaughter and illustrated by Costanza Hulton, supplies a good summary of the Middle Ages. Dr Barry's Papal Monarchy covers the same ground, and the two historians are in substantial

agreement as to facts, if not always as to their interpretation. In the one writer, a secular ruler forms the main theme of his narrative: in the other, the Sovereign Pontiff, mostly in his capacity of temporal prince, is the central figure on his canvas. Villari writes with the sobriety expected to be found in the professed historian: Dr Barry, with the story-teller's gift, not only bears, but hurries us along in the fascinating tale he tells so graphically. And if the professor does not hesitate to apportion blame where he deems it due, the priest, of the two, is the fiercer in his denunciation of wickedness in high places. The work under notice is entitled Mediæval Italy, but the contemporaneous history of other countries, especially France and Germany, is necessarily included, for Italy, as leader of civilization, touched the world at all points. In arts, science, commerce and literature she was far ahead of all other lands, giving her a certain justification for regarding them as "barbarians." Beginning with the ninth century, the work takes us up to the early dawn of the Renaissance. The eleventh, twelfth and thirteenth centuries in all kinds of human activity will bear favourable comparison with any other period of the world's history. There will continue to be opposite opinions, no doubt, as to those great Catholic centuries, represented on the one hand by books like Kenelm Digby's, and on the other by such works as Coulton's From St Francis to Dante. Both views have truth in them. The Middle Age was conspicuous for its virtues and its vices, both practised on the heroic scale, and to ignore either is to view that remarkable time with one eye only. Italy, rent by intestine feuds, became the cockpit of contending kings whose very contests, however, in Italy and for the sake of Italy elsewhere, favoured the rise and growth of those busy communes which finally succumbed to the despots. The galleys of Venice, Genoa and Pisa held the carrying trade of East and West; Florence was their chief banker, and the whole earth, still tributary, poured its wealth into Rome. For a while, Sicily, under Saracen and Norman, took the lead in all departments of human progress. In the five hundred years intervening between Charlemagne and Henry VII

### Marriage and Parenthood

more than ninety popes sat in the Fisherman's Chairsome half dozen of whom, mostly in the ninth and tenth centuries, must be put on the black list—not a very high percentage. Undoubtedly, there were grave scandals in Medieval Italy, but as a set off against them, on behalf of the Church at large, we may call to mind what she was doing in Northern and Eastern Europe. A crowd of saints shone in the Northern hemisphere, not leading secluded lives in monasteries, but men of administrative ability and apostolic zeal. Even in the ninth century—"sæculum obscurum"—names rise to our lips—Charlemagne, Alfred, Alcuin, Rabanus Maurus, Hincmar, Pope Nicholas the Great, Saints Cyril and Methodius—as lights and centres of light in a dark age. As the author of Savonarola's Life writes on the side of religion, we are surprised to hear him sneering at Louis the Pious, "bigoted and superstitious," for turning his thoughts "to the restoration of churches and monasteries," even making "a vain attempt to restrain the license of the dissolute Franks, and especially of the members of his own family." Had some of his more celebrated ancestors and successors given their minds to the restoration of churches and monasteries and restraining the unruly passions of their military followers, instead of spreading havoc by fire and sword, Medieval Italy would have had a fairer story. For a modified view of Boniface VIII the reader may consult Lonsdale Ragg's Dante and his Italy. An admirer of Italy as now united, Villari can only see in the past history of the Papacy a continual hindrance of the achieved Union. This happens to be one of those questions that have two sides and space will do no more than let us allude to it. In the long roll of the Popes, as temporal sovereigns, there have been men who, for true Italian patriotism and seeking Italy's best welfare, have proved themselves more than rivals of P. H. its modern heroes.

THIS is a time at which the best traditions, the unwritten laws of intimate personal and family life, have to bear the shock of the most crude and hasty questioning and criticism. Much that is best in life is never written

### Some Recent Books

down, and can never be written down explicitly, and the traditions of married life and parenthood shrink from rude investigation. Yet in the very shrinking from publicity these traditions may lose their natural hold on the minds of a new generation accustomed to the idea that everything should be brought into the arena of discussion.

At such a crisis, in the clashing of the ideals of reticence and of candour, both good in themselves and both, like all human things, shadowed by their attendant evils, Father Thomas Gerrard's book, entitled Marriage and Parenthood: The Catholic Ideal (Wagner. New York) is of quite singular value. Absolutely candid and reverent, gentle and firm, Father Gerrard brings together the teaching of religion and the dictates of common sense and of science "to make one music" out of many seeming discords. It can hardly be said too strongly that it is the book needed by parents who have to solve the immense difficulty of imparting the knowledge of life themselves, so that it may be imparted without unnecessary knowledge of evil. To shrink from the task is to hand it over to another teacher, the world. After the greater part of the book, dealing most admirably with married life and the moral training of young children, there follows a chapter on Catholic education, containing many most excellent things. The following, for instance, is not without a touch of caustic

Much too often do we hear people talk as if piety and intellectual proficiency were incompatible accomplishments. Ability in the arts and sciences is supposed to be an occasion of intellectual pride. So it is. The piety, however, which affects to despise these gifts of God is the occasion of a worse sin, the sin of spiritual pride. The natural, as well as the supernatural, is the creation of Almighty God. And if the Catholic school is to fulfil its mission it must aim at proficiency in the natural as well as the supernatural, in the natural for the sake of the supernatural.

There is but one point in which Father Gerrard does not seem to be quite consistent with himself. He has probably had his keen sense of right and justice offended by

### John the Presbyter

the too common neglect and want of consideration shown to the private governess. Truly, as he says, "she is not called in as a household drudge," but neither is it true that she is called in "as one even more qualified than the parents themselves to fulfil their high vocation of forming the characters of children, of making them Catholic in mind and heart, of leading them to their eternal destiny." The better the governess the more would she realize that no intellectual equipment or moral excellence of her own could take the place of the parental vocation, with its peculiar aids of nature and of grace.

T.

MHOSE who are acquainted with modern criticism of the New Testament will be aware of the importance attaching to the true interpretation of that passage in Papias wherein he speaks of his sources of information concerning the New Testament writings. The passage runs as follows: "If any happened to come who was a follower of the Presbyters, I used to enquire for the words of the Presbyters, what Andrew or Peter said, or Philip or Thomas or James or John or Matthew, or any other of the disciples of the Lord, and the things which Aristion and John the Presbyter are saying." In regard to this passage there are two main points of dispute, first, who were the Presbyters? are they to be identified or not with the apostles whose names follow? and next, were there two Johns, the one an apostle, the other a presbyter? The theory of two Johns plays a most important part in the criticism of the Johannine writings, and critics have elaborated many varying hypotheses according to conjectures concerning the relation of the one or the other John to the writings commonly attributed to John the Apostle. As for the distinction between the two Johns, this has become almost an axiom of modern criticism. Thus a recent writer says: "The existence of two Johns, John the Apostle and John the Elder, both 'disciples of the Lord,' may now be generally regarded as an established fact. Few critics are to be found ready to dispute it at the present day." (Cohu: The Gospels and Modern Research, p. 418.)

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Now, in John the Presbyter and the Fourth Gospel (Clarendon Press. 6s.), Dom John Chapman has not only been ready to dispute that "established fact," but to our mind has turned it into a disestablished fiction. Within the space of 101 pages he has learnedly followed converging lines of testimony, which in their combined force and mutual light have successfully realized the hope with which he had set out, viz., "ot reaching a definite and convincing conclusion with regard to the real meaning of Papias." Papias refers only to one John, and he the Apostle and the author of the Fourth Gospel. We earnestly recommend Dom Chapman's study to the notice of biblical students.

J. McI.

### THE PASSING OF THE PARLIAMENT BILL

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#### I. A UNIONIST VIEW

NAugust 10, 1792, Louis XVI fled from the Tuileries and took refuge in the Convention. The Revolution was an accomplished fact. Belated concessions had but fanned the smouldering flame. August 10, 1911, saw the accomplishment of the first decisive step in our English revolution. There are great differences between the two cases in the state of popular feeling, and in the characteristics of the two races. But the similarities are worth noting. In both cases the existing order and ancient constitution have been broken up by a violent party professing to represent the will of the people, and the axiom assumed as indisputable in either instance is that the vote of the people, counted by heads, is a court of final appeal, which has given its verdict. In both cases the nobility has been panic stricken and has given up its privileges en bloc-in England political privileges, in France mainly fiscal. Again, the first stages are in either instance no measure of the inevitable consequences. The abolition of undue privilege was the ostensible limit of Mirabeau's aim as it is of Mr Asquith's. The issue in the former case we know; in the latter we have yet to see it. The great difference is that the Radical party in England has had incomparably less justification than Mirabeau and his friends in popular discontent. For ourselves we vehemently contradict with Burke the supposition that the uneducated classes, separated artificially from their educated leaders can, from their mere numerical superiority, reasonably claim to represent the will of the people. But, even waiving this objection, there has in England been no unmistakable popular verdict for a change in the constitution; while in France popular feeling was at fever heat. Were English public opinion wide awake and eager to goad Mr Asquith forward in his course, the danger would be great and immediate. As it is, it can only be said that a Vol. 149

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gunpowder train is being recklessly laid by the Radical leaders. It only needs a movement of popular excitement to set it ablaze with fatal and far-reaching effect. And even as we write ominous signs are making their appearance at Liverpool and elsewhere that both the spirit and the principles of revolution are in the air. For the "new gospel" of the strikers of August, 1911, as Mr Harold Cox has pointed out, bears the marks of something far more dangerous than

a political or economic movement.

The consideration of the Parliament Bill by the House of Lords and its final passing in the Upper House led to a series of incidents which caused great surprise and perplexity to the many electors throughout the country who watched them with keen interest. I shall set down these events in the first instance simply as they appeared to those who sought their information in the daily papers, and I shall indicate the effect produced by the information so gained. I shall afterwards give reasons for thinking that the apparent course of events has not been the real course, and that Lord Lansdowne and Mr Balfour must have been to some extent prompted by motives not yet publicly known in taking a line of action which has been so widely criticized in the country.

It was clear from the first that the vast majority in the House of Lords objected altogether to the Bill. Nevertheless it could plausibly be maintained that the verdict of the last elections had ratified its main outlines, and the Lords recognized this. In amending it they appeared to the electorate to take their stand not on the complete list of their objections, but on an irreducible minimum of amendment for which they felt that they could fight to the last. The Lords were already pledged to reform—a pledge which pointed to amendment rather than rejection of the Bill. For the sake of securing a permanent constitution by agreement with the other side, the Unionist leaders in their amendments pushed concession beyond what many of the party thought wise, and to the furthest limit compatible with preserving the essence of the constitution, stipulating only that there should be a reference to the people of

measures of great gravity. And they expressly stipulated that the people should be consulted before Home Rule was passed for Ireland. The mandate for the Parliament Bill could not (so they assumed) be regarded as a mandate for Home Rule. Therefore such an amendment was consistent with the results of the last general elections. Nine-tenths of the Unionist peers regarded the proposed amendments as insufficient. Some would have wished that the principle of the referendum should be extended much further than it was. Many would have preferred simply to vote against the second reading. But the loyal desire to keep a united front led the Unionist peers to acquiesce in a minimum of amendment which was proposed by their leaders, on the ground that only on that minimum was it safe to take a final and resolute stand. Had the firmness of the leaders been doubted the Bill would not have been read a third time. The threat to overbear the Lords' amendments by a large creation of peers had long been before the country. The papers had been full of the prospect for months. Titles had been suggested for individual peers, and one humorist had proposed that the object of their creation should be marked by calling them "Counts." The present writer is sure that others, like himself, had for, at at all events, many months before the final scene been quite satisfied that there was no hope of the King declining to act on the Prime Minister's advice. Even persons who looked for an attempt in the first instance to form an alternative Government thought that the King would probably end by acceding to Mr Asquith's request. The carrying out of the Prime Minister's threat was then, in popular estimation, the very course against which a firm stand was to be made. Mr Asquith was to be defied to do his worst. And in such a desperate struggle there did seem to be statesmanship in taking up low ground which was morally impregnable rather than a higher position which, however logically justifiable, might seem insufficiently to recognize the actual opposing forces. The whole wisdom of the policy adopted at the outset by Mr Balfour and Lord Lansdowne appeared to lie in this.

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Such a common-sense view of the case was, however, to all appearance completely falsified by the event. The policy of the leaders had been generally regarded as one of moderation and conciliation as the necessary condition to firmness. It suddenly stood revealed (to all seeming) as timidity which dared not suggest adequate resistance, and feared to carry out even the somewhat inadequate resistance they had foreshadowed.

When Mr Asquith formally announced that the guarantees had been actually obtained from the Sovereign, to the utter amazement of the party, the Unionist leaders declared that an entirely new situation had been created—where the country could see no material change whatever. The threatened creation had been assented to by the King, which was just what most people had anticipated. That

was all.

Mr Asquith torthwith called on Lord Lansdowne to guarantee the passage of the Bill, declaring that otherwise he must at once create enough peers to make it pass. Here, let it be remarked parenthetically, Mr Asquith's procedure was in form that of a dictator. We all know that the strict discipline of the Party System has long made the result of debate in many cases a foregone conclusion. Thus Mr Asquith could, no doubt, be certain of the vote of the Commons against the Lords' amendments. But there has generally been a decent maintenance of the supposition that both Houses debate before they decide. Again, in the present instance, the House of Lords had gone so far in concession that all the traditions of our English Parliament pointed to the gravest deliberation in the Commons before a temporary Liberal majority finally decreed to disregard their concessions and destroy the Constitution. But such was not Mr Asquith's view. His violation of the traditionary English spirit of compromise was as flagrant as his disregard of the decencies which recognize debate as in theory the determining cause of a vote. He publicly announced his own decision as that of the House of Commons, before that House had considered the question at all, and called upon the Lords to pledge themselves to bow

to his decision before either the Commons had in fact considered their amendments, or the House of Lords itself had discussed the conclusion of the Commons which Mr Asquith had announced beforehand. I do not think that an English Minister ever so grossly outraged the decencies

of Parliamentary procedure.

But the Unionist leaders, instead of pointing this out and declining to commit the Lords beforehand to any specific course, in the event of the Commons rejecting their amendments, at once came to heel and called upon their followers to pledge themselves to abstain from voting and let the Bill pass, each pledge to that effect being registered in the newspapers for Mr Asquith's information. Lord Lansdowne announced that the King's guarantees (which really did little more than verify what most people had expected) left the Lords no longer free agents, and that they must yield under protest to force majeure. This policy of apparent panic proved at once to be at variance with the most weighty opinion in the Unionist camp itself in both Houses. Not only so, but men felt so passionately on the subject that, even at the cost of a most unwelcome division of the party, a large number declined to follow Lord Lansdowne's advice. The whole raison d'être of the extraordinary moderation the Lords had shown in their original amendments was (as I have already said) destroyed by the surrender. The Unionist leaders stood before the constituencies apparently convicted at once of cowardice and of bluff. They had not dared (so it seemed to the public) to suggest at all the amendments they really thought necessary for a satisfactory Bill, and even those they had put forward, with great parade of their determination to insist on them to the very last, were given up directly Mr Asquith's threat approached accomplishment. A more humiliating course could not be conceived. People felt that the arguments whereby it was defended, whatever they were worth, should have been stated and acted on from the very beginning, if at all. Lord Lansdowne could easily have said when the Bill was first submitted to the Lords: "Profoundly as we disapprove

this measure it has at its back the mandate of the people at the election. Moreover, Mr Asquith threatens to coerce us by the creation of a large number of peers, and we think such a creation a greater evil than a policy of non-resistance. We will, therefore, register our protest and let the Bill pass, hoping to repeal it when we are ourselves in power." This course would at least have been far more intelligible to the electorate and more consistent than what has happened, which spells to all appearance initial vacillation and

final panic.

The House of Lords has by its vote of August 10 accepted the position that if it hints at resistance to the Commons, Mr Asquith has only to threaten to create more peers to bring it to heel. Sir Edward Carson most justly compared such a threat to blackmail. And the arguments urged in defence of Lord Lansdowne's action in the memorable debates of August 9 and 10, were precisely those that may be urged for giving hush money. A timorous nature may easily be worked up into such a panic by a vivid suggestion of the consequences of some revelation on the part of the blackmailer that he will give anything to avoid them; and this was precisely the line of argument which proved most effective in the debates. Vivid, imaginative descriptions were set forth of the discomfort which the limited accommodation of the House of Lords would entail after four hundred fresh creations. Terror also drew very highly coloured pictures of the ridicule which foreign nations would heap on our time-honoured hereditary Chamber. The depreciation of the value of a coronet was felt to be a thought which struck deep into many hearts. It was plied under many disguises and with stunning effect.

But let one further word be said as to the one strong argument for surrender enforced in slightly different forms by the Unionist leaders and by the Radicals. Mr Balfour and Lord Lansdowne urged that resistance was unavailing, and the Bill must in any case become law; that the creation of peers would destroy the remnant of power which the House of Lords still exercises on the Unionist side; that therefore the wisest policy was to let the Bill go through with

the least damage to the party, and repeal it on the first occasion. They cited in favour of surrender, the precedent of the Duke of Wellington's action in 1832. The Reform Bill had twice been thrown out by the Lords; a creation of peers was threatened, and the Duke of Wellington yielded to the inevitable.

The fallacies involved in invoking this precedent are so amazing as to make it difficult to believe it meant seriously. In the case of the Reform Bill, popular opinion was so violent in its favour that a revolution would have followed prolonged resistance by the Lords. And this difference in the temper of the country permeates the whole situation. Did the Duke of Wellington say, "Let us pass the Bill now, and repeal it when we are again in office"? The idea would have been preposterous; the change was made for good and all by the only power which can justify a profound constitutional change—namely, the overwhelming and permanent popular verdict. In the present case it can well be maintained that the people have not decided at all on the question of the Lords' amendments. Even as to the Parliament Bill itself their verdict has in it nothing of the decisive and permanent character which marks it off from a wave of momentary popular preference. A constitutional change is not on a par with a merely undesirable measure which can be passed and afterwards easily repealed. The idea that the Constitution may be changed with the acquiescence (albeit reluctant) of its defenders, and without any overwhelming popular demand, and then set easily right again when the Unionists return to office, is one which takes no true measure of what a constitutional change means. Such a change is not easily set right. The idea of the sacredness and immutability of the Constitution is destroyed for ever by so treating it.

It is not wise to consent to have your arm amputated on the plea that a little later a good surgeon will be in the neighbourhood who can put it on again. The comparison is exaggerated, but it has in it substantial truth. An historic constitution with its roots in the past is, in a sense, an organic structure. It is not easy to reverse organic changes,

and restore the previous conditions. The root which gives strength and life may prove to have been severed from it for good and all. The most convinced Tory never hoped to disfranchise the ten pound householder after he had got his vote. For good or evil his disqualification was removed and could not be reimposed without a revolution. At best Mr Balfour's proposal involves acquiescence in that very principle of instability against which we need all our forces to protest; and to protest against it in word and acquiesce in the vote given takes all the moral force out of resistance. The strongest ground for restoring the Constitution would be that its change had never been, could never be, acquiesced

in by its defenders.

If in the face of the country the House of Lords had acted resolutely, declining to budge an inch until compelled by actual force, the essential principle of stability for the Constitution would have been preserved by the Unionist party. And it would have been brought home with irresistible force to the electors. The Duke of Northumberland's plea for adherence to principle rather than a calculation of consequences was, in this connexion, unanswerable. But the spectacle of the leaders passively acquiescing in its destruction, and thirty of their followers actively helping it on by their vote, has been a public renunciation of the very basis on which its stability could be maintained and its restoration could be satisfactorily effected. The general impression given to the public is that the peers who voted for the Bill think more of damage done to an aristocratic club than to the country or Constitution, and this irrevocably seals the position of the Lords as no better than the club they would defend. They have kept what they care for; they have lost what they failed to value. They retain a remnant (rather a poor one) of social exclusiveness. They have lost political honour and moral influence with the country. This historic company has added one more to those pathetic spectacles in history which a great writer has designated, "the impotent conclusion of long standing facts." Let it be added that the evil results of flooding the House with

new peers would have been greatly mitigated by the fact that reform of the Upper House is advocated by both parties. And such an agreement does warrant constitutional change. The innings of new peers would have been brief.

The present situation will appear more tragic to those who witnessed the scene of August 9 and 10. If an Englishman had wished to bring home to some foreigner the dignity and ability still apparent in our public life, he could not have done better than to have taken him to hear that debate. It has long been said by the best judges that the great debates in the Lords surpass those in the Commons. There are visible in them more of the elements which tell for the success of government by debate. The canker of caucus is comparatively absent. There is a far larger proportion of genuine deliberation, of the statement of honest conviction. There is a larger number of speeches telling of mature and sober judgement and of public spirit. There is as high an average, to say the least, of oratorical power. Such speeches as Lord Salisbury's, and Lord Selborne's passionate appeal at the end of the debate were worthy of the Upper House's best days. The Duke of Northumberland pleaded eloquently for political principle, in a speech which had all the weight and the refinement attaching to a good tradition and wide experience. Lord Lansdowne, the Archbishop of York and Lord Rosebery, little as the present writer agreed with their views, certainly maintained the high standard of the debate. The effective power represented in all this is to be swept away without even the justification which, though it may be irrational, does carry with it the greatness of sheer power—namely an irresistible popular verdict. A party in the House of Commons, representing the momentary swing of the pendulum, and not clearly representing, even at the moment, a majority of votes in the country, decrees not only to change the Constitution but to take all effective power from the best deliberative assembly we have. The fever for new legislation makes men simply blind to the best things we already possess. A House of Lords, reformed by those who are keenly alive to its pre-

sent excellences, might retain the character of which we are justly proud, while abolishing the elements which weaken its hold on public esteem. But the Parliament Bill aims solely at destroying the power of the House, not at remedying deficiencies in its composition. The historic House of Lords is practically being removed from the political forces of the country at the instance of a caucus, which extracts the consent of the people by telling them that only a slight and necessary change is being made. The popular apathy in its regard is, so it would seem, carefully fostered by Unionist leaders. They use indeed strong words, but these are regarded by the public simply as part of the ordinary political game. Such "tall talking," as Lord Salisbury wittily said, appears to the electors like beating the big drum to cover a retreat. By their actions our leaders have helped the Prime Minister carefully to remove all the startling indicia of his revolution. The ground is thus prepared, not only for completing the revolution, but for preventing the reaction which its forcible accomplishment might easily bring. And the actual deed is done by the votes of the Unionist tail of the House of Lords, who form an object lesson in the truth of Disraeli's saying, "There is nothing so undignified as patricians in a panic."

But those who voted with the Government recalled something more unpleasant than this in the political

morality they exhibited.

No more scathing denunciations of the Bill were heard in the debate than proceeded from the lips of some speakers who, at the end of these denunciations, announced their intention of supporting the Bill by their vote. The combination reminded the plain listener of the joke of the man who, at the end of the proof of a proposition of Euclid, substituted "which is absurd" in place of "which was to be demonstrated." The conclusion for which the most forcible passages in these speeches prepared the audience was that the vote must be recorded ex animo against the measure. The actual conclusion was the opposite. And extraordinary feats of ingenuity were employed to bring the

votes and the speeches into line. One speaker with earnest emphasis declared that he did not vote for the Bill, but only for giving up the amendments. The plain and puzzled listener, remembering that the speaker in question had already voted for half the Bill, justifying that course to his conscience by the insertion of amendments qualifying the other half, could not help thinking that to vote for the omission of these amendments was to vote for that other half pure and simple, and that the two halves of the Bill made up the whole of the Bill. Others explained that the object of the favourable vote was not to pass a disastrous measure, but to keep out a flood of new peers. One cannot but wonder if a Jesuit had thus argued what we should have heard from his Anglican critics about the immoral doctrine that the end justifies the means. A vote is given for a measure which conscience utterly condemns, and the excuse is that the true object of the vote is the avoidance of certain unpleasant consequences of its rejection. If this reasoning represents the up-to-date political morality of the twentieth century, the present writer is tempted to sigh for a little of the bigotry and barbarism of a past age. Logic like this could surely extricate us from any duty which had unpleasant consequences. How quixotic were the Christian martyrs in the reign of Nero! The course dictated by common sense was surely to offer sacrifice without demur. The act could add nothing to the power of the already victorious deities. And it would not be (this cannot be said too emphatically) a vote for the heathen gods, but a vote against a highly unpleasant death. We do not maintain that the parallel is exact, but it does indicate a grave objection to the political morality which was endorsed and expounded even by Lords Spiritual, and which found on the spot thirty members of the Upper House to translate it into action.

We have set down the story in the first instance as it appears to readers of the newspapers, partly because to do so makes it quite plain that the apparent story is not the whole of the true story. No doubt Mr Balfour does some-

times fail to measure the deeper waves of popular feeling, and he may not have adequately appreciated beforehand the indignant anger of the party on seeing their leaders surrender to a threat. But he is a great statesman and is not wanting in courage, and Lord Lansdowne's leadership has been for years beyond praise. The story as above related cannot be reconciled with the undeniable gifts of these two men. There is here no parallel whatever, as has been suggested in some quarters, to Mr Balfour's action on Tariff Reform—a complicated innovation in which true statesmanship required caution, and premature firmness might prove misdirected. It is a difference between caution and apparent weakness and vacillation. It is conceivable that the leaders should have taken the view that the creation of peers, by destroying the Unionist majority in the Lords, would do irreparable harm, and that to suffer it was not practical politics. But it is not conceivable that if such had been their view they should have begun by allowing so many of their followers and the public to suppose just the opposite. Two policies would have been consistent with the statesmanlike qualities which the leaders possess. They might have set forth what they considered really satisfactory amendments to the Parliament Bill (or have simply opposed it), and at the same time have intimated that the threatened creation of peers meant such irreparable damage to the party that they must content themselves with a temporary submission under protest. Or, on the other hand, they might consistently have defended the low ground they took up in their actual amendments, on the plea that it was the only ground which offered a prospect of settling the matter by arrangement, and on which a policy of fighting to the end for the minimum retained was possible. To suppose that Mr Balfour and Lord Lansdowne deliberately took the weak points of both these policies, and left the strong, is inconceivable. It was weak to take up low ground if it was not to be insisted on. It was weak to yield at last to threats which at first had been defied. We entirely decline to believe that this is what has occurred. Something

happened; some new aspect of the case must have presented itself to the Unionist leaders at the eleventh hour which made them feel constrained to alter their policy, even at the cost of presenting to the country, by their unexplained change of front, a deplorable spectacle of inconsistency and apparent weakness. This view is confirmed by a similar change in other quarters, both in individuals and in the press. It is also confirmed by the unreality of the campaign against the advocates of "no surrender." who were merely carrying out the Unionist policy as it was originally understood by the public. Lord Curzon and others who had talked very eloquently against surrender were among the leaders of the abstainers. The Standard was only one of several newspapers which deserted the "no surrender" policy at the last moment. Also, at the last moment, a section of the press instituted a vigorous campaign in favour of surrender. But the most remarkable phenomenon was the torrent of abuse hurled at Lord Halsbury's party-its violence and its unreality. This party, led by a veteran statesman of 86 years old, supported by Lord Llandaff, who is but a year younger, and by another octogenarian in Lord Stanmore, was constantly alluded to as though it consisted of a set of excitable boys. It included nearly all the most weighty members of the Upper House and many of the ablest members of the House of Commons: and its numbers in the House of Lords, considering the very strong motives for following to the last a leader so profoundly respected as Lord Lansdowne, were as remarkable as its moral force. Yet it was spoken of in the press as an insignificant group of wreckers. Indeed, the tone adopted in its regard was so unreal, and the language (the word must be used) so untruthful, that no more need be said to emphasize its significance. It is enough to remark that the party was numerically nearly double what it was represented in the newspapers: while it comprised, as I have said, the bulk of the weightiest opinion in the House of Lords. Talent there was on the other side, weight-always excepting Lord Lansdowne—was comparatively absent.

A sudden volte face takes place, then, defended by reasons which in the first place are inadequate, and if adequate should obviously have been presented from the first; next, a frantic effort is made to discredit those whose influence would tell on the side of the original policy of resistance; and they are described with this object in language which is simply untruthful. We have in all this the symptoms of some strong motive suddenly obtaining influence with politicians and the press alike, over and above the original arguments which have been above roughly indicated. The change of policy, whatever its motives, has created an atmosphere of unreality which it will be very hard to dis-

sipate.

Probably the true history of what has appeared to the world at large so inexplicable, will not be known in detail for many years to come. Something happened which the leaders had not counted on; something did not happen on which they had counted. But there was, at all events, one fresh argument used for the first time publicly, and with the utmost vehemence at the eleventh hour. I allude to the argument drawn from the fact that it would be unpleasant to the king to create the peers, and that it was the duty of Unionists to extricate him from this unpleasant necessity. And this argument may conceivably have been urged on the Unionist leaders before it was pressed with such violence on the House of Lords itself, and it may have had its share in making the leaders change their intentions. Lord Mount Edgcumbe, in the Times of August 16, insisted that in following Lord Halsbury he was but adhering to Lord Lansdowne's original declared policy. Others have said the same thing in other words. If so, some reason must be found for the change. And the only tresh argument brought forward was this one.

But whether or no it was this new argument that transformed the situation in July, it is almost certain that it determined the actual issue in the narrow and critical division of August 10. The determining majority in the division was only seventeen, and there can be little doubt that the small turnover of votes which secured this ma-

jority was effected by the frantic appeals that were made at the eleventh hour to Unionists in the House of Lords. to consider the "painful position" of the king and get him out of the difficulty in which Mr Asquith's action had placed him. This note was struck on the eve of the great debate with the utmost force by the Spectator, which had latterly worked so hard on behalf of the policy of surrender. It was struck by speaker after speaker in the House of Lords in the debate itself. Lord St Aldwyn's appeal to his colleagues was positively piteous. He explained that the king had not at the outset been given a fair chance of consulting the Unionist leaders, and that his situation was simply "cruel." Lord Lansdowne had put forward the same plea, though with more moderation. So also did the Archbishop of York, Lord Curzon, and others. It is, I repeat, almost certain that this vehement appeal decided the issue, even putting its effect at the lowest. For it does not take a very potent force to win seventeen votes. Such a use of the king's name was surely very unfortunate, whether it had the far-reaching effect of changing the leaders' policy or only that of deciding the majority on August 10. As the Duke of Norfolk so strongly urged in his speech, it is impossible to conceive anything which could place the king in a more undignified position. A constitutional monarch in 1911 considers that he must act on the advice of his ministers. A hundred years ago, no doubt, this would have been otherwise. George III regarded the king's right to refuse assent to his ministers' advice to be a real one. The parallel right of the President of the American Republic is still so regarded. George V, however, holds that a constitutional monarch must now, in such a matter, simply do what the Government of the day tells him. That is to say, the weight of the king's nominal political power is at the disposal of his ministers for the time being. The king himself does not interfere, the responsibility rests with the ministry. But if, instead of his ceasing to be a power in the political situation, we have the immense weight of his social and moral influence brought to bear in order to

disarm the opponents of the Government and make them change the policy they had judged most effective, a very serious situation is created. The use of the king's name in such a matter can be, as we all know, a most powerful weapon without any authority from the king himself. It appeals to two classes: First, to those who, from a generous and chivalrous loyalty, are anxious to do anything which is represented as presumably the king's wish. Secondly, those who, from less noble motives, are eager to stand well with the court and would adopt any course in the world they think the king would prefer. That such a use of the king's name and moral influence should be possible in order to deter ministers themselves from pressing a policy unwelcome to the king is quite intelligible. It would be a faint survival of the political power which the English king so long exercised. If the king can no longer directly refuse to act on his ministers' advice, his friends are, no doubt, at liberty to urge strongly on the prime minister of the day the reason why, in the king's interests, certain advice should not be given or insisted on. But that the king should hand over his political power without reserve to the Ministry, and that then the social power attaching to his name should be used to disarm the Opposition, is a course bringing very grave responsibility to those who pursue it. No doubt, if there is danger of a revolution from the attitude of one of the political parties, the king will naturally act as peacemaker. He will use his influence directly in the interests of the country. But that it should be used by others in order only to extricate the king from an unpleasant duty attaching to the position of a constitutional monarch is a most dangerous precedent. The Duke of Norfolk and Lord Salisbury were indeed justified in protesting against such a course in the strong language they used.

The language of sentimentalism about the "cruel" position of the King probably had a double effect. It really touched some, and with others it gave decent justification for a vote prompted in reality by various motives less easy to avow. The net result of the appeal was certainly to add

greatly to the spectacle of ineffectiveness which Lord Lansdowne's apparent volte face presented to the constituencies. Lord Crewe spoke in the censure debate of the distasteful character of the advice his colleagues felt constrained to give the king. One would have thought that the Unionist leaders would have felt this admission to be a strong weapon in their hands. "Things seen," says Tennyson, "are mightier than things heard." One would have expected Lord Lansdowne to reply: "You are indeed committing an outrage on the sovereign, and that outrage, when the people see it and realize it, will damn you in their eyes for ever." Instead of this, with a perfectly amazing desertion of all regard to the value of such an object lesson in the interests of the party or the Constitution, the leaders proceeded to relieve Mr. Asquith from the necessity of carrying out his ugly threat—his offence against the king, his open insult to the Lords-and threw on the ground the best weapon they had in the whole struggle.

The situation then—if recent events are to be regarded as a precedent-amounts to this. The majority of the House of Commons can, at any moment, overbear the House of Lords by a threat to create peers, and then relieve themselves of all consequent public odium by calling on their opponents in the king's name to yield rather than force them to do anything so unseemly and ungracious. They can (it seems) count on an amazing sentimental loyalty in the Unionist ranks which can only be paralleled by that of the sentimental pirates in the comic opera. When the "Pirates of Penzance" have the policemen at their mercy and are on the point of giving the coup de grâce, the prostrate policemen suddenly call on them to yield "in Queen Victoria's Name." The pirates are overcome with surging emotions of loyalty. They sheath their swords and place themselves under arrest, saying: "We yield at once with cheerful mien, because, with all our faults, we love our Queen." So, too, an immense majority in the House of Lords instantly drops its arms, when appealed to, in the interests of the very people who have

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### The Parliament Bill

placed the king in a cruel position, to do their duty as

loyal subjects and get him out of that position.

When one recognizes the pressure emanating ultimately from this use of the king's name which was brought to bear by the press and by public speakers on Unionist peers, one cannot be sufficiently thankful for the splendid rally made by the followers of Lord Halsbury and Lord Willoughby de Broke. The speeches of this party—of the Lords and of their supporters in the Commons—struck a note of unmistakable sincerity and public spirit which rang throughout the country. The same note was apparent both in the platform orations and in the debates. No one could hear Lord Salisbury or Lord Selborne, Lord Milner or Mr Wyndham, or the venerable Lord Halsbury himself without feeling that for once they are in the presence of deep conviction passionately held-that the insincerities of political life and motives of self interest were thrown to the winds by men whose only thought was the welfare of the country. In spite of ultimate defeat the moral effect on the country of the words and action of these men has been immense, and they deserve the thanks of all Englishmen. Their action has saved the House of Lords from an ineffaceable blot on what may prove to be the last page of its history.

### THE PARLIAMENT BILL

#### II. A LIBERAL VIEW

THE inevitable consequences of the rejection of the Budget by the House of Lords have now been fulfilled. The constitutional theory that has obtained since the passage of the Reform Bill, rudely challenged by the Upper House, has been vindicated and further attempts at revolutionary aggression by the Peers have been made impossible. To the moderate Liberal the sequence of events has been so natural, and the development of the situation so straightforward, that he finds a genuine difficulty in understanding the wilder spokesmen of the Conservative party. That the partisans of hereditary prerogative should be angry at their final overthrow is perfectly intelligible. That Unionists who allied themselves with an obsolete Tory theory should be sore at the double defeat that alliance has brought is equally natural. But that a large number of intelligent men should allege that they have been tricked and deceived passes the possibility of comprehension. When all allowance has been made for the reckless disregard of the meaning of words which a daily use of superlatives induces in otherwise competent journalists, it must still be assumed that the eruption of abuse during the past month has a basis in genuine feeling. A large section of Unionists apparently believe, not only that the Parliament Act is wrong, a conviction which Liberals respect though they do not share, but also that its passage has been engineered by some species of fraud not unmingled with violence. When a man who has held the highest judicial office in the State demands the impeachment of the Prime Minister for fulfilling the pledges given to the electors in two consecutive and successful elections; when the noble lord who represents the University of Oxford advocates armed resistance to an Act which has been passed with entire regularity by both Houses of Parliament and has received the assent of the Crown, it is clear that some grave misapprehension exists. Such violence cannot be wholly attributed to nervous irritation, 235 16a

induced by a prolonged parliamentary and electoral

struggle, with the thermometer over eighty.

It is with diffidence that a Liberal offers any comment on the conduct of Unionist leaders, but no one can resist the conclusion that much of the uproar is due to a lack of clear and precise statement during the last two years. If the majority of Unionists are, in fact, astonished at the abolition of the veto they have only themselves to blame. From the moment that the House of Lords appealed, against the accepted practice of the Constitution, to the verdict of the nation the consequences of defeat were certain. Either the Lords and their then trusted advisers, the leaders of the Unionist party, realized the magnitude of the issue or they did not.

If they did, then all this outcry about treachery is the mere petulance of a defeated party, undisciplined by any

experience of adversity.

If they did not, as seems the most credible and charitable assumption, then the claim of the Lords to far-seeing statesmanship collapses at the first test. Since the precaution of thinking out to the end the consequences of continued and persistent opposition to the House of Commons was not adopted by the rank and file, and the duty of enlightening them was neglected by their official leaders, it becomes necessary, in the interests of constitutional government, to ask some categorical questions, the answers to which will at least reveal the exact point of divergence between those who consider Mr Asquith's action "correct, conciliatory, constitutional," and those who, regarding him as a traitor, deny to the Prime Minister of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, the victor of two hard-fought elections, the elementary right of explaining his actions in the House of Commons. Do Unionists believe that in this country the electors have the right to authorize their representatives to alter the laws? Do they acknowledge that in two elections the principle of the Parliament Bill was before the electors? Do they admit that in the present House of Commons there is a majority in favour of the Parliament

Bill? Clearly, if each of these questions is answered in the affirmative the case against Mr Asquith falls to the ground. While if the first is answered in the affirmative and the others in the negative the Unionist attack is directed not against Mr Asquith but against the Crown.

Incredible though the assertion may appear to any student of the election addresses of Unionist candidates, the real difference of opinion between the parties seems to lie in the question of the law-making power of the people. Probably, if it were possible to scrutinize the unpublished convictions of the "die hard" faction, it would be found that they do not accept the right of the people to fashion for themselves the laws under which they are to live. Lord Willoughby de Broke, who possesses an aptitude near to genius for expressing in speech and action the beliefs of his class, frankly acknowledged "The Government might claim majorities if they liked for the Bill at a dozen general elections, but that would not alter his view or that of his friends, and they would continue to resist the abrogation of the Constitution so long as they

had any power left in them to do so."

This conception of the will of the people, controlled by and expressed through the privileged class, is neither illogical nor indefensible. It ranks as an intelligent theory of the State that may again be adopted by this or some other highly civilized country. Government through elected representatives is not the last word of statecraft. But an academic discussion of political theory leads far from the point at issue. It may be wise and prudent that the expressed intentions of the electorate should be regarded only when they coincide with the wishes of an aristocracy or a bureaucracy or a theocracy, but that is not the law and custom of the United Kingdom. As Lord Lansdowne admitted in his speech on the passage of the Budget, the House of Lords gives way to the expressed will of the people. To quote Sir William Anson, Lord Hugh Cecil's respected colleague, "In all this talk of the ignominy of surrender, what has become of the doctrine that the House of Lords has never failed to

acquiesce in the decision of the electorate clearly expressed?" Few have the courage of Lord Willoughby de Broke, but many share, in sympathetic silence, his conviction. The issue between them and democracy must be fought out, but if the ultimate appeal is to arms the fault will lie with the revolutionary Lords who defy, not with the law abiding Commoners who respect, the accepted maxim that the will of the people expressed through

elected representatives must prevail.

The second question is far more susceptible of conflicting answers. Do Unionists acknowledge that in two elections the principle of the Parliament Bill was before the electors? Apparently not, since the Government are accused of tricking the people, yet it is difficult to know in what way the issue could have been more clearly defined. Before the January election of 1910 resolutions embodying the Parliament Act were discussed in the House of Commons. Every Liberal speaker during the election mingled condemnation of the Lords' action with the praises of the famous Budget. Every Unionist candidate joined praises of the Lords with condemnation of the notorious Budget. The result was that the people chose the Budget and rejected the Lords. Then followed a long discussion of the Parliament Bill, and its introduction in a final form in the House of Commons. The death of King Edward VII led to a conference in which the Liberals, victorious in the country and confident of their own success, offered the Unionists a chance of compromise. That action was wise, since it removed any possibility of sustaining the charge that one party disregarded and ignored the claim of the other to any share in the constitutional settlement. The conference failed.

The Unionists produced their scheme for constitutional reform, involving a revolutionary change in the composition of the Lords and the status of Peers, the abolition of the prerogative of the Crown, and the destruction of ministerial responsibility by the introduction of the referendum. The Liberals adhered to their formulated and thoroughly debated proposal. The election was held,

and again the plan of the Liberals was accepted, that of the Unionists rejected. Nor can this result be attributed to ignorance of the issues involved. The people, it is alleged, never realized that the endorsement of the Veto policy implied an acceptance of Home Rule. Yet every hoarding shouted the slanders about American dollars. In every Unionist speech the Home Rule drum was trumped, and not without success. Undoubtedly all convinced opponents of Home Rule joined the Unionist ranks. In Lancashire seats were captured on this cry. The electors may have been wrong in their decision but they did not vote in ignorance. They were offered the referendum, that dangerous instrument of unscrupulous demagogues, they preferred the abolition of the prohibitory veto.

Do Unionists then admit that in this Parliament there is a majority of the House of Commons in favour of the Veto Act? In spite of the claims of arithmetic to respectful consideration, that self-evident fact is implicitly denied by the loud assertions that the Irish vote is supreme, and that the Liberals are dragooned into supporting a policy they disapprove. What are the facts? The total majority of the Government is 122. If, however, the principle for which the Unionist party stands, that Great Britain and Ireland are one country and must be governed from one centre, is flouted, then it may, for argument's sake, be possible to ignore all the Irish representatives. The figures would then be English, Scotch, and Welsh members elected to support the Veto policy 313, elected to oppose it 254, majority 59. Total votes cast for 2,919,770, against 2,769,599, majority in Great Britain, 150,171. The majority of voters is, of course, much larger, since a greater number of the minority have the privilege of voting several times for the same policy. It may be noted that, if by a curious reductio ad absurdum of the little England ideal, English votes are counted separately, the plural vote is sufficient to give a majority of 25,000 against the Veto Act. But since this argument can only be a prelude to Home

Rule all round, its use by Unionists is either disingenuous or muddleheaded.

Here then was the situation. For the third time in succession the majority in the House of Commons was ready to support a Government which insisted upon an Act to bring the written form of the Constitution into harmony with its unwritten law, but utterly unwilling to support any Government on any other terms. No Ministry that accepted the defeat of the Parliament Bill could have lived for a week in this House of Commons or in its predecessor. What courses were open to the Ministry or to the Crown? Three are conceivable. The Government might have ignored the House of Commons and ruled without it. For this a well known precedent exists, but it is not often quoted. The Government might have advised the Crown to dissolve Parliament. The Government might have acted as it did, and advised the creation of peers to overcome the refusal of the Lords to accept their own oft quoted maxim and yield to the expressed will of the people. Before Mr Asquith can be condemned for his action, his accusers must state which alternative they would have preferred. Rule without Parliament may be ignored. A second dissolution on the very question decided last year remains possible, but the curious feature of the situation was that no Unionist alleged that a second election would place his party in power. That this timidity is justified can hardly be disputed. In order to command a majority the Unionists have to win 62 seats. In the last three months they have had the opportunity of contesting five, and they have not captured one. Moreover—and this is the most significant fact-in their campaigns the opponents of the Veto Act talked as little as possible about it. They relied mainly on attacks upon the National Insurance Bill, a measure warmly supported by their own party in the House of Commons. Since unparliamentary rule is impossible, and another election could only result in a majority for the Veto Act, coercion of the House of Lords was inevitable.

One line of criticism alone is left. The fact that a thing appears inevitable does not make wrong right. If the Lords refuse to give way to the people, then it is wrong to coerce them, right to submit. This, however, is a maxim that is found neither in the manuals of the Constitution nor the election addresses of Conservative candidates. On the charge that his recent advice to the Crown was unconstitutional Mr Asquith must be acquitted at the bar, either of custom or common sense. There remains, however, one count in the general indictment. Mr. Asquith it is alleged, obtained guarantees from the Crown before such a course was necessary. That is to say, the Cabinet informed the King in April of last year that, in the event of the Parliament Bill being rejected, they would either resign or recommend a dissolution, but that in no case would they resume office without means of overcoming the resistance of the Lords. This statement, it may be noted, was given not to the sovereign whom Lord Rosebery, with reckless disregard both of fact and propriety, called "young and inexperienced," but to King Edward VII—and by him received. Again, it is by the consideration of alternatives that this conduct can best be judged. It would be clearly impossible for the Ministers of the Crown to advise a second dissolution within a year, without a definite statement of the consequences of the renewal of their power. It would, however, have been possible to resign and force the King to call on the Leader of the Opposition to form a government and immediately to dissolve for in any case the election was inevitable. The practical result of this action would have been to bring the Crown into politics in a most undesirable manner. For to all appearances the Crown would have been refusing the advice of the Ministers chosen from the predominant party. If the election had, as happened, resulted in another majority for Mr Asquith, the King would have been in an invidious position, for he would have had a minister, whose advice he had apparently rejected, forced upon him by the people. That would have

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been a disaster to the nation and to the cause of constitutional monarchy throughout the world. No minister could have a right to place his sovereign against his will in so dangerous a situation. It must be observed that had the King so desired, he could with perfect constitutional propriety have refused the request for a dissolution, and sent for Mr Balfour. So long as the Crown refrained from this extreme action, the Prime Minister had no excuse for forcing the situation. The attack on Mr Asquith in this particular is simply an attack upon the

action of the Crown.

Nor is there any rational ground for the suggestion that since the Crown had been informed of the intentions of the Government and had signified its conditional approval, all subsequent debates in the Commons became a mere farce. If the fact that a government can rely on a majority in the House of Lords makes all proceedings in the House of Commons useless, then every session under a Unionist administration is a meaningless comedy, and all Liberals' efforts in opposition a foolish waste of time. Yet one formidable question remains. Granted that this general argument holds good, and that by the law and custom of this realm Unionists are obliged to accept a measure which they sincerely disapprove, are they not entitled to demand that so great a change as Home Rule for Ireland shall be made the subject of a special ad hoc appeal to the electors? It has already been pointed out that this topic formed the staple of the unsuccessful campaign of the Unionists last November, and, on general grounds that need not again be traversed, the idea of renewing that appeal in the form of a referendum must be rejected. For definite and adequate reasons the Liberals are opposed to this abrogation of Parliamentary responsibility, and their opposition has been decisively endorsed by the electorate. To substitute the defeated Conservative policy for the victorious Liberal would be a betrayal impossible to democratic statesmen. Another appeal on Home Rule can only be by a general election. But the result of a general election

is the return of a government to power. Are the Unionists prepared to promise that once installed in office they will pass no legislation of any kind; that they will leave untouched the fiscal policy of the country and of the Empire; that they will respect the constitutional settlement already arrived at? Certainly they will promise nothing of the kind, nor will they confine their electioneering to the opposition to Home Rule. If, indeed, they made these rash vows, is there any reason to anticipate that they would be successful in capturing between seventy and eighty seats? None whatever. It is well to recall the fact that, during the Conference of 1910, leading Unionist papers themselves made proposals for a settlement of the age-long racial feud on the lines of self-government. The truth is that to the urban democracy of to-day Home Rule is not a burning issue. The support accorded to its opponents is given on other grounds. With unmistakable emphasis it has preferred the general policy of the Liberal party, which includes among its democratic ideals the grant of self-government for the Irish, to that of the Unionists which includes in its autocratic conception the repression of a national aspiration. But there is another and yet more cogent objection to the argument for a third election in which, by the help of the pendulum and opposition to the National Insurance Bill, the Unionists might hope to reduce the Liberal majority. Nothing except a reversal of the Parliament Bill can permanently stop Home Rule, for the moment that any Liberal Government returned to power they would make a Home Rule Bill their first measure. To this the Unionist reply is quite simple. "Our first step on return to office is the reversal of the Parliament Act." The real meaning of the agitation for an ad hoc election is to try once more to restore the power of a partisan second chamber over future Liberal Governments. This is the case in a nutshell. If the elected House is to have power to pass measures to which it is pledged, Home Rule is a certainty. If, however, a permanent Conservative majority is to be restored in a modified

second chamber, then the next election must be fought on exactly the same issue as the last, and, as Conservatives themselves admit, the result could not be different. The only device that can prevent Home Rule is the permanent exclusion of Liberals from power if not from office. But that is a battle already fought. A dozen elections may not convince Unionists that Liberal rule is good, but two ought to be sufficient to show that the Liberal party is strong enough to carry into law those measures to which it has given a full generation of effort.

Liberals may search their conscience without fear. Their only offence is that they believe the Parliament Act to be just, a belief shared by a majority of voters in the United Kingdom as a whole, and in each separate racial division in England, in Scotland, in Ireland, and in Wales. They have lived for a period, almost unbroken, of twenty years under a government possessing unfettered power to carry any legislation that it chose. Lord Salisbury's cabinet and afterwards Mr Balfour's had a docile majority in both Houses. To this absolute supremacy Liberals do not aspire. Of their own free will they have left a large power of delay to the permanently hostile majority in the House of Lords, a power which at the last moment the wiser heads in the Unionist party have admitted to be valuable and important. When faced with the prospect of a Liberal Government possessing exactly the same power as a Conservative Government, that is a majority in both Houses of Parliament, the mass of the Unionist peers recoiled. On the merits or the demerits of the "die hard" policy a Liberal hesitates to pronounce judgement. The question is simply which of two equally valid but conflicting precedents the House of Lords would follow. That of 1712 or that of 1831. To outsiders it seems probable that the cry of "no surrender" would have been a greater electoral asset than is a discredited majority in the House of Lords. Everything that heightens passion and lets loose on either side the blind fury of the fighter is useful for the party, but is also

detrimental to the State. When Lord Hugh Cecil yells down the Prime Minister, thereby setting an evil example to the Labour Party which will not be forgotten, he awakens the enthusiasm of all to whom Unionism is a fighting banner rather than a reasoned political faith. But by the same action he lowers the reputation and impairs the efficiency of the House of Commons. Though from many points of view the Liberal, and still more the extreme Radical party, would have derived profit from the social upheaval involved in the creation of 400 peers, moderate men are relieved that the sanity of the Unionist leaders prevailed over the passion of the "die hards." Every one respects the sincerity and the perseverance with which Lord Halsbury fought for those hereditary privileges which his own conspicuous ability has enabled him to confer on his most distant descendants. Every one recognizes the shrewd electioneering insight of Mr F. E. Smith, the future leader of the party. But since grave constitutional decisions should be based neither on passion nor on immediate electoral advantages, the failure of this manipulation of Tory absolutist theory, in the interests of Tory democratic intrigue, is probably a fortunate conclusion.

Now that the Act is on the statute book Unionists are entitled to work for its repeal as the Liberals have worked for the repeal of the Licensing Act, but, in the interests of the nation, responsible Unionists ought at once clearly to dissociate themselves from the frankly revolutionary propaganda of the hot heads. If, at the next election, the Unionists secure a majority, the existing House of Lords can be replaced by an election senate armed with the weapon of the referendum, but if before that election the advice of Lord Hugh Cecil is followed and armed resistance is attempted, the whole fabric of society will be torn to shreds. The Archbishop of Canterbury uttered a grave and proper protest against the levity with which debaters in the House of Lords spoke of a creation of peers. Even more astonishing and alarming is this reckless talk of civil war. Nothing could

# Passing of the Parliament Bill

show more clearly how completely many Unionists have lost touch with democratic feeling than such language.

The events of the first weeks of August show that a great rising of labour is not inconceivable. But the ideal will not be the restoration of the House of Lords, or the preservation of the Established Church, or the protection of property. If ever the golden thread of law is snapped and authority lies broken and trampled, the spoils will go not to Lord Hugh Cecil but to Mr Keir Hardie. Already the advocacy of resistance to law by Tory speakers in the House of Commons has been quoted with raucous approval from the lorries of strike leaders. If ever the tumbrils rattle over the stones of Tower Hill they will carry not the Liberal cabinet, but the capitalist peers. The danger, though present, is neither pressing nor formidable. One folly and one alone could bring it to a head. If men of education, of wealth, and of position deliberately defy the law, then weakened authority might break beneath the strain. The Parliament Bill has become law by the same procedure, though applied with greater moderation and patience, as the Reform Bill. Then, as now, the Lords and the Lordlings feared not so much the bill as its consequences. Now, as then, those fears will be falsified by the common sense of the people.

A LIBERAL

### FRANCIS THOMPSON

"Songs divine of high and passionate thought To their own music chanted."

N the slow ebb of Romanticism and the clashing tourney between Religion and Science which have occupied the attention and energies of modern thinkers, poets, philosophers or scientists, few things are more remarkable than that the reconciliation proves to be the recognition by Science that the experiences of Religion are facts just as much as Mother Earth is fact, and the acceptance and application by Religion of the great formative ideas of Induction and Development to the records of the spiritual life. Still more remarkable is the fact that by means of this acceptance and application the hitherto neglected writings of Oriental and Christian mysticism have become the inspiration of the pulpit and the poet, the theme of the critic and the novelist. If to this acceptance by Religion of Induction and Development we add the permanence of Wordsworth's "sacramental" teaching concerning Man and Nature we shall have, I think, the clues necessary to understand the appearance in 1893 of a poet who, in one unique ode, stated the whole burden of Victorian inquiry and speculation and gave a solution explicitly mystical, obviously Christian and implicitly Catholic.

For his first published volume, of 1893, Thompson was fortunate enough to obtain as reviewers men who were themselves poets or keenly sensitive to poetry, and as a consequence of the unprecedented enthusiasm of the reviews of Coventry Patmore, H. D. Traill, Richard le Gallienne, Arthur Symons and others, he achieved at one bound the position of an acknowledged captain of song, of one whose greatest work need fear no comparison with the mightiest of England's harmonies. When, three years later, in 1896, he published a poem written at the same time as the "Hound of Heaven" in the earlier volume, critics hailed in Sister Songs the inheritor of that legacy of the poetry of Childhood which had

### Francis Thompson

passed from Blake to Wordsworth, Coleridge and Patmore; while it was clear in 1898, in his third and last volume of Poems entitled *New Poems*, that Francis Thompson had shed a new lustre over the last years of the Victorian era and had brought into poetry a doctrine of spiritual discipline and ascesis almost new in English verse.

Fate denied him a long life, but before he died in 1907 Thompson had proved himself to be, in the pages of the Athenæum, this Review and elsewhere, a literary critic of the first order; equalling in a penetrative essay on Shelley, which appeared after his death, the constructive insight of Coleridge himself; while in his monograph, entitled Health and Holiness, he displayed equal power in dealing with the vexed question of the relations of

"Brother Ass, the Body, to his Rider, the Soul."

Entering into possession of the field of poetry at the close of last century, what has Francis Thompson given us? Without its occasional prosiness and bathos, he has the intuitive and experiential grasp of the spiritual significance of Nature and the Child with which we associate the name of Wordsworth; the ecstasy of Shelley with the constructive synthesis which was Shelley's lack; Tennyson's melodies with richer harmonies, Tennyson's feeling for contemporary problems and aspirations with a power of interpretation rarely reached by the late Laureate; all the virility of Browning without his obstinate involutions of thought and lacunæ of argument—the psychological penetration of Browning becomes in Thompson a spiritual realization more profound and satisfying, because more vital to the man himself. All that mystical longing for "infinite power of soul" which wrung from Richard Jefferies the anguished "Story of My Heart" is, in Francis Thompson accompanied and followed by a satisfaction (and knowledge of the means of satisfaction) which Jefferies never obtained, for he was not of that Church. Where Newman wins by logic vitalized by the passion of faith, Thompson masters and conquers by the poetry of faith. He is not to be studied as a formal treatise in direc-

tion and casuistry, but the director of souls will find in him many secrets and phenomena laid bare as few have done or can do.

Who, knowing the "Hound of Heaven," will assert that the Catholic Church no longer voices the spiritual yearnings of the age? Who, with the "Mistress of Vision" before him, will say that the contemplative, ascetic and mystical ideals of the Church are effete and hopelessly outgrown? Who, knowing the "Making of Viola" and "Ex Ore Infantium," can lament that simplicity and innocence are no longer her attributes, fostered by her creed? Francis Thompson is, in some respects, the greatest achievement of Catholicism in the nineteenth century. His poetry is resident in man. It is the repetition of the centuries.

He was born near Preston, in the heart of Catholic Lancashire, in 1859; his classical, philosophical and religious education was received at Ushaw, the home of Lingard, Wiseman and Lafcadio Hearn; at Manchester science, particularly medicine, claimed him for her own; in London streets he fell upon evil days, to be rescued from poverty and pessimism by the immortal children of the Sister Songs and the sweet charity of their parents,

Alice and Wilfrid Meynell.

To them two of his three volumes of poetry are dedicated. Francis Thompson's poetry is his own monument; it is their shrine.

... If the lips may pay Gladness
In laughters she wakened,
And the heart to its sadness
Weeping unslakened;
If the hid and sealed coffer
Whose having, not his is,
To the loosers may proffer
Their finding—here this is;
Their lives if all livers
To the Life of all living,—
To you, O dear givers!
I give your own giving.

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The first sequence of poems, "Love in Dian's Lap," is inspired by and addressed to his benefactress and that Womanhood of which she was the perfect type. Here is foreshadowed that intense worship of the soul of Womanhood, in, through and beyond the outward form, which was afterwards to dominate the Sister Songs. Here also, and alas, lurk those daring extravagances of figure and idea which, though they moved some critics to see in Thompson a reincarnated Crashaw, must be pronounced a part source of that fatal artistry which in so many of his later poems bewrays the excess of art which he himself, in his essay on Shelley, declares to be the great weakness of modern English verse. Nevertheless, though this criticism must be made, it is impossible to deny their Shelleyan quality and the true poetic beauty of such lines as these:

Heavenly incognita!

As the vintages of earth
Taste of the sun that riped their birth,

... Ah,

Thy wine is flavorous of God. Whatever singing-robe thou wear Has the Paradisal air; And some gold feather it has kept Shows what Floor it lately swept!

But the poems of "Love in Dian's Lap," though they are rightly to be praised for their consummate workmanship, for the gratitude which inspires them, for the nobility of the implied ideal, and their stately imagery, are not, however, likely to contribute greatly to Thompson's enduring fame. Critics like Coventry Patmore and H. D. Traill rightly judged the inner meaning of this sequence to be fundamental and eternal, yet since that meaning finds elsewhere in Thompson's poetry further and deeper expression, we are bound to consider whether the form here chosen is equally true and vital with the meaning. Mere agility in antitheses, even the undoubted

charm of poetic conceit, are insufficient of themselves to stir those fundamental passions which it is the function of great Poetry to purify and synthesize, while the unmistakable lineage of Crashaw is here seen, not so much in Crashaw's spirit, which is more evident in others of Thompson's poems, but in Crashaw's form, and that of itself must give way when a more moving and natural mode of expression arises. But in the poems on children in this volume, there are clear enough signs that of Childhood, at any rate, Thompson was a master poet.

Any modern English poet who gives us his impressions of child life, his interpretation of child nature, his experiences under their influence, invites comparison with Blake, Wordsworth and Patmore. Of present day fitness to treat the theme of Childhood, Thompson in his essay

on Shelley writes in words self-critical:

We of this self-conscious, incredulous generation, sentimentalize our children, analyse our children, think we are endowed with a special capacity to sympathize and identify ourselves with children; we play at being children. And the result is that we are not more child-like, but our children are less childlike. It is so tiring to stoop to the child, so much easier to lift the child up to you.

Thompson's poems on children fall naturally into two groups. In Sister Songs he is largely autobiographical, and in his treatment breaks entirely new ground. He is there concerned not so much with the commoner aspects of child-life, as with his own discoveries of the primal Woman enfolded in the child-girl. On the other hand, the miscellaneous poems on children record and interpret such simple incidents as a child's gift or prayer. Did he succeed in stooping to the child?

The great charm of Blake's songs of Childhood lies in their artless, tender, naïve sincerity and in their perfectly simple yet wholly profound union of the children of men with the children of Nature and of God. In the Songs of Innocence we have the tenderest melodies in the English language; in them Blake is himself a child, speaking with a child's faith out of the riches of a child's fresh

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and spontaneous joys. In the Songs of Experience a deeper note is struck; not the wonder eye is seen by Blake, but the wounded heart of the child of oppression, and the melody is of tears. Nevertheless, the conviction that the child and the lamb are but two expressions of the same great fact of a Divine Lamb, never deserts the garret-bound poet of Poland Street, and consequently, we may say that while fervent in protest against the existing oppression in child labour, the dominant characteristic of Blake's treatment is buoyant, optimistic, synthetic and simple. "The Lamb" is sufficient illustration of this.

Children had come too near to the heart of Thompson's pain to permit him to sing of them with such tremulous tenderness. Never could he forget that he was no longer a child, and so, though he sang of them, it was not as one of them. Moreover, he could not long forget that in his religion the Child of the world's desire is always and inseparably associated with the Maid of Bethlehem. Consequently, in only two of his poems does he touch hands with Blake, in only two does he separate children from the heart of his pain, and even in one of these it is not for long that he forgets the tears of pain. In the first of these he describes the making of a child in Heaven. The Heavenly Father, Mary Mother, the Child Jesus, the Holy Spirit and the angels in harmony assembled proceed:

#### THE MAKING OF VIOLA.

III.

The Father of Heaven.

Scoop, young Jesus, for her eyes, Wood-browned pools of Paradise— Young Jesus, for the eyes, For the eyes of Viola.

Cast a star therein to drown, Like a torch in cavern brown, Sink a burning star to drown Whelmed in eyes of Viola.

Child-angels, from your wings Fall the roseal hoverings, Child angels, from your wings, On the cheeks of Viola.

VII.

All things being accomplished, saith the Father of Heaven.

Bear her down, and bearing, sing,

Bear her down on spyless wing,

Bear her down, and bearing, sing,

With a sound of viola

Angels.

Music as her name is, a Sweet sound of Viola!

Baby smiled, mother wailed,
Earthward while the sweetling sailed;
Mother smiled, baby wailed,
When to earth came Viola.

And her elders shall say:

So soon have we taught you a Way to weep, poor Viola!

Smile, sweet baby, smile, For you will have weeping-while; Native in your Heaven is smile— But your weeping, Viola?

Whence your smiles we know, but ah? Whence your weeping, Viola?— Our first gift to you is a Gift of tears, my Viola!

The sensuous but lovely imagery of this poem is foreign to Blake, the conception is outside his faith, but the perfect rhythm is of his own, and its tenderness differs only from his in degree. Thompson once again touches hands with Blake, and that more closely. In "Ex

Ore Infantium" we feel not only the tenderness of Blake but also his simplicity, more marked than in any other of Thompson's work; while there is further the charm of the house and the home with which we associate the name of Patmore.

Little Jesus, wast Thou shy Once, and just so small as I? And what did it feel like to be Out of Heaven, and just like me?

Hadst Thou ever any toys, Like us little girls and boys? And didst Thou play in Heaven with all The angels that were not too tall, With stars for marbles? Did the things Play Can you see me? through their wings?

And did Thy Mother at the night Kiss Thee, and fold the clothes in right? And didst Thou feel quite good in bed, Kissed, and sweet, and Thy prayers said?

These, then, are the two instances in which Thompson renews the tradition of Blake, and in which there is un-

questionable sincerity.

In Wordsworth the tender familiarity with childhood, or rather with infant childhood, which is Blake's great claim, gives place to a remarkable restraint, fidelity and awe. There can be no need to elaborate the fidelity of Wordsworth's descriptions of youth. The other two characteristics are not so commonly recognized. Wordsworth's restraint and Wordsworth's awe. The two are linked together in his poetry. Again and again he approaches the mystery of Childhood, but he returns veiled, like the prophet of old. If in the "Ode on the Intimations of Immortality," he gives as a poetic solution the doctrines of Reminiscence and Pre-existence, it does but emphasize the incommunicable glories of the child. If in sundry "Anecdotes for Fathers" he gives us narratives of fact, it is but to heighten the mysterious silence

of the child's vast powers. If by the sea solemn thoughts are his, it is but that he may uncover before God's temple of Childhood. And because of this awe, this High Priest of Childhood is restrained. Seldom does he point the moral of his allegories and visions, seldom does he analyze the contents of his creed. It is enough that there is a creed, that there is Childhood, that there is God. This restraint, which is, of course, of the essence of poetic proportion, is supreme in the "Lucy" poems. In "She dwelt among the untrodden ways" the imagery is itself negative and restrained. The ways were "untrodden," "none" praised her, and "few" were there to love her. Her beauty was that of a violet "half hidden," or of an uncompanioned star. "Unknown" she lived, unknown she "ceased to be." The tragedy of the last stanza is only suggested, not defined—the difference her death made was too sacred to be more than implied.

But she is in her grave, and oh! The difference to me!

Thompson's "Lucy" was "Daisy" and the poem so called must stand beside Wordsworth's for pathos, for directness, for simplicity, but not for restraint. We are not now discussing whether Wordsworth's restraint or Thompson's abandon is the greater; we are content for the present to note the contrast. In Thompson's poem no less than three stanzas in three differing moments of the narrative carry us from "Daisy" to the poet's heart of pain. The rhythm, the form, are the rhythm and form of Wordsworth, but the voice is the voice of another.

The fairest things have fleetest end:
Their scent survives their close,
But the rose's scent is bitterness
To him that loved the rose!

She went her unremembering way, She went, and left in me The pang of all the partings gone And partings yet to be.

Nothing begins, and nothing ends, That is not paid with moan; For we are born in other's pain, And perish in our own.

Many of these poems on children are charged with a fatal self-conscious sadness and pessimism which makes their beauty like the later Rossetti's, death-hued. Thus, in "The Poppy," Thompson tells how among the southern downs he paced at eventide with a child hand in hand. A simple gift she gave, a poppy. How could she know its sombre symbolism? Would a Wordsworth have ignored the impulse of love and perceived only what the full man perceived, the symbolism of death? Yet so it was with Thompson. He was with a child, yet, unlike Blake, not a child; he was loved by a child, yet, unlike Wordsworth, such love made him neither worship nor wonder but weep.

A child and man paced side by side, Treading the skirts of eventide; But between the clasp of his hand and hers Lay, felt not, twenty withered years.

She turned, with the rout of her dusk South hair, And saw the sleeping gipsy there; And snatched and snapped it in swift child's whim With—" Keep it, long as you live!"—to him.

Then he saw what she did not see, That—as kindled by its own fervency— The verge shrivelled inward smoulderingly;

And suddenly 'twixt his hand and hers, He knew the twenty withered years— No flower, but twenty shrivelled years.

"Was never such thing until this hour," Low to his heart he said; "the flower Of sleep brings wakening to me, And of oblivion memory."

"You have loved me, Fair, three lives—or days:
"Twill pass with the passing of my face.
But where I go, your face goes too,
To watch lest I play false to you.

"So, frankly fickle, and fickly true!
For my brief life-while I take from you
This token, fair and fit, meseems,
For me—this withering flower of dreams."

I hang 'mid men my needless head, And my fruit is dreams, as theirs is bread: The goodly men and the sun hazed sleeper Time shall reap; but after the reaper The world shall glean of me, me the sleeper!

Love! I fall into the claws of Time:
But lasts within a leaved rhyme,
All that the world of me esteems—
My withered dreams, my withered dreams.

The visions lost in the stupor of a drug, the dreams lying in the ashes of the past, the power suspended like heavy smoke, have here their quintessential pathos. There is grief in the silence of Coleridge, but anguish in this cry of Thompson's. In all Blake and Wordsworth is there anything so poignant? There the child comes with wings of healing, but here its love opens an uncured wound.

Yet it may be questioned whether this need have been so unqualified a pain, whether the poet could not have seen what the child saw, a gay flower in a joyous earth. Her simple love and gladness he might have shared, and, led by her, forsworn the past, and held no "needless head." The subtle morbidity foreshadowed in these lines becomes the basis of a fundamental criticism of the mood.

We have seen that Thompson is not altogether lacking in the tenderness of Blake, that he is altogether one with Wordsworth in directness and simplicity, and that he has a new, though chastened, mood in which to delineate

the child; but the reader of Shakespeare and Milton, the religious brother of Crashaw has yet another way of immortalising the child, namely by clothing him in the language of majesty and in trumpet tones of harmony pronouncing his benediction. To his godchild, Francis Meynell, this majesty of language is singularly felicitous:

And when, immortal mortal, droops your head, And you, the child of deathless song, are dead; Then, as you search with unaccustomed glance The ranks of Paradise for my countenance, Turn not your tread along the Uranian sod Among the bearded counsellors of God; For if in Eden as on earth are we, I sure shall keep a younger company: Pass where beneath their ranged gonfalons The starry cohorts shake their shielded suns, The dreadful mass of their enridged spears; Pass where majestical the eternal peers, The stately choice of the great Saintdom, meet-A silvern segregation, globed complete In sandalled shadow of the Triune feet; Pass by where wait, young poet-wayfarer, Your cousined clusters, emulous to share With you the roseal lightnings burning 'mid their hair; Pass the crystalline sea, the Lampads seven:— Look for me in the nurseries of Heaven.

It was suggested that in a certain subtle and artistic morbidity in some of Thompson's poetry lies the ground of a fundamental criticism of his mood. If we bear in mind the insistent personal note of these poems on children and their almost fatal pathos we shall have sufficient preliminary material for our inquiry, How far is this poetry true? Is it a vision and a faculty divine, or is it a vision and a faculty of the earth earthy?

Perhaps no phrase of Matthew Arnold's has become better known than that Poetry is a criticism of life. In two different essays the dictum was laid down, "Poetry is at

bottom a criticism of life."

A criticism of life! And just as the sculptor may worship the statue imperfect more than the idea which inspired it, as the musician may caress the phrase more than he loves the harmony whence it sprang, and as all men may love and cherish their symbols more than the realities which create and substantiate them, so, if Poetry be only a criticism of life, we do set that life apart and therefore act unworthily. We set it apart and curiously examine it, its lines portray, its secrets tell, and then of our criticisms we make golden calves.

In Literature generally, and in Poetry particularly, the individual may learn to know more *persons* than his own circle affords. He may learn to know his own and other persons more and more clearly, truly and deeply, and this is the clue to the relation of Poetry and Life.

Only by intercourse with other selves and by absorption of personality may the individual live. His life can only be sustained by replenishing from All-Life. This sustenance of being and absorption of personality are enriched by poetry and intensified by prayer, and poetry not only provides intercourse with other selves, but invites the inclusion of the spirits of other creations, even as he who trod the Umbrian hills, by song communed with bird and sun.

Now the attitude to poetry which regards it as a criticism of life springs from that power of detachment which was reserved for other things. We are capable of a self-projection, of an alienation of the self, the artistic contemplation of which provides us, we deem, with beauteous forms and images. This alienation from the self for purposes of artistic contemplation is common not only to artists, musicians and the poet, but to mortals generally. The conceited person is one who is for ever artistically regarding an alienated semblance of his self. So with some poets, they catch a sunbeam from the sun and seek to fasten it in their self-projections that these may be very fair. Shakespeare's Richard II is a classic example; even in the moment of deposition he rejoices;

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But still my griefs are mine; You may my glories and my state depose, But not my griefs; still am I king of those.

So Thompson,

I hang 'mid men my needless head, And my fruit is dreams, as theirs is bread.

Are not the lines bitter and does not the epithet "needless" reveal the process of self-projection and alienation, of making an image ironically called "needless"? Such an attitude may be described as that of objective subjectivity, an attitude in which the individual objectifies for admiration not the rightful other person from whom he draws his own breath, but his own finite self, which, whether sick or whole, he cherishes. This objective subjectivity is the fatal disease of much of Thompson's verse, though let us at once say that his greatest poetry is free from the blight; but in the poem to "The Dead Cardinal of Westminster" this detachment is most obvious. The poem has its tribute to the Cardinal, it has a statement of the problem of the destiny assigned to the worshipper of impersonal beauty, it has some fine and new imagery, but, above all these, it has a delineation of a self not without nobility, yet a self eventually pitied and self-sorrowed o'er. Indeed, the poem, though written to "The Dead Cardinal," is avowedly to press a private business; so:

> Call, holy soul, O call The hosts angelical, And say,— "See, far away

" Lies one I saw on earth; One stricken from his birth With curse Of destinate verse.

"What place doth He ye serve For such sad spirit reserve,— Given, In dark lieu of Heaven, 260

"The impitiable Daemon,
Beauty, to adore and dream on,
To be
Perpetually

"Hers, but she never his?"

In reality or truth is it possible to be perpetually the impitiable Daemon Beauty's, yet she never his? Such poetry, the poetry of objective subjectivity, is in its essence analytical and destructive—diminishing life. It is the fruit of a will acting in, through and for itself, and commands less our reverence than our pitying fear.

Nevertheless, Thompson does not stay in the mirage of self-objectification, for there is an opposite mood and a truer poetry, and into this he passes in the "Hound of Heaven." There, in language altogether imaginative, passionate and concrete, the transition from analysis to synthesis is clearly marked, the objective-subjective gives way to the subjective-objective, into a purged self at last enters from without the Person Who all along has been the only true sustainer. This transition may be illustrated by two quotations. The first is the expression of the vanishing mood of objective subjectivity:

And now my heart is as a broken fount,
Wherein tear-drippings stagnate, spilt down ever
From the dank thoughts that shiver
Upon the sighful branches of my mind.
Such is; what is to be?

But not by the artistic contemplation of an alienated self did the poet find enduring life; only by the recognition that the exterior Infinite is *Person*, and that he was sustained by the everlasting arms thereof was he able to make peace.

Halts by me that footfall:
Is my gloom, after all,
Shade of His hand, outstretched caressingly?
"Ah, fondest, blindest, weakest,
I am He Whom thou seekest!
Thou dravest love from thee, who dravest Me."

This is the poetry which we accept with reverence. This is synthetic, constructive, the gateway to life. This is the fruit of will acting in, through and for, not itself, but another; this works not from within, outwards, for artistic delight, but from without, within, for peace and worship.

Ultimate synthesis, then, is that which alone can satisfy us in vital poetry, and this Thompson gives in the

" Hound of Heaven."

I fled Him, down the nights and down the days; I fled Him, down the arches of the years; I fled Him, down the labyrinthine ways Of my own mind; and in the mist of tears I hid from Him, and under running laughter.

Up vistaed hopes I sped; And shot, precipitated,

Adown Titanic glooms of chasmed fears, From those strong Feet that followed, followed after.

But with unhurrying chase,

And unperturbèd pace,
Deliberate speed, majestic instancy,
They beat—and a Voice beat
More instant than the Feet—

" All things betray thee, who betrayest Me."

Nature, poor stepdame, cannot slake my drouth; Let her, if she would owe me,\*

Drop yon blue bosom-veil of sky and show me
The breasts o' her tenderness:

Never did any milk of hers once bless My thirsting mouth.

Nigh and nigh draws the chase, With unperturbed pace,

Deliberate speed, majestic instancy;

And past those noisèd Feet A voice comes yet more fleet—

"Lo! naught contents thee, who content'st not Me."

\*"Owe," of course, in the double sense of "own" and "oughtness," commanding allegiance.

No wonder this roused the literary world to enthusiasm. It has been said that people will be learning it by heart two centuries hence. In truth, its qualities hardly need analysing. Many are the odes in our language which drag out a weary length and lack an inevitable finish, but not of this can it be said:

Time is, our tedious song should here have ending.

For immediacy of appeal, and perfect conformity of Soul with Force, it has no superior; in its astounding speed of phrase it reaches a new goal in our literature; its subtle and intricate rhymes are the secret rivets which bind together a poem unique in the singleness and greatness of its theme; as a religious poem it stands for all the world and for all time, and, by a right royal of its own, claims peerage with the Psalmist for range, with St Paul for virility of argument and with St Augustine for greatness of thought and diction.

But there are two other aspects from which to regard this poem; its relation to modern thought, and its rela-

tion to the parallel poems of St John of the Cross.

The "Hound of Heaven" is the most synthetically representative of the movements of English and, perhaps, European thought in the nineteenth century that we have. We say synthetically representative and typical, because a careful examination of this poem will show that in his own individual experiences, there recorded, Thompson speculated, suffered and solved with his times. Consider the first eight lines alone. In them are suggested the reconstruction of history through the formative ideas of induction and development; the separation as a distinct study or science of psychology, whose work is generally agreed to be of the most vital importance to knowledge and religion together; and the alternative optimism and pessimism which, in turn and at times side by side, have dominated our literature, art, music and philosophy. The insistent refrain is not only of universal application, but of quite peculiar appositeness to the great longing of our day.

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In the second section the whole octave of life's music is struck, the undeniable "sense of otherness," the eminently modern apotheosis of friendship, the specialization which separates subject from subject, so rigidly that only by faith can we maintain that knowledge is one; these further three characteristics, universal yet so eminently modern, find here their just and true expression.

The synthesis continues in the third section: the appeal of the children, never more widely felt than in our own day, the insufficiency of utter abandonment to the æsthetic appreciation of Nature, the imagery drawn at once from the altar and the mother, these further three are still more representative of modern interests, problems and solutions.

Similarly, the fourth great stanza. The failure of impersonal idealism, the dank stagnation of that peculiarly modern tendency to self-analysis, and the domination over all of the Figure whom all science and philosophy seek to explain—the only efficacy of the Victim, this Saving Victim, find here their fit and true expression.

The strength of this synthesis lies in its comprehension that love of Nature, home life and idealism are not separated from, but included in, the Christ-life.

"All which thy child's mistake
Fancies as lost, I have stored for thee at home."

And if the solution of the last stanza be not always acceptable to all, if it be the ever-old yet ever-new experiencing of Love Incarnate and Purpureal, if it hint at the unsatisfying nature of all other things that pass away, then is it not true to say that this ode is of all modern compositions typically and synthetically representative of our day?

Thompson was a close student and admirer of that Spanish genius, St John of the Cross, who, as he admiringly notes, not only lived a life of the utmost activity, but, in addition, threw off, as by-products thereof, treatises and

poems which have never failed to impress those who have

closely studied them.

Amongst the poems of St John of the Cross is a little group called "Ecstasy of Contemplation," and of these one offers a singular parallel and contrast to the "Hound of Heaven." This poem consists of five short stanzas, and the first remarkable parallel and contrast with Thompson is this, that whereas the latter's root figure and conception is of Heaven as the hound, and Man as the prey, Divine Love as the pursuer and human love its destined prey, in St John of the Cross exactly the same characters are used, but their relationship is reversed, that is, Man becomes the pursuer and Divine Love the prey; Man becomes the unwearied seeker and Heaven the far-off yet not unapproachable quarry. In both cases the action of the poem turns upon a flight, and though the Spanish stanzas are more concentrated than in Thompson, who has behind him the rich resources of a science\* and art undreamt of by the saint, yet it would not be impossible nor uninteresting to point out the closeness of the underlying theory of the spiritual life in both.

In an act of daring love
And not of hope abandoned,
I mounted higher and higher,
So that I came in sight of the prey

When I ascended higher
My sight grew faint and dim,
And my greatest conquest
Was in the darkness made;
But as my love was strong
Blindly forth I leapt,
I mounted higher and higher,
So that I came in sight of the prey.

\*Thompson's medical studies yielded him his "hearted casements curtained red" of the heart, "arrased with purple like the house of Kings."

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But the nearer that I drew
In this act sublime,
The more lowly, base, and vile
And humiliated I grew;
I said "None can reach it;"
And abasing myself more and more
I mounted higher and higher,
So that I came in sight of the prey.\*

It may be that in the "Hound of Heaven" we have a fuller and more vitalizing statement of the case, for there equal emphasis is laid both upon the flight and the pursuit, while in St John of the Cross the activity of the heavenly prey is less manifest. This, no doubt, is due to the extension of our conception of the immanence and humanity, if we may reverently so say, of God—it is God's immanence which everywhere pervades Thompson's poetry, while in his Spanish forerunner it is the awful transcendence and inapprehensibility of the Creator which is uppermost in mind. Neither is unmindful of the truth which he nevertheless leaps beyond, and therefore we may fittingly regard the two poems as complementary one to the other, and in any case their evident relationship is highly significant.

It is not a little remarkable that at the time Thompson was constructing the rich harmonies of the "Hound of Heaven" he was also composing the melodies, varied,

sweet and gay, of Sister Songs.

In this offering to two sisters, in song that "falls precipitant in dizzying streams," he tells how in Spring all nature, seen and unseen, joined him in welcoming the young Sylvia. The season wakens him to joy:

From its red leash my heart strains tamelessly
For Spring leaps in the womb of the young year!
Mark yonder, how the long laburnum drips
Its jocund spilth of fire, its honey of wild flame!
Song falls precipitant in dizzying streams.

<sup>\*</sup> David Lewis's translation is instinct with feeling and understanding, but it does not pretend to be poetry in its English form.

Then, Spring's little children, your lauds do ye upraise To Sylvia, O Sylvia, her sweet, feat ways! Your lovesome labours lay away,

And trick you out in holiday, For syllabling to Sylvia;

And all you birds on branches, lave your mouths with May, To bear with me this burthen For singing to Sylvia.

It is no wonder that to such an entrancing invitation all Spring's little children join him in singing to Sylvia. And first the leaves and flowers their songs upraise.

The leaves dance, the leaves sing, The leaves dance in the breath of the Spring,

I bid them dance, I bid them sing, For the limpid glance Of my ladyling,

For the gift to the Spring of a dewier spring, For God's good grace of this ladyling.

While thus he stood, "in mazes bound of vernal sorcery," a new enchantment breaks upon his ear. Instruments of unearthly beauty yet of earthly joy make music unto Sylvia; and so charmed, arise all the fair elves of earth, the very air fills with languorous, fluctuous forms of colours lovely to behold,

They would glow enamouredly,
Illustrious sanguine, like a grape of blood;
Or with mantling poetry
Curd to the tincture which the opal hath
Like rainbows thawing in a moonbeam bath.

The flowers and fairy elves of the field, with the Hours and Dryades of the air, having assembled to this sweet music, they gather round the Spring:

Where its umbrage was enrooted, Sat white suited, Sat, green-amiced, and bare-footed, Spring, amid her minstrelsy.

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Sown like flowers around the lovely Spring are children yet more lovely, and in their midst is she in whose honour all this wondrous choir has assembled. The sight of his dear Sylvia recalls to the poet the dark days into which she came and gained the castle of his heart with a kiss. In gratitude to the child, therefore, who has restored to him his vanished hopes and near forgotten bliss, he beseeches of Spring a blessing for Sylvia. Spring shall take her for ever into her retinue and the soul of the poet shall follow her "like to the sign which led the Israelite," until she search

With auspice large and tutelary gleams Appointed solemn courts and covenanted streams.

But if in the first part Thompson sings in ecstasy, what shall describe the soaring of the second? For to his "vaporous dreams" "the elder nursling of the nest" has come.

Kindling a wraith there of earth's vernal green.

Even so as I have seen
In night's aerial sea with no wind blust'rous
A ribbèd tract of cloudy malachite

Curve a shored crescent wide;
And on its slope marge shelving to the night
The stranded moon lay quivering like a lustrous

Medusa newly washed up from the tide,
Lay in an oozy pool of its own deliquious light.

And as the first has missioned to his pain, so Monica rescued him from yet another care. For Thompson's earliest youth had been spent in a passionate pursuit of a Beauty ever eluding his grasp. Not the visible tangible beauty of Nature, not the visible worshipful beauty of Woman's queenly form, but an invisible, intangible, inapprehensible Beauty was what he sought and knew his seeking vain. No poet has beaten so painfully against the cagebars of the flesh; no poet has been so sore smitten with the loneliness of life, no worshipper has been so humbled before the unincarnate God. So must his life, he knew, be unshared of man or woman, he is "rapt towards that bodiless paramour," and ruthlessly he figures it:

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So—in the inextinguishable wars
Which roll song's Orient on the sullen night
Whose ragged banners in their own despite
Take on the tinges of the hated light,—
So Sultan Phoebus has his Janizars.

Into these uncompanioned days Monica came, since when the very hours tread sweet memories of her; and yet so humbled is he at the thought of the soul within her form, at the Reality and Beauty of which she was but a partial expression, that he likens his state to one in a mirage. The simile yields him one of the most beautiful passages in the poem.

As an Arab journeyeth
Through a sand of Ayaman,
Lean Thirst, lolling its cracked tongue,
Lagging by his side along;
And a rusty wingèd Death
Grating its low flight before,
Casting ribbed shadows o'er
The blank desert, blank and tan;

He lifts by hap towards where the morning's roots are

His weary stare—
Sees, although they plashless mutes are,
Set in a silver air
Fountains of gelid shoots are
Making the daylight fairest fair;
Sees the palm and tamarind
Tangle the tresses of a phantom wind;—

A sight like innocence when one has sinned!
A green and maiden freshness smiling there,
While with unblinking glare

The tawny hided desert crouches watching her.

'Tis a vision:
Yet the greeneries Elysian
He has known in tracts afar;
Thus the enamouring fountains flow
Those the very palms that grow
By rare gummed Sava or Herbalimar.

Such a watered dream has tarried Trembling on my desert arid.

The thought that the uttermost beauty is beyond his earthly reach now suggests to him a yet more daring and profound idea—the child girl before him is a child woman; there, imprisoned in a cell frail yet fast, the young sex lies brooding. This is the climax of his song.

The mystery can be but allied to other world shaking mysteries and with a penetration possible only to a poet, yet with a more than Oriental mysticism he pours image upon image, this hidden sex is like the embryo scholar in the young child's shackles—this hidden sex is a kingly minor, a ruler taking rule of the ruled; this hidden sex is analogous only to the Incarnation!

Whose sex is in thy soul!
What think we of thy soul?
Which has no parts, and cannot grow,
Unfurlèd not from an embryo;
Born of full stature, lineal to control;
And yet a pigmy's yoke must undergo.
Yet must keep pace and tarry, patient, kind,
With its unwilling scholar, the dull tardy mind.

The heavens decree
All power fulfil itself as soul in thee.
For supreme Spirit subject was to clay,
And Law from its own servants learned a law,
And Light besought a lamp unto its way,
And Awe was reined in awe
At one small house in Nazareth;
And Golgotha
Saw Breath to breathlessness resign its breath,

So is all power, as soul, in thee increased!

And Life do homage for its crown to death.

Such outstanding passages as these naturally turn our attention to the mystical element in Thompson's poetry and life. Yet, at a time when the mystical bases of life are being too curiously examined and debased in the interests of journalism, it will be well to avoid labelling him or any other Catholic as a "mystic," or regarding Thompson's

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life as an appendix to James's Varieties of Religious Experience.

His life was, and his works are, penetrated, suffused, saturated and substantiated by a consciousness of the supernatural, of the symbolic mystery of life, of the secret affinities between stone and star which are not to be lightly defined but rather felt, lived and realized. Nevertheless, although mysticism has its field in every human heart, the instinct which orientates the heart to that love and search for the Absolute immanent in Nature and Man, and transcendent and personal in God, is intensified into a master principle in artists, musicians, poets and saints whom alike we call "mystics." To them, and especially is this observable in Thompson, the world and human life are crammed with Heaven and aflame with God. Their regard for Nature is, therefore, not for the unknowable, but rather for what is felt to be the indefinitely knowable, offering to Reason the marvellous hope that we may know her in her furthest depths.

O blessed Sun, thy state
Uprisen or derogate
Dafts me no more with doubt; I seek and find.

The ecstasy or inspiration wherein poetry is born enables the poet, when he returns to the world of sense and time, to see Nature and life anew, under a heightened imagination, whence flow his fervent periods and soaring images. But the mystic, the Catholic mystic Thompson, is able to do more than this, to do more than record in outward form of verse, music or art experiences so subtly spiritual; he is able to live in the intervals between these rare moments of vision. To the poet life is full of visions, to the mystic it is one Vision. By itself, poetic activity is soon prostrated in compassing the Infinite and the actual present. Religious mysticism carries with it a reserve of strength to bear the normal as well as the supra normal life. It is this which generates sanctity. Thompson was both a poet and a Tertiary of St Francis. In Sight and Insight (originally called Mystical Poems), as well as in his

two earlier volumes we find not only the power of synthesis which is possible to poetry but also the power of stability, evidence of strength to live the common life, which is the power of sanctity. This will be more fully revealed

when his life is published.

Moreover, since the mystical life is the sympathetic approach to God the Absolute and Good, in which the imagination must help reason, that life will largely rest on symbols and the symbolic in Nature, Life and the Church, and rather than attempt to define the Infinite it will prefer to attain an incommunicable union therewith,

Pass the gates of Luthany, tread the region Elenore.

But it is impossible in a short essay to do justice to a poet so rich in images, so magnificent in rhyme, so moving in melody and so high in harmony. Of the lovely sketch of the unconsciousness of the poet's art; of the pageant of words in which he describes his freighted poesy sinking down the sea to the haven of her heart; of the king to come who shall claim that heart his own, we cannot now speak, for we would wish to leave to our readers an assured delight in personal loitering in this enchanted land. Here, at least, Thompson more than touches Blake in reverential tenderness; more than touches Wordsworth in mystic adoration; more than touches Patmore in sweet allegiance to the child. Criticism may grieve that in both Sister Songs the joyous offering has its thorn of reminiscence dark, but it cannot fail to rejoice that by that thorn the rose is safest seen.

Now pass your ways, fair birds, and pass your ways
If you will;

I have you through the days! You are mine through the times!

I have caught you fast for ever in a tangle of sweet rhymes.

Attention has already been called to the sense of loneliness which finds such sad expression in Thompson's poems on children. This sense of loneliness, though in part due to the vain pursuit of invisible spiritual beauty, was in part also the expression of that moral and intellectual

struggle recorded in the "Hound of Heaven." In his last volume Thompson reveals the issue. A Catholic and a mystic, it was inevitable that the omnipresence of God should call from him an ascessis and a discipline of the severest kind, if he were to obtain illumination and union. It is therefore not surprising to find remarkable expressions

of this both in his prose and poetry.

That the excellences of the intellectual life are obtained only by measured control of the physical and semirational is a truism; that the excellences of the moral life are obtained only by measured control of the passions and will is matter of common experience; that the excellences and highest bliss of the spiritual life are obtainable only by an absolute self mastery and self renunciation is a Gospel precept accepted only by much prayer and fasting. Yet, quite apart from Biblical and medieval proof, it would be comparatively easy to demonstrate in modern poetry-say in Wordsworth, Tennyson and Browning—the fundamental importance of this fact. Each of these poets speaks in no uncertain voice of a phase of spiritual experience commonly known as purgation; each of these poets unhesitatingly assents to the doctrine of a discipline, in short, to ascesis.

In Thompson the practice of asceticism was deliberately accepted and deliberately expounded in heroic prose and subtle verse, expounded in full harmony with the teaching of those saints whose poetry he proclaims so well in his essay on Shelley. *Health and Holiness*, his "study of the relations beween Brother Ass, the Body, and his Rider, the Soul," has its counterpart in the "Mistress of Vision," and the two titles, like all his titles, have a very

special significance.

For Thompson is concerned with the clamant cry of the body's rights. In the extremity of its reaction against medieval asceticism the Body has boldly challenged not only the claims but the very existence of the Soul its Rider, and Thompson cannot but own that modern physiology sustains the claims of the Ass, even suggesting that "impoverished blood may mean impoverished virtue."

"In truth," says Thompson, himself quoting from a wise Jesuit Father of his own day, "in truth, Health may

be no mean part of Holiness."

Does this therefore mean that we neither need nor have our austerities? No, replies our poet. We have to remember that our forefathers were lusty men of quite another generation who needed austerities suited to their hardihood; we, on the other hand, "find our austerities ready made." "The east wind has replaced the discipline, dyspepsia the hair shirt—the pride of life is no more: to live is itself an ascetic exercise. Man is his own mortification. Hamlet has increased and multiplied and his seed fill the land, but in those days, there were giants in those days: they turned anchorites in the English country, the English fens, among the English fogs and raw blasts, among all the horrors of an English summer."

But if the externals of ascesis have changed, "science has refastened the discipline upon us in the terrible laws of heredity, has sworn with Scripture that our fathers' sins we bear, even we of the fourth generation." Externals may change, but in its essence asceticism is inevitable, inexorable. "The task is not now to make the spirit take up its load but to constrain our weak, dastardly and selfish bodies to assume theirs, and to strengthen the will is the

crying need of our uncourageous day."

And will such discipline diminish activity? Thompson scorns the question and flings out the reply, "The energy of the saints has left everywhere its dents upon the world. St Augustine rose to literary majesty and authentic immortality only when he rose to sanctity, yet those works which still defy time were the mere by-products of an active episcopal life. So incidental was the 'Hymn to the Sun,' so incidental to a life of strenuous activities were the unforgotten treasures of the literature of the saints. For holiness energizes, holiness quickens. 'We are always young,' said the Egyptian priests to the Greek emissaries, and the saints might repeat the boast did they not disdain boasting."

But in the "Mistress of Vision" this God-smitten poet

gave his practice and his preaching a yet greater expression. In melody comparable only to Coleridge's he describes the goal of his desire, the way thereto and the conditions of initiation:

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Secret was the garden;
Set i' the pathless awe,
Where no star its breath can draw,
Life, that is its warden,
Sits behind the fosse of death. Mine eyes saw not, and I saw.

XIV.

On Golgotha there grew a thorn Round the long-prefigured Brows. Mourn, O mourn! For the vine, have we the spine? Is this all the Heaven allows?

xv.

On Calvary was shook a spear;
Press the point into thy heart—
Joy and fear!
All the spines upon the thorn into curling tendrils start!

XIX.

Where is the land of Luthany, Where is the tract of Elenore? I am bound therefor.

XX.

Pierce thy heart to find the key;
With thee take
Only what none else would keep,
Learn to dream when thou dost wake,
Learn to wake when thou dost sleep,
Learn to water joy with tears,
Learn from fears to vanquish fears;
To hope, for thou dar'st not despair,
Exult, for that thou dar'st not grieve;
Plough thou the rock until it bear;

Die, for none other way canst live.
When earth and heaven lay down their veil,
And that apocalypse turns thee pale;
When thy seeing blindeth thee
To what thy fellow mortals see;
When their sight to thee is sightless;
Their living, death; their light, most lightless;
Search no more—

Pass the gates of Luthany, tread the region Elenore.

Here, then, is a gospel of stark renunciation: companionless must he be who treads the land of Luthany, blind to the world's vision who seeks the tract of Elenore, pressing thorns into his brow and a spear into his heart, giving up life and friends most dear for a reward which when obtained cannot be shared, for each must seek and attain alone, alone in the night of forebeing.

It is in this poem, therefore, that Thompson again proves both his lineage from Crashaw and his affinity with St John of the Cross, and it will eventually rank beside the "Hound of Heaven" for spiritual poten-

tiality.

But though this is the dominant aspect of Thompson's work, and one with which any first survey of it must be concerned, yet there are further and more varied treasures in these small volumes. There is a whole range of poems dealing with Nature; Odes to the Sun, Songs of the Clouds, stately Anthems of Earth, and Chants of the Autumn and Snowflake. Then there is a further fascinating series of poems, great in form and pregnant in substance, dealing with the Mother and Child, whose names are Love and Blessed, while many a graceful lyric, sonnet, or fragment preserves a poetic representation of some scientific truth; but since our present aim has been primarily expository of his best, and only secondarily critical and analytical, perhaps the fittest conclusion is his own last poem, which does but concentrate in a few brief stanzas the one truth in, through and for which he lived.

IN NO STRANGE LAND

"The Kingdom of God is within you."
O world invisible, we view thee,
O world intangible, we touch thee,
O world unknowable, we know thee,
Inapprehensible, we clutch thee!

Does the fish soar to find the ocean, The eagle plunge to find the air— That we ask of the stars in motion If they have rumour of thee there?

Not where the wheeling systems darken, And our benumbed conceiving soars— The drift of pinions, would we hearken, Beats at our own clay-shuttered doors.

The angels keep their ancient places; Turn but a stone, and start a wing! 'Tis ye, 'tis your estrangèd faces, That miss the many-splendoured thing.

But (when so sad thou canst not sadder)
Cry;—and upon thy so sore loss
Shall shine the traffic of Jacob's ladder
Pitched betwixt Heaven and Charing Cross.

Yea, in the night, my Soul, my daughter, Cry,—clinging Heaven by the hems; And lo, Christ walking on the water Not of Genesareth, but Thames!

ALBERT A. COCK

#### SOME MODERN MARTYRS

SUPPOSE very few people realize in how short a time the French Revolution developed the anti-Christian character which it has preserved ever since. Certainly there was nothing irreligious in its inception. The summoning of the States General of the Kingdom was a vindication of popular rights which had come down from the Ages of Faith. Their solemn opening was hallowed by the most august act of Catholic worship. The demands for reform in Church and State made by the Cahiers were congruous with the first principles of religion and morality. It was not until the middle of July (12-14) 1789 that the Revolutionary movement stood self-revealed in its true character. The 14th of July was marked by the capture of the royal fortress of the Bastille and the assassination of its little garrison—a cowardly crime which not only went unpunished but was exalted by the popular imagination into an act of heroism, and is still glorified as such by a national fête. It was the beginning of the revolt against ordered government which was to lay the French Monarchy in the dust, and to issue in "red ruin and the breaking up of laws." And it was distinctly and directly anti-Christian. In France, as in the rest of Christendom, the precepts: "Fear God," "Honour the King," were revered as resting upon the same divine authority. Obedience to the powers that be was regarded as a religious duty—not indeed the passive obedience preached by the Anglican clergy, under the Stuarts, but the rationabile obsequium inculcated by the great Catholic moralists.\*

<sup>\*</sup> St Thomas Aquinas defines a tyrannical government as one which is ordained (ordinatur) for the private benefit of the ruler to the detriment of the community, and lays it down that resistance to such a government is not sedition, provided that it does not involve evils greater than those which it seeks to remedy. (Summa, 2, 2, q. 42, a. 2 ad 3.) He points out also that where the ruler bears sway in virtue of a constitutional pact—which was the case in most medieval governments, as the coronation offices (our own for exam-

The taking of the Bastille was a denial of the duty of civil obedience, the proclamation of a so-called right of insurrection—a "sacred" right it is sometimes denominated

by politicians to whom little else is sacred.

But still more directly and avowedly anti-Christian was the attack of the Revolutionary mob upon St Lazar on July 12. The Bastille had an ugly record: and might well have seemed a monument of self-condemned tyranny. Very different was it as regards St Lazar. Nothing but hatred of the Catholic religion could have prompted the raid upon the house of St Vincent of Paul: an institution which was one of the vastest agencies of beneficence in France, or, indeed, in the world: an institution existing chiefly for the people, and assuredly not tainted by the misuse of public authority or by the abuses of arbitrary power. A century and a half before the French Revolution broke out, St Vincent of Paul had accepted this disused hospital for lepers as a home for his congregation. During that century and a half his work had marvellously prospered. In 1788 his congregation had seventy-seven houses in France, five in Poland, fifty-six in Italy, Spain and Portugal. So much for Europe. In Asia they were dotted about from Constantinople to Pekin. In Algiers and Tunis his priests were to be found by the side of the galley slaves held in bitter bondage in those countries. In France the number of charitable institutions when the Revolution broke out was immense. There was hardly a parish which had not some foundation for the relief of its indigent, some Hôtel Dieu served by the brothers or sisters, or ladies of charity, of St Vincent of Paul. Then again there were the Foundling Hospitals, the homes for young girls who had gone astray, for widows and virgins who wished, without formal vows, to devote themselves to the service of the poor, for the insane, the blind and the incurable.

The centre of all this good work was the vast enclosure

ple) sufficiently witnessed—breach of that pact entitled his subjects to depose him (De Regimine Principum lib. 1, c. 6). The teaching of Suarez in the third book of his Defensio Fidei Catholicæ is similar.

known as St Lazar, where there were some four hundred residents-priests, novices, young students in philosophy or theology, forty-eight laics and some pensioners. It was under the rule of a Superior General who shared fully in the laborious and ascetic life of the rest, his sole privilege being to entertain two poor men, one on each side of him, at dinner. Side by side with the habitation of these religious, was the dwelling of the Sisters of Charity, who were under their direction—they were some hundred and fifty, with ninety postulants. On the night of July 12 revolutionary violence invaded this peaceful home of religion and charity. Two hundred ruffians armed with poniards, guns, lances, hatchets, broke open the principal door of the house and began to devastate the place, encouraging one another by the cry, "Comrades, liberty." After some hours of aimless and wanton destruction these missionaries of liberty made their way to the refectory. Having devoured all the food on which they could lay hands there, they proceeded to despoil that noble hall, cutting to pieces the hundred and sixty portraits of benefactors with which it was hung, and destroying the windows, the woodwork and the furniture. Thence they betook themselves to the library, where fifty thousand volumes were hacked to pieces by them. The treasures of the museum then engaged their attention and anything capable of being stolen was purloined. The room in which St Vincent de Paul lived and died was next invaded: the cherished memorials of him were dispersed,\* and his statue was broken in pieces. At ten o'clock in the morning the missionaries of liberty invented a pretext for their atrocities in the assertion that the congregation had stores of concealed grain—an allegation for which, as was abundantly proved, there was no shadow of foundation.

We may regard, then, as it seems to me, the attack upon St Lazar as the first overt act of war by the Revolution upon the Catholic Church. And I would beg of my readers

\*On July 14 many of the relics which had been thrown into the street and courtyard were recovered.

to remember-what is forgotten or ignored by most historians-that it was just this furious hatred of the Catholic Church, this blind zeal, this mad rage for persecuting her, which was the distinctive mark, the special note of the Revolution from 1789 to 1799. Bishop Cousseau was not wrong when he called the authors of the Civil Constitution the elder brothers of the murderers of September. During those ten years there were diversities of operation but the same spirit. To eradicate the Catholic religion from France was the supreme end. For this object the Legislative and Constituent Assemblies set up a schismatic Church, requiring adhesion to it under penalties. The Convention did not want any Church at all. After a series of anti-religious measures, they addressed to the Communes suggestions for the cessation of public worship and, of course, received the answers they desired. Of the exploits of the Convention in promoting the cult of the Goddess of Reason and in receiving the abjuration of Gobel and his company, I need not speak. But I may just touch on their legislation for furthering the apostasy of the poor remnant of the Constitutional clergy. On November 12, 1793, they passed a decree authorizing the constituted authorities to receive from any minister of any cult a renunciation of his ministry, and by another decree of November 30, 1793, they made a pecuniary provision for the apostates. In the French Revolution the political question fell altogether into insignificance by the side of the religious. The dechristianization of France was the dominant idea to which all the powers of the State were unscrupulously devoted until the fall of the Directory. The idea was not realized in spite of guillotine, military commissions, deportations, drownings and numberless other horrors. The fiendish persecution extending through ten miserable years failed. The gates of hell did not prevail.

The details of this life and death struggle are not given with adequate fullness in any of the formal histories of the French Revolution. A few lines, or it may be a page or two, have been devoted by some to certain of the more colossal atrocities, such as the massacre at the Carmes, the

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savageries of Fouché and Collot d'Herbois, or the atrocious tortures inflicted on priests deported to the Isle of Oléron and French Guiana, but the main story is left untold, of hellish cruelty on the one hand, of divine heroism on the other. We turn in vain to Thiers, Mignet, Louis Blanc, Lamartine, Michelet, for the history of the persecution of Catholicism. Instead of facts, they present us with excuses, legends, and, I fear I must say, lies. M. Biré has truly observed that more is to be learnt on this subject from the few pages of Balzac's Un Episode sous la Terreur than from the whole of their volumes. We find the real history of those times, written as with blood and tears, in documents such as those preserved for us in Bishop Baruel's edifying book, in the pages of Bishop Jauffret's Mémoires, or in the venerable Abbé Carron's most pathetic volumes. It has however been thought that a general and, as far as possible, complete martyrology of the Catholics who suffered during the French Revolution should be compiled. And what Catholic can but feel strong sympathy with this aspiration? "Pretiosa in conspectu Domini mors sanctorum ejus." And assuredly the histories of those heroes of the faith, resisting unto blood, should be precious to us, whose dearest possession is the faith for which they counted not their life dear.

But the foundation of this so desirable work must be sought in local memoirs, diocesan monographs, and the like; and with the sanction and encouragement of many of the Bishops of France a beginning has been made. Thus, the Abbé Delarc has given us an admirable volume, L'Église de Paris pendant la Révolution française (1789-1801). The Abbé Odon has written a pathetic and edifying account of the martyrdom of the Carmelites of Compiégne. M. Lallié has published a most praiseworthy work, Le Diocèse de Nantes pendant la Révolution, in the course of which he sketches the instructive career of M. Julien Minée, the constitutional Bishop of the Loire Inférieure. The Abbé Bourgain's L'Église d'Angers pendant la Révolution consists of fourteen conferences and has all the vigour, the actuality, which should characterize that kind of composition. The

Abbé Bossard has given us a new chapter in the Acts of the Vendean Martyrs. M. l'Abbé Bauzon and M. l'Abbé Muguet have collected authentic details of the persecution in the Department of Saone-et-Loire; and M. Anatole Charmasse has supplied a pendant to this work in his biography of Gouttes, constitutional Bishop of that region, who is traditionally believed to have had the grace, before he was guillotined, to retract his adhesion to the Civil Constitution and to reconcile himself with the Church. To the history of the diocese of Saint Brieuc during the Revolution, two volumes have been furnished by an episcopal Commission. It is a subject of peculiar interest, because Brittany had the bad eminence of being foremost in receiving the ideas of the Revolution and in devising refinements of cruelty against the orthodox priests. The life and death of the Abbé Talhouët have been treated by M. Goeffroy in a fascinating study, to which he has given the title of Un Curé d'autrefois. We owe to the Abbé J. P. G. Blanchet a graphic account of the clergy of the Department de la Charente during the Revolution, and to the Abbé Justin Gary,\* what he calls a Notice sur le clergé de Cahors pendant la Révolution. The history of the Ursulines of Bordeaux during the Terror and under the Directory has been written by the Abbé H. Lelièvre in a volume of singular power.

I have been led to enumerate the twelve books mentioned in the preceding paragraph, not because they are superior in interest and importance to many others of the kind, but because they have been briefly reviewed in M. Biré's Le Clergé de France pendant la Révolution 1789-1799, a work to which I wish to call attention both because of its intrinsic merits, and of its modest dimensions. The extracts from the publications with which it deals are full of the most pathetic interest, and it may serve to send some readers to the sources from which it is drawn—readers who will realize the truth of the proverb, "Melius est petere fontes quam sectari rivulos." I shall proceed to quote a

few pages from it.

\*The Abbé Gary's work is a republication, with valuable additions, of the Abbé Floras' Mémoire.

First take the following account of the murder of the Abbé Belouart, who suffered, like the early martyrs, for the Name of Jesus:

On January 6, 1796, he was apprehended and shut up in a chapel whence, when the night was well advanced, they took him into a neighbouring field, where they massacred him with their bayonets. All his body was so pierced with bayonet thrusts in the back, head, sides, and belly that his entrails fell out. When the wretches heard him utter the names of Jesus and Mary they cried, "Ah le sacré b——, he pronounces the name of Jesus. Give it to him with your bayonet." According to the report of his murderers, the more he uttered the name of Jesus the more thrusts of the bayonet did he receive. In conducting him to the place of his punishment they all had lighted candles as a token of their triumph.

Next, let me speak of another priest to whom fell the rare distinction of being guillotined in his sacerdotal vesture. On February 21, 1794, as he was about to say Mass, and had put on his chasuble, he was seized by some "patriots," and his butchers insisted that he should die in his vestments. He was dragged round the town, amid the sobs and tears of the faithful, and when he had arrived before the scaffold he crossed himself and began the Psalm, *Introibo ad altare Dei*. It is worth while to quote six lines of a very beautiful sonnet which Louis Veuillot has consecrated to his memory:

L'échafaud attendait. La canaille féroce Veut qu'avant d'y monter, l'homme du sacerdoce Prenne l'habit sacré. Cet ordre est obéi.

Le prêtre alors, signant son front de patriarche, Tranquille, met le pied sur la première marche, Et dit: *Introibo ad altare Dei*.

Surely this is a scene which ought never to be forgotten. I will now briefly relate the martyrdom of six Ursulines of Bordeaux—an episode of the persecution in that city. Anne Gassiot, in religion Sister Saint Ursula, had been professed seven years when the delegates of the municipality invited her to take advantage of the "beneficent" decree of

the Legislative, enabling her to quit the religious life. But, like the other thirty-nine Ursulines of the Community of Bordeaux, she did not wish to avail herself of this privilege. On October 1, 1792, however, she was turned out of her convent, with the other religious, and took refuge in the house of the Abbé Boyé, who was then administering the diocese. She undertook the dangerous and difficult task of carrying his correspondence. She also undertook the task, hardly less perilous, of messenger of the Association for the Adoration of the Sacred Heart. Two "patriots" denounced her.

She was arrested and imprisoned, and, together with five other religious, was brought before a military commission. This is an extract from the official record of her

trial.

The Commission after hearing the answers of the accused and

the different documents regarding them,

Convinced that the women Briolle, Maret, Dumeau, Gassiot, Lebret and Girot have assisted, in various private houses, at religious services conducted by refractory priests, that notwithstanding the efforts of the tribunal and the means of persuasion employed by it, they have declared in open court, that they have heard the mass of the said priests, and know where they are, but will not say:

Convinced that in all respects they ought to be classed as counter revolutionists and accomplices of perfidious priests, the

most cruel and dangerous enemies of the country:

Orders that in accordance with the law of the 27th of March and that of the 29th of Ventose they shall suffer the pain of death, declares their goods confiscated to the benefit of the Republic, and directs that the present judgment shall be executed forthwith on the Place Nationale of this Commune.

A few minutes after this sentence was pronounced Anne Gassiot and her companions appeared on the place of execution. Their faces were irradiated by a peace and gladness not of this world. It was that celestial light, unknown to Pagan antiquity and reserved for Christian centuries. "Ibant gaudentes a conspectu consilii quoniam digni habiti sunt pro nomine Jesu contumeliam pati." On ascending the Rue Bouffard the six victims intoned Veni

Creator Spiritus. Arrived at the Place Nationale they lifted their eyes and saw the cleaver of the guillotine shining in the rays of the sun. It was five o'clock in the evening—"in tempore sacrificii vespertini." Neither their heart nor their voice failed them. To the hymn Veni Creator succeeded the antiphon, so dear to St Theresa and to Angela Merici. Salve Regina began one of the martyrs, and the rest took it up: mater miserecordiae vita dulcedo et spes nostra salve. The words ceased as one head fell after another: and then some "patriots" clapped their hands

and shouted Vive la République.

I must not omit to put before my readers an instance of a kind of torture often ending in madness and death, which was specially affected by the Directory, and which was inflicted upon hundreds of priests, innocent of any crime save that of refusing to deny Christ. Towards the end of May 1794 a great number of ecclesiastics of the diocese of Angoulême were brought to Rochefort and huddled together, with several hundreds of clerics from other departments, on two rafts or pontoons where they endured unimaginable horrors. One of them, the Abbé de Féletz, who did not succumb to his tortures, eventually became a member of the French Academy, and M. Desiré Nisard, who, upon his decease, succeeded to his fauteuil, spoke of this episode of his career in admirable words,\* which I will translate, however inadequately.

The Convention had wished to appropriate the punishment to the condition of the victims. Of the priests huddled together on board the Two Associates and the Washington, it made so many martyrs. During the day it penned them on half of the deck which was separated by a grating from the crew. This was their yard. There, with the mouths of cannon charged with grape shot continually pointed at them, on foot, without tables, without seats, without books—even their manuals of devotion had been taken from them—overwhelmed by cold, hunger, inaction, spied upon, insulted, and, under pretext of plotting, searched by the cupidity of their gaolers, as though their clothes in rags could

<sup>•</sup>M. Biré justly remarks "Cette belle page académique est une belle page d'histoire."

conceal anything but their nudity-all this suffering appeared to them as a deliverance compared with what awaited them at night. The night was eleven hours long: eleven hours which they were obliged to pass in a between decks five feet high where the air and the light penetrated only by two hatches. Planks adjusted all round, breast high, served for beds to a certain number of them. Others slept below, and on the bare floor. The rest piled themselves up, some on the middle of the between decks, in closely packed lines, spread out on the side, for want of room: others in hammocks each containing two men, and hanging close to the faces of those who lay below. The vision which the affrighted imagination presents of such an agglomeration of men in so small a space, men many of whom were infirm and nearly all ill, what picture could equal? The régime of the hulks at Rochefort was that of a negro slaver, with this difference, that the owners were in a hurry to throw their cargo into the sea. As soon as each, crawling, had dragged himself to his place, often the officer on duty would appear at the entry of the dungeon, lantern in hand, pushing before him into the gulf some new prisoner, whom he would pleasantly counsel to lie across the others, promising him the first place that a dead man should vacate. The poor wretch had not long to wait. In those endless nights how often would piercing cries, and a noise of people who seemed to be scuffling in the darkness below, announce that delirium had converted into a raging lunatic one who had perhaps been the quietest and most resigned of those sufferers! So, often, began an illness on board the hulks at Rochefort; and it did not last long. Happy were they who escaped by a sudden death the tender mercies of the infirmarians of the Convention. Instances were not unfrequent. One night M. de Féletz felt a head pressing on him more heavily than usual, and gently asked his neighbour to move a little; but no notice was taken. He then supposed that the man was asleep and said nothing more, not wishing to rob the poor wretch of this short respite. Next morning when the first rays of light penetrated by the hatches, he understood that his shoulder had served all night as a funeral pillow for a corpse. The invalids among the deported were placed on the boats of the two rafts, where the cold, the water which soaked their wretched couches, the rolling, the want of help, soon brought them to their end. Every time one of them died, a flag was hoisted on the boat and the crew, thus informed that the Republic counted an enemy the less, shouted, hat in hand, Vive la République. Hardly a day passed

but that some boats carried off one or more dead to the Isle of Aix which had become the cemetery of the deportes. Sometimes there were as many as fourteen of them in less than two days. Those who were strong dug with their hands the ditches in the sand of the shore, and the dead were deposited there in silence, without any external signs of religion, without a prayer.\*

I will end my citations with an extract from the Abbé Sicard's book Les Evêques pendant la Révolution giving a graphic account of an ordination in 1800 by Mgr d'Aviau, Archbishop of Vienne. From 1797 this holy and devoted prelate had been visiting his desolate diocese-they were four years of a truly apostolic life, of journeys by night, of perpetual hiding, of constant watching. On one occasion, we read, the Archbishop and his companion arrived in the late evening at a château near Briançon, and the domestic taking them from their garb for beggars, lodged them in a hayloft, but being led to suspect from the length and fervour of their prayers that they were priests, went to tell the châtelaine about them. She begged them to come to her, and after a curious interrogation discovered who they were, and threw herself at the feet of the Archbishop, thanking God for sending her such a guest.

It was at Monestière, in the mountains of the Ardéche, that the ordination took place, the time being the dead of night, and the place the barn of the presbytery, the walls of which had been covered with some rough hangings. There the young men who sought to dedicate themselves to the ministry, received sacred orders from the hands of the venerable and much tried pastor, who addressed them as

follows:

My dear children, if ever vocation was inspired from on high is it not yours? Is it not God Himself who has called you? Is it not He who has put into your heart this generous resolution? Oh, surely flesh and blood have nothing to do here to-day. What should they seek in the sanctuary? There are no more riches, no more benefices, no more honours. The temples have been devastated, the altars broken down, the priests imprisoned, banished, slaugh-

<sup>\*</sup> Quoted by M. Biré, pp. 307-310. 288

tered. Nay, what do I say? The scaffold still stands ready, the prisons are crowded with ecclesiastics, the land of exile has not given us back our banished ones. These locks, these chains, these blood-stained axes, have they no terror for you?\*

No! these things had no terror for those young Christian athletes, to whom the measure of all things was the Cross of Christ. They had looked them in the face. And it is well that we, too, should look them in the face, and realize what the French Revolution was—what it is. Yes: is. "Marvel not my brethren," an Apostle exhorted, "if the world hate you." The French Revolution is but an expression of that hatred, the bitterest, the most venomous. The ethos of the men in power to-day in France is precisely that of their predecessors at whose deeds we have been glancing. They boast themselves the representatives of "the giants of 1793," † and if they have not as yet been able to emulate the exploits of those heroes, may they not fairly plead lack of opportunity? May they not claim also that they have done what they could? To have chased the religious communities from France, while stealing their property, to have confiscated the miserable pittance doled out to the French Church in lieu of its ancient revenues, to have appropriated its houses, to have made attendance at the public offices of religion a virtual disqualification for the service of the State, and to have converted the primary schools of France into nurseries of Atheism—surely this is something considerable. And the end is not yet. The time may be at hand when it will be open to them to fill up more fully the measure of Robespierre and Chaumette, of Fouché and Collot d'Herbois.

W. S. LILLY

<sup>•</sup> P. 449.

<sup>†</sup> Royer Collard truly observed "The men of 1793, who have been transformed into Titans, were simply canaille."

## THE FISCAL POWERS OF AN IRISH PARLIAMENT

THERE are three possible types of financial settlement with Ireland: (A) the Devolutionist; (B)

the Gladstonian; (C) the Colonial.

(A) The distinguishing feature of any scheme which comes under this description is that it reserves to the Imperial authority all powers of fixing existing Irish taxation. The Irish Parliament might be given the power to raise new taxes to meet increased expenditure, but if the Government did its duty in the matter of economy, this power would remain inoperative. As regards the collection and disposal of Irish revenue there is a difference of opinion among the Devolutionists, certain of them being in favour of allowing it to be collected and paid into the Imperial Exchequer as at present, the Irish Parliament to receive in exchange a grant of which the amount would be fixed at stated intervals, and others urging that Ireland should collect her taxes herself and pay them into the Irish Exchequer, perhaps through the hands of an Imperial official (corresponding to the Receiver General in the 1886 Home Rule Bill) who would first deduct any moneys due on Imperial account.

Official Nationalism has so far appeared to lean to the former plan, but Irish opinion in general seems to prefer the latter. It is held that in accepting a substitute for Irish revenue Ireland would get the worst of the bargain, and further that there would be a difference in the moral effect of depending directly on her own resources and of exchanging them for an allowance from England. This point of view is supported by the Independent Nationalists, Mr. T. M. Healy declaring it to be of the essence of Home Rule "that when a tax is raised the money resultant from it should be spent not in Hong-Kong, or Africa, or Canada, but in Ireland." His aphorism loses its force when we remember that Ireland can

## Powers of an Irish Parliament

never really be living on her revenue, her whole revenue, and nothing but her revenue, unless a Customs barrier is set up between Ireland and England. And even if a method were found by which the yield of Irish taxes could be accurately ascertained, I question whether, so long as these taxes continued to be imposed by England, the moral advantages of self-support would be secured. The Irish people must regulate taxation from within before they can establish free, natural, and healthy relations between revenue and expenditure, or arrive at the dignity and responsibility of a national finance. There is, indeed, this special objection to the plan of a substituted grant, that its amount might easily be a subject of acrimonious controversy between the two countries, especially as the period of each readjustment approached. On what basis is that amount to be fixed? If on the basis of Irish expenditure, it will be to Ireland's interest to inflate expenditure as much as possible; if on the basis of Irish revenue, there is room for disputes as to the proper method of estimating revenue, as to the validity of the distinction between revenue "collected" and "contributed," and as to the accuracy of Treasury calculations. Though these difficulties could also arise in connexion with the alternative scheme, they would not in that case be aggravated by recurring readjust-

In both schemes, however, the powers given to the Irish Parliament would fall far short of those given by the Bills of '86 and '93, and of those possessed by subordinate state assemblies in Canada and Australia. What is there

to justify this retrogression?

I. LAND PURCHASE. The growth of Imperial liabilities in respect of Irish land purchase has been held to be an obstacle to a generous measure of Home Rule. But surely there is a misapprehension here. It cannot matter a halfpenny to the Imperial exchequer or to any holder of Irish land stock by what particular taxes Irish Revenue is raised. What does matter to them is that Irish tenantpurchasers should continue to pay their instalments, and

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it is not apparent that they would be at all less disposed to do so under Home Rule than under the Union. But if any precautions are needed, they must, in order to be useful or relevant, be concerned with the *collection* not the *incidence* of Irish taxation. Provided that England, by means of a Receiver General or otherwise, has a prior lien on the revenues of Ireland, it is not for her to inquire by what taxes those revenues have been produced.

2. OLD AGE PENSIONS. The popular assumption that the introduction of Old Age Pensions has made it impossible for Ireland to pay her own way, has no real evidence to support it, now that the Treasury estimates of her "true revenue" have been proved to be untrustworthy. But if she were indeed in the position of needing help from Great Britain until such time as she could rid herself of the extravagant burdens that have been laid upon her, is that anything to the purpose? Is it not preposterous that Ireland should be penalized for the consequences of a system she has always protested against? Or, if Great Britain is entitled to demand anything in return for a piece of tardy restitution, could it take a more fantastically inappropriate form than the power of deciding how Irish revenue is to be raised? Let her interfere in what other department she chooses, but surely it would be the height of irony to recompense herself for the unproductiveness of Irish taxation by stereotyping and perpetuating the methods which have proved unproductive.

3. FEDERATION. A federal system for the United Kingdom, much less for the Empire, can hardly be said to be yet a "policy in being." Nevertheless, just as in 1886, it is being made a pretext in some quarters for refusing to deal with the Irish case on its merits. It is a simple but a just reflection that no satisfactory Federation will be got by stretching its prospective members on a bed of Procrustes. Ireland must have special treatment before she can become a healthy part of a federal organism. The pursuit of symmetry and uniformity has long been her undoing. Are the principles which are the logical basis of

#### of an Irish Parliament

the Union to direct the framing of the Home Rule Bill? Is she still to be debarred from applying her own remedies to her own diseases? The Federalists must bide their time, or they will ruin both Ireland's hopes and their own.

The reasons given for the abandonment of the Gladstonian position do not therefore appear to have much substance in them. Nevertheless, the leaders of the Irish Party are expected to accept a financial settlement on what I have called "Devolutionist" lines, if only as a temporary expedient. Apart from placating the Federalists, it is urged that an interval would thus be obtained for gaining valuable experience with a view to the choice of a permanent settlement later on. But surely this idea is illusory. Does a diet of chalk qualify you to pronounce on the merits of different kinds of cheese? What relevant information would be elicited? Would not our data at the end of the period be precisely what they are at present?

What is really at the bottom of this suggestion to make an interim adjustment and postpone any attempt to grapple with the difficulties of the problem, is probably the notion that the Home Rule Bill will thereby be made easier to pass. My own impression is that if the Home Rule Bill is wrecked, it will be because the minds of its framers have been obsessed by electoral considerations. Calculations as to the feelings of the country have over and over again been falsified. During the two years that are likely to elapse between the introduction of the Bill and its passage into law, there will be ample time for its real, as distinguished from its superficial, faults and recommendations to reach the public mind. The safest as well as the most honourable course is to make the Bill a good

Bill, and damn the consequences.

Before passing to the Gladstonian type of settlement, we may take note of a further objection to any scheme which leaves the imposition of all existing taxes in the hands of Great Britain? It is asserted by Nationalists that Home Rule will lead sooner or later to administrative

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economies. But if Irish taxation remains as high as it now is or continues to increase pari passu with British taxation, the Irish taxpayer can apparently derive no direct benefit from these retrenchments. The Irish Parliament is not allowed to relieve him of a penny of taxation, and money saved on one object must be transferred to another. Each item of expenditure the Irish Government decides upon, will not therefore be a matter as between the Government and the taxpayer, but as between the interest benefited and some other interest deprived. Will not the salutary vigilance of the man in the street with regard to public expenditure be considerably relaxed in such circumstances as these? And will not an annual surplus be rather an embarrassment than a blessing to Irish ministers, a bone of contention between scrambling applicants instead of a benefit to the nation as a whole?

(B) The Gladstonian idea is to have two systems of taxation in Ireland—a British system and an Irish system side by side. A workable scheme on these lines would have the important merit of raising the Irish Parliament to the level of one of the state assemblies in the Colonies, while avoiding what Mr Gladstone described as "the great public inconvenience and misfortune" of breaking up the fiscal unity of the United Kingdom. But the difficulties of effecting a satisfactory distribution of fiscal powers between Ireland and Great Britain are altogether more formidable than those that have to be faced in constructing a normal federal constitution. In the latter case, the financial policy of the federal government will be the resultant of the financial policies of the state governments, not the policy of some dominant state to which the others are obliged to conform. No one, on the other hand, suggests that under Home Rule, any more than under the Union, England will at all consider Irish needs in moulding her financial policy, and, indeed, the economic conditions of the two countries differ so fundamentally that it would hardly be reasonable to expect it of her.

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The principal obstacle, however, to a settlement of this kind is the abnormal and unhealthy percentage of Irish revenue produced by indirect taxes. If you are to preserve "fiscal unity," you can only give the Irish Parliament power to control the incidence of 25 per cent of Irish taxation, which is a somewhat inadequate material for developing a financial policy. But can you grant even so much? Scientific Federalists inform us that it is undesirable for the federal government to rely solely on indirect taxation. Must the Imperial Parliament, therefore, retain control of, say, Irish income tax? In that case, the fiscal powers of the Irish Parliament become exiguous indeed.

Again, if Home Rule is a financial success, if retrenchments are made, if Irish revenue more than suffices to meet Irish expenditure, a very awkward situation arises. Indirect taxes are controlled by the Imperial Parliament and regulated in accordance with British—not Irish expenditure. Any relief of the Irish taxpayer can only be accomplished by the remission of direct taxes—for example, estate duties and the income tax—which involves an aggravation of the unnatural balance between direct and indirect taxation, and a further whittling down of the fiscal powers of the Irish Parliament. The feelings of the poorer classes in Ireland can be imagined, if they are thus shut out from the financial benefits of Home Rule, and must continue to pay as much as at present for their tea and their sugar and their stout while the wealthier portion of the community is being relieved of its burdens.

A further consideration is that in most federations the money raised by the federal government is spent either wholly or largely by the federal government, the money raised by the state government is spent by the state government. But the money raised by indirect taxes in Ireland is so huge a fraction of her total revenue as greatly to exceed any sum that could ever conceivably be due from her for Imperial purposes. It follows that most of it must go back to the Irish exchequer, and that the

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spending powers of the Irish Parliament must be out of all

relation to its responsibility for ways and means.

These objections apply to a distribution of fiscal powers between the Irish and the Imperial Government. on the basis of a division between direct and indirect taxation. Is there any other basis on which a system of double control might be founded? Mr Kettle in his recent book on Home Rule Finance suggests that a distinction might be made between customs and excise duties, and that the Irish Parliament might be given the right of imposing the latter. Such a distinction was actually made as regards the collection of these taxes in the Home Rule Bill of 1893, but to extend it to the regulation of their incidence would be evidently inconsistent with Gladstonian principles. If Ireland could raise and lower her excise duties as she wished, she would be in a position to benefit various of her industries at the expense of their English competitors, and the setting up of a customs barrier by England against certain Irish products must be the result. You would thus have most of the inconveniences of complete fiscal separation without a tithe of its advantages. Mr Kettle defends his proposal on the ground that Irish and English excise duties stood at different levels during the earlier part of the nineteenth century, and, not very appositely, remarks that "a degree of fiscal autonomy which was practicable under the Union ought not to be impracticable under Home Rule." The answer is: (1) that at the period in question the fiscal policy of England was still, to a great extent, Protectionist, (2) that as Irish excise duties, however far they differed from English, were imposed in the last resort by a British and not by an Irish authority, there was no question of fiscal autonomy but merely of fiscal differentiation.

The more the facts are considered, the less appear the advantages of settling this matter by a compromise. A perusal of the debates on the '86 and '93 Home Rule Bills illustrates the tendency of any solution on Gladstonian lines to hamper and disorganize the financial

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policies of both countries, and prevent harmonious relations between them. The fundamental question, after all, is whether Ireland shall have a finance of her own, and it cannot permanently be evaded.

(C.) The Colonial type of settlement specially appeals to those who are familiar with the records of the Irish Parliament before the Union, with the subsequent economic history of Ireland, and with the defects of the present British system of taxation from an Irish point of view and the necessity for radical measures of reform. It was rejected both by Mr Gladstone and by the Childers Commission, but the rejection was based on different grounds in the two cases, and the special recommendations of Lord Farrer, Lord Welby, and Mr Currie in the report of the said Commission constitute the strongest and most authoritative plea that has been made in recent times for Irish fiscal autonomy. There are such grave difficulties attending other solutions that, in spite of a pretty general disposition to regard it as politically unthinkable, we had better not hastily assume that the arguments against this one are fatal. They are concerned with (1) fiscal policy, (2) administrative convenience.

I. It is feared that an Irish Parliament with full powers of the purse might do one or both of two things—it might tax foreign imports, and so disturb British commercial relations with foreign countries, or it might even

tax imports from Great Britain.

The latter possibility is imaginary. The prominence that has been given to it both here and in Ireland is largely due to the fact that Parnell declared himself in favour of fostering infant industries by shutting out British competition. In this matter, however, there is a wide gulf between theory and practice, and I greatly question whether Parnell's attitude is to be taken quite seriously. A Home Rule Bill was being introduced by which fiscal autonomy was not conceded, and it was his evident aim to exhibit the withholding of this concession

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in such a light as to justify most conspicuously his demand for a recompense in cash. Indeed, the million and a half or so of difference between the estimates of Ireland's revenue "as contributed" and "as collected" was explicitly accepted by him as such a recompense. But if Parnell meant what he said when he spoke of taxing British goods, he was wrong; and if he was wrong then, he would be ten times more wrong now. The English market is incomparably more important to Ireland than the Irish market is to England. So long as England was bound hand and foot to Free Trade, it might have been urged more or less plausibly that Ireland could tax her products with impunity. All this has been changed by the fiscal controversies of the last few years, and the development in England of the idea of Retaliation. The logic of the situation is so clear that no Irish Government could fail to realize it.

What Ireland's policy would be with regard to foreign imports it is more difficult to forecast. No doubt she would make the same claim as the Dominions to be consulted with regard to the terms of commercial treaties or, in the alternative, to be excluded from their operation. Except in cases of necessity, she would hardly reject the advantage of assimilating her law in matters of trade and navigation to that of Great Britain. But unless there were reason to believe that she would be guided rather by animosity against this country than by consideration for her own interests, I do not see what ground there is

for refusing her a free hand in this respect.

So much stupid malignity is presumed on the part of a Home Rule Government, that it is worth while to recall the character of Irish fiscal policy prior to the Union. The liberties of Grattan's Parliament were asserted under circumstances which were calculated to provoke and which did provoke extreme exasperation in Ireland against British statesmen and British manufacturers. This exasperation was never entirely allayed, for throughout the whole term of the Parliament's existence Great Britain continued to impose prohibitive duties on large

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classes of Irish goods, compared to which Irish taxes on British goods were a mere bagatelle. Nevertheless, Irish ministers elected to incur a good deal of obloquy and unpopularity rather than embark on a policy of commercial hostility to the predominant partner. Their restraint was doubly justified in the result, for Ireland made rapid strides in material prosperity and, at the same time, nothing was done on her side to interfere with the trade relations between the two countries. The conflicts which Pitt apprehended, and which his abortive Propositions of 1786 were designed to prevent, never arose. The testimony of Westmorland—an Irish Viceroy, but no friend to Irish self-government—given in a letter to Pitt in 1790, is noteworthy: "Since the failure of the Propositions, no restraint or duty has been laid on British produce or manufactures to prejudice their sale in Ireland or to grasp any advantage for Irish goods. . . . In everything wherein this country could concur in strengthening and securing the navigation and commerce of the Empire, the Government has found the greatest facility. The utmost harmony subsists in the commerce of the two kingdoms." We may remark that the two Irish Chancellors of the Exchequer who were responsible for this policy of good sense and good will were subsequently among the most strenuous opponents of the Union.

2. The Report of the Childers Commission states that: "The view which was taken by the majority of the witnesses was that both on the ground of inconvenience to trade and administrative expense there is great objection to the revival of custom-house barriers as between Great Britain and Ireland." It might be contended that, however excellent the dispositions of an Irish Parliament, the inconveniences of fiscal separation would be intolerable. These inconveniences, such as they are, would equally attend any system which gave Ireland the power to impose even a part of her indirect taxation, or which provided for genuine discrimination between

what is Irish revenue and what is not.

The question is whether they outweigh the advan-

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tages. Even if we suppose that such special difficulties arise as would result from the removal or reduction of Irish duties on sugar and tobacco, can it be maintained that the administrative inconvenience of dealing with jam or cigarettes imported into England from Ireland is an all-important consideration? When, not so long ago, England contemplated revolutionizing her whole fiscal system, how far was she deterred by the thought of "inconvenience to trade and administrative expense"? Difficulties of routine are rarely treated with so much respect in matters of high policy.

The objections that have been urged to giving Ireland the right to impose the whole body of her taxes will, no doubt, carry very different degrees of conviction to different minds. To me they seem less formidable than those which affect the other types of solution suggested. Of the arguments in favour of this course the general character is indicated by the findings of Lord Farrer, Lord Welby, and Mr Currie in the Childers Commission

Report:

One sure method of redressing the inequality, which has been found to exist between Great Britain and Ireland, would be to put upon the Irish people the duty of levying their own taxes and providing for their own expenditure.... We appreciate to the fullest extent the objects of those statesmen who, at and since the Union, have laboured to remove all fiscal barriers between the two countries and to make taxation the same in both. But the circumstances of the two countries have diverged so widely since the Union as to lead to consequences which they did not foresee, and so as to compel us, though with great reluctance, to admit that these objects may be too dearly purchased.

These weighty remarks are founded on a recognition of the simple fact that the British system of taxation does not suit Ireland now, has not suited her in the past, and having always been, for her, unscientific, oppressive, and inequitable, is rapidly becoming unproductive into the bargain. On the other hand, British taxation, so far as Great Britain is concerned, becomes every year more

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scientific and more ambitious. Now the more scientific and the more ambitious it is, the more perfectly it is assimilated to British industrial conditions, the more it is used as an instrument of general policy, the further it reaches and the deeper it strikes, so much is it the more dangerous to Ireland's prosperity. To her the new finance is an ever-present terror and she awaits each Budget with palpitating dismay. And if at the moment she feels the need of a way of escape from British financial measures, how far greater that need when the time comes for Tariff Reform! The policy so labelled has been evolved without the least regard for her particular requirements. Even the tariffs suggested in the early days of the movement would have done her serious injury, and in the meantime it has been captured almost entirely by the manufacturing interests. The adverse verdicts of three general elections, the decision of the Unionist leaders to admit colonial corn free, the reciprocity agreement between Canada and the United States, have driven nail after nail into the coffin of the food taxes, and we may count on their being sooner or later eliminated entirely from the Tariff Reformers' programme, who have, consequently, no boons to offer to Ireland. With her representation at Westminster drastically reduced, what effective say can she have in moulding the tariffs of the future? It is clear that unless she has obtained the power to fix her own taxes before the British "scientific tariff" comes to be framed, she will be thrown back into the position from which she was rescued 130 years ago by Grattan and the volunteers.

The developments of the fifteen years which have elapsed since the Childers Commission have, in fact, been such as to accentuate the evils discerned by Lord Farrer, Lord Welby, and Mr Currie, and to confirm the wisdom of the recommendations they made. And now that Ireland is prepared to forego the cash advantages in the shape of doles and salaries that she might derive from a maintenance of the Union, is she not entitled to ask financial liberty in exchange? Without it, she could not easily

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build up the character of her people, or acquire the moral and material attributes of a nation. The extent of her fiscal powers and responsibilities will in effect determine the status of her Parliament, the breadth of her outlook, the elevation of her ideas. To compel uniformity of legislation on economic questions would tend to stifle alike her intellect and her conscience, to condemn her to the impotence and irresponsibility of a mendicant. For there is much more at stake here than f. s. d., though the public both in England and in Ireland fail to appreciate the fact. Home Rule does not mean a new expense: the British taxpayer will not be out of pocket by it; and the only relevance of inquiries into Ireland's solvency is to ascertain what amount, if any, Great Britain already pays for her, and can therefore without loss assure to her in future as a set-off to past over-taxation. Why attempt to conceal a necessary act of restitution, which, if the Treasury is to be believed, is proceeding even now, by a logically indefensible classification of Irish and Imperial charges, or neutralize it by quite unprofitable interference with Ireland's management of matters that are vital to her? For many years to come, her statesmen must tread the difficult road of economic development, a task for which a scientific system of national finance is the first essential. Bearing this in mind, the chief concern of her lovers and friends must be to set her on the upward path, adequately equipped for the labours that await her.

FRANK MACDERMOT

# A GENERAL COMMUNION

I SAW the throng, so deeply separate, Fed at one only board— The devout people, moved, intent, elate, And the devoted Lord.

Oh struck apart! not side from human side, But soul from human soul, As each asunder absorbed the Multiplied, The ever-unparted whole.

I saw this people as a field of flowers, Each grown at such a price, The sum of unimaginable powers Did no more than suffice.

A thousand single central daisies they, A thousand of the one; For each, the entire monopoly of day, For each, the whole of the devoted sun.

## ST VINCENT OF PAUL AND THE HIGHLANDS OF SCOTLAND

In the annual list of priests in Scotland at the end of Gordon's History of the Catholic Church occurs the following notice, under date 1654: "Mr White, an Irish Lazarian, was brought from Spain, together with Mr Dermit Grey, by the Lord M'Donald this year; he converted many to the faith and confirmed others in it. He disappeared in 1657, appeared again in 1662, disappeared again in 1664, appeared again in 1668, and continued in the Highland Mission till he died, on January 28, 1679. He was held in great veneration in the Highlands, and his picture was kept in a room of the Castle of Glengarry, called 'Mr White's Room' until that castle was burned

in 1745."

These words I had often read, and had as often wondered if more would ever be known of this individual whose biographical notice seemed so mysterious. It was accordingly with great pleasure that I found amongst the archives of Propaganda many papers relating to him and his companion, who would seem frequently to have passed by the name of Grey, though his real name was Dugan.Lately I have learned that letters of these two fathers occur in the French life of St Vincent of Paul, by Abelly, and that these have been quite recently presented to the English-speaking public by Rev. Patrick Boyle, C.M., in his work, St Vincent and the Vincentians. It would thus appear that there exists material sufficient for a far more complete life of one who rendered signal service to the Catholics in the Highlands and Islands of Scotland. In the following pages, however, I shall confine myself almost exclusively to the first-mentioned source of information.

In 1650 St Vincent of Paul wrote to the Congregation

### St Vincent of Paul

of Propaganda that, in compliance with their request for missionaries, he had selected two religious, Father Francis White and Father Dermit Dugan, and he begged that the necessary faculties be granted to them. In 1652 Father Dugan wrote to St Vincent: "I have already in my former letters informed your reverence of the happy issue of our journey from Paris here; but since I fear that these may not have arrived, and especially the last, I shall tell you again in a few words how, having remained a long time in Holland awaiting an opportunity of embarking, God gave us the grace to depart, and we arrived here happily by the favour of the chieftain recently converted, called the Chief of Glengarry, who took us under his protection and showed us so much kindness that words fail me to express it." This seems to imply that it was not at the request of the Glengarry that the two fathers had come as stated in the biographical notice above referred to, since they speak of him as unknown to St Vincent. Yet he later on so greatly befriended them that he might easily have been thought to have originally invited them. In other details, however, this notice is inaccurate.

The missionaries at once made their way to Glengarry, where Father Dugan fell ill. He says: "Shortly after, I was overtaken by an illness which quickly reduced me to the last extremity without my being able to get the assistance of a doctor, because there are none in these Highland districts for ninety miles round, nor are there any in the Hebrides, but if a few could be found in Paris who were willing to come here, besides the good they would do by their professional labours, they would also be able to assist in the conversion of souls. Having by God's mercy somewhat recovered, I left Mr Francis, my companion, in the Highlands whilst I went, conformably to my orders, to the Hebrides. Here God has deigned to make use of me, His unworthy servant, to work the effects of His great mercy, having prepared for me the hearts of all these people, who received me and welcomed me as an angel from Heaven, especially the Laird of Clanranald, Lord of the Isle of Uist, to whom His Divine Majesty

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gave the grace of conversion, along with his wife, his son, and the rest of the family, as well as all the gentry

their vassals.

"[McNeil]\*, Lord of the Isle of Barra, having heard of me, sent a gentleman to beg me to do his island the same service as I had done to the Laird of Clanranald. The Laird of the Isle of Capaga [sic], who is a gentleman of importance, and together with him seven or eight of the gentry of those parts, made me similar requests, whom

I shall with God's help satisfy as soon as possible.

"I was also occupied with the people of the islands of Egg, —, and Canna, in which God has converted 800 or 900 persons, who were so little instructed in the Christian religion that there were scarce fifteen of them who knew any of the mysteries of our Holy Faith, and I hope that the rest will soon give glory to their Creator and follow their example. Their chief thought is to acquire the elements of our holy religion, and that with so great ardour that when I was teaching Christian doctrine gentlemen and married ladies begged me to question them publicly to the end that, as they said, their minds might be more impressed with the things they were told."

The good missioner then gives some details of his temporal affairs. Money was scarce in those parts, nevertheless he found everything very dear, whilst his expenses were increased by the need he had of two men. One of these assisted him on the journey as he passed from island to island, and, when he was travelling on land, carried the vestments for Mass and his other baggage. He himself had quite sufficient difficulty in walking on foot as much as fourteen and fifteen miles over bad roads before saying Mass. The other attendant, whom he had instructed for that purpose, assisted him to teach the Pater, Ave, and Credo; he also served Mass since there was no one else who could do it.

The want of money wherewith to buy a boat for crossing from one island to the other had prevented him

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from making as many journeys as he would have wished. Although he was in such great need, still he had accepted nothing from the country people, fearing lest, as they were very shy, this might have hindered the fruits of his mission. On one occasion, when in great need, he accepted two crowns for his journey from the Lady Clanranald. He continues:

Ordinarily we take but one meal a day, which for the most part consists of nothing but barley bread or oatcake, with cheese or salt butter, and we pass sometimes whole days without being able to find anything. Our drink in summer is plain water, and in winter we have a little meal boiled in it, which, indeed, I find very injurious to my health, being, as your reverence is aware, of a phlegmatic temperament. It is true that in some places we are offered a little beer or whisky, but this is a rare occurrence. Any one who wishes to have meat must buy a whole beast, a stirk or a sheep, because there are no butchers in this country.

The meat which the islanders sometimes eat makes one disgusted, for they are content to half cook it, on the embers, and then they throw it on the ground on the straw, which with them answers for table, tablecloth and plate, so that we scarcely ever eat of it. In these seas are found fish in great quantities, but the people, given to idleness and of little industry, have no means of

fishing.

This is too sweeping an assertion, for he himself goes on to speak in several places of the fisher folk, their piety, and their distress when the fish were allured away from their waters. It is true that on the west coast of South Uist there are no fishing boats, but that is not due to the "idleness" of the people, but to the fact that there is not the smallest harbour where a boat could find shelter from the terrific storms which rage from the open ocean.

His lodging on the journey was that which Nature provided, for in summer he would make some sort of a hut in the forest in which to pass the night, or he would sleep in the open air on the ground, exposed to the weather. Against this he found some little protection in his plaid, which he had adopted in place of his Roman "ferra-

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julo," but he found it especially hard when, on reaching some cottage, there was no straw to lie on.

In these islands and in the whole of the Highlands of Scotland there are no other priests than my companion and myself, but in the Lowland and Eastern district, where English is spoken, there are between regulars and seculars, six or seven in all, who by the mercy of God are reaping great fruit, especially the two sent by

the Congregation de Propaganda Fide.

Since God opens with so great generosity the treasures of His mercy for the conversion of these people, I think that the greatest service that your reverence can do them is to despatch persons who are able to instruct them and who know the language well, and still more to suffer hunger and thirst and to sleep on the bare ground. It is further necessary that we have an annual stipend, otherwise there is no means of our subsisting. We also need a school-master to teach the youths, and he too must have his salary.... I write nothing to your reverence of the good success which God gives to the labours of Father Francis, my companion, whom I left on the mainland, as I hope that he himself will give an account of it.

Throughout these accounts of the missionary labours in the Highlands and islands, when it is said that so many persons were "converted," this must be understood of their being granted the grace of the Sacraments which hitherto they had never had any opportunity of receiving, and of acquiring correct instruction in place of the erroneous ideas which the absence of proper teachers had allowed to grow up amongst them. This is clearly proved by the following extract: "The natives of the islands adjacent to Scotland can, as a general rule, be properly called neither Catholics nor heretics. They abhor heresy by nature, but they listen to the preachers by necessity. They go wrong in matters of faith through ignorance, caused by the want of priests to instruct them in their religion."

At the beginning of his letter Father Dugan had stated how it had been necessary for him to establish a regular post for himself and his companion in order that he might communicate, when necessary, with his superiors. "The

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Hebrides being very far from the mainland, and not having any intercourse with other districts, the opportunities for sending letters to distant places are very rare; for this purpose I have been forced, however unwillingly, to desist from the pressing duties begun by me for the salvation of these poor islanders and to return again to Scotland on foot and with great fatigue, to be able to establish, as I have done, a correspondence with your reverence."

In an account sent to Propaganda from Paris and compiled from the letters of these missionaries to St Vincent of Paul we learn that "Some gentlemen who held office in the church of the heretics, and were called Ancients or Elders, have promised Mr Francis White to give up their offices in order to be instructed and embrace the Catholic Faith. . . . There are five or six other districts in that neighbourhood of which the inhabitants showed a great desire to be instructed in the Faith, but the villages are so large, and the people so numerous, that the said Mr White and those who labour with him cannot suffice unless other labourers come to help them.

"The good fisher folk especially are an example to the others; often they have been seen coming with their families from distant parts, crossing mountains covered with snow to receive instruction, and once there came one who, having no shoes, walked barefoot through all that snow in the depths of winter to come and receive the

instruction necessary for salvation.

"There are many persons in these parts obsessed by the devil, who see certain representations or phantasms by which they are much troubled, and three of them were freed of this by Holy Baptism, which they had not yet received. Amongst others there was a young nobleman, very much troubled with these phantasms, not only in his mind but also in his body, in so much that at times he was as if deprived of his senses and remained many days without eating, so that he was slowly wasting away. His father having come to Mr White, whom he thought to be a doctor, to ask for some remedy, this latter gave him some Holy Water, with which to sprinkle his son, and

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an Agnus Dei to hang round his neck. The poor invalid by the mere sprinkling of the Holy Water, before they had placed the Agnus Dei round his neck, was fully cured, and from that time he has suffered no inconvenience at all.

"God works many miracles in these countries by means of Holy Water, which help not a little towards the conversion of these poor people; the sick ask for it to drink, or else they apply it to the part that is diseased and thence they obtain great benefit. A number of fishermen, having come to complain that the sorcerers with their incantations had made the herrings pass from their loch to another, begged Mr White to go and bless their loch. However, as he had not a book with exorcisms by him, and as the loch was several miles distant, he gave them some Holy Water with which to asperse it. Next day they came with gratitude to present him with some fish, and stated that after having sprinkled the Holy Water they took that day a greater quantity of fish than they

had done for eight years previously."

It was not to be expected that such evangelical labourers would be long without opposition, though it is true that one minister, described as of Gordon and probably of Fochabers, near Gordon Castle, was so obliging as to say that since all his people were embracing the Catholic Faith, "he was indifferent regarding the two creeds and was able to teach the one just as well as the other!" As a general rule, however, the conversion of so many to the ancient Faith aroused the anger of the ministers, and Mr Barclay, Vice-Prefect of the Mission, wrote in 1655 to Propaganda that an order had been obtained from Cromwell in the previous year that the persecution against the Catholics should be renewed, and that the missionaries should be seized. The letter continues: "Elsewhere the Divine Goodness has saved such as are at present missionaries in Scotland from the snares, but allowed that those whom I mentioned above should fall into the hands of the heretics, namely, Rev. P. Grant, S.J., Francis White, an Irishman, and John Walker. These

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they apprehended in Strathbogie, in the early morning, as they were preparing for the functions of that season (the beginning of Lent). Suddenly surrounding the house, which was that of the Marchioness of Huntly, the English soldiers demanded an entrance that they might bring forth 'those soldiers of Middleton,' who were hiding there, as they said. But when they had come in, they acknowledged that it was not soldiers of King Charles that they were seeking, but Catholic priests, and laid hold of the aforesaid missionaries. These denied that they were the persons they were seeking. 'There is no hope of escape,' replied the soldiers, 'for we know your names and your faces, and your features have been so accurately described to us that we could paint as many of you as are here, even though we were blindfold. But meantime whither has your leader, Bannatine, the cunning old fox, escaped, and yet he shan't escape, for no one is better known to us.' The captain of the soldiers had scarce said this when they started to bind the missionaries, whom they took to Aberdeen, which is forty miles distant from Strathbogie."

From Aberdeen the prisoners were taken to Edinburgh, where great influence was brought to bear to obtain their release. St Vincent of Paul begged the Queen of France, with whom he was in high favour, to order the Duke of Burgundy, her Ambassador with Cromwell, to use every means in his power to gain the freedom of all, but especially that of White. Indeed Mr Barclay had already been released by the good offices of Lord Frendraught, whilst the whole account points strongly to the conclusion that Cromwell himself was averse to the persecution. That, at any rate, is the unmistakable opinion of the writer of the above account. It is thus likely that Father White was soon set at liberty, but if, as there is reason to suppose, he had gone to Strathbogie to meet a priest and make his own Easter confession, the circumstance of his arrest must have appeared additionally hard. We find him later complaining, as one of his greatest hardships, that it was with difficulty that he could see a

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priest once a year for the good of his own soul. His arrest on this occasion must have impressed him with the fact that whatever sufferings his field of labour might entail, and they were many, he was, in the outer isles, at least

fairly safe from arrest.

During the imprisonment of Father White, St Vincent sent to his assistance Father Thomas Lumsden, who arrived in the Highlands about 1657, and after a few years returned in 1663 to Paris. Father Dugan also was but a short time on this arduous mission when God called him to his reward. His death is thus described: "There still remained an island named Pabba which he had not visited. It was a wild and weird place. The inhabitants were not attached to any heresy, but they were totally without instruction. Father Dugan hoped to bring numbers of them to the practice of religion. He had his preparations made to set out for Pabba on May 10, 1657; but his strength failed him. He fell ill and died in the island of Uist on the 17th of the same month. The people amongst whom he ministered long mourned his loss. They revered him as a saint, and gave his name to the chapel, where his remains were laid to rest."

Father Lumsden having retired to France, and Father Dugan having passed to a better life, Father White was left alone in the Highlands and islands. He certainly offers a wonderful example of courage and endurance amid difficulties such as have rarely fallen to the lot of the most heroic missionaries. In 1664 he writes: "I send you this to let you know that the great burden which I bear has made me break down and has placed me 'hors de combat.' You indeed know how much work I had to do when four other priests helped me, now that I am alone in this mission pray tell me how I can keep up, especially as I have converted as many more of these poor people, who show themselves daily better disposed for instruction and the Sacraments? Such a work cannot be carried on by one poor workman, weak and infirm as I am. Indeed, you know it has almost cost my life. I have 4,000 souls to assist

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(certainly a very low estimate), and these, too, dispersed in different districts, in islands and other remote places. If only I had help, I would hope to convert many more, but against my will I am forced to leave off making new converts, not being able to serve more than once in two years those I have already converted, whilst there are remote islands which I have not visited for three years. Hence I implore you to beg help from our friends at Rome, otherwise it will be necessary to give up everything and to say with the Prophet, 'The little ones have asked for bread, and there was none to break it unto them.'"

Again and again the good missioner's heart nearly sank under the labours that seemed to overwhelm him, whilst it appeared that no help was being sent to his relief. Writing in 1665, he says: "I did not receive the letter of your reverence until the month of June, because my devoted friend and at present my Superior, Mr Winster, did not wish to risk it, not knowing where I might be, for since last September he had heard nothing of me. As I was very far from him in the islands all that time, I had indeed no chance of writing to him. I had expected to be able to return in the space of three months, but I was not able to do so, on account of the trouble which a Dominican father gave me. I thought to establish him there, since I had no one else who could serve these poor people, but he, on the other hand, tried to make bad blood between them and me. In this, however, he did not succeed, since not one of the people there nor of the gentry gave credence to what he said against me. I had also some trouble with the ministers, who on the occasion of this discord tried to pervert some souls. And indeed, though I did not have public disputes with the good Dominican, still I openly opposed the minister and converted in his own parish those they call readers in his church, as also some of his servants.

"No persecution need be feared from this, since the ministers have not the pluck to complain here, and if we do not show a bold front to these people we shall soon lose all those whom we have gained.... I give infinite thanks to your

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reverence not only for having procured me an allowance, but also for having established the schoolmaster, whom I have placed in that situation where I think to make my own residence for the most part. In truth you would rejoice greatly to see these poor children; how they advance in piety and learning, how quick they are at answering with texts from Scripture and of the fathers all questions about our Holy Faith, and that by the help of a catechism which I have written for them, and which they commit

to memory.

".... I beg your reverence to excuse Ewen McAlaister, the schoolmaster, for not having written before now the names of his scholars, and of their parents, but he fears to commit these matters to paper, lest the letters be intercepted. . . . Your reverence should strive to have some youths educated in the houses recently established in Paris, especially in St Lazare. It would indeed be a well-founded reason to appeal to the authority of the Holy See, to make them come out and work here, to succour these good people in their extreme spiritual necessity, well disposed as they are to the Holy Faith. If I had fifteen I could employ them all with fruit, and to the advancement of religion, and all would have more to do than they could manage. Indeed I protest, for the discharge of my conscience, that if I had help I could in a short time, with the grace of God, bring back to the bosom of Holy Church the people of all these Highlands and islands. I see myself called daily to places to which I have to refuse to go, as indeed I could not visit them once in two years, and satisfy those who are there converted.

"In Mr Bannatine's time application was made to the Nuncio of France to the end that my brother, John White, be sent here. He was living at St Lazare in Paris amongst the fathers of the mission. But the Superior of these Fathers (Signor Almeras) refuses him, and, as far as I know to the contrary, my brother may not wish to oppose him. I beg your reverence to procure an order that he be sent to me as a companion in view of so urgent a need of

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his assistance. If I could have three or four Irish priests I would sooner have them than twenty others, but it is necessary to have good men, otherwise I would sooner have no assistance at all... If your reverence has not any Irish priests at hand, you might write to the Superior of the Scots College, Paris, who could find many in that university; and even if all are not fit for this most laborious mission, assuredly from amongst so many a selection could be made and the best be sent. I say this to the discharge of my conscience and leave it to the care and diligence of your reverence, whom I pray not to neglect so fine an opportunity of assisting your country. Recommending

myself to your prayers, I remain, etc."

This urgent appeal appears greatly to have impressed the Propaganda, and they ordered that each of the recommendations of Father White be carried into effect. The Nuncio at Paris was again asked to have John White despatched to the assistance of his brother; the Archbishop of Armagh was urged to find some priests in Ireland who would go to the Highlands; another schoolmaster was to be appointed with a salary of thirty ducats per annum (the same that was allowed to McAlaister); the General of the Jesuits and the Superiors of the different colleges abroad were instructed to seek out likely subjects, whilst the Prefect of the Scotch Mission was empowered to spend the money that he had in hand in buying books for the Highland school; and, lastly, the missionary and the schoolmaster were to receive a letter of commendation, according to the suggestion of the Procurator of the Mission.

Still there was no great rush to the distant apostolate. John White excused himself on the plea of delicate health, and this was corroborated by St Vincent himself, who states that "Mr John had suffered for years from a pain in the arm with danger of paralysis, and is therefore considered unsuited to the fatigues of the Scotch Mission." He concludes his letters with the words, "For the rest the said Superior General is prepared to obey the commands of the Sacred Congregation, not only as regards

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Mr John Leblanc (White) but even in person if he were of any use under the obedience of the Sacred Congre-

gation."

As regards procuring the assistance of some Irish priests this proposal resulted in two Franciscans volunteering to go to the islands, where they arrived after many dangers in March, 1665. In July, 1671, Father Francis, one of the two, gave a full account of the Highland Mission, in which he corroborates all that has been given above from the Reports of the Vincentians, except that to the Franciscan the missionary in Barra seemed to be a worthy enough man. He says: "Father George Fanning also, of the Order of Preachers, unless he had had his residence with the Laird of Barra, would have died of starvation, for he has not received one penny from the Sacred Congregation, though he has laboured much and with great fruit." He does, it is true, assert that "This father has no patents or faculties from the Sacred Congregation. His ground for staying there must be either the Privilege of his Order, or else because he believes that these people being, as it were, abandoned, and in extreme necessity as regards the Sacraments, any priest may come to their assistance." Perhaps it was on some such point that Fathers White and Fanning, like Paul and Barnabas of old, agreed to differ, without there being anything blameworthy in the conduct of the good Dominican. Indeed, this may be considered as certainly the point of difference, since Mr David Burnett, the Vice-Prefect of the Mission, writing in 1677, states: "There is also labouring in the Highlands a certain priest of the Order of St Dominic, who acknowledges the authority of no Superior in Scotland; how he exercises the office of a missionary I have not learned, for he resides almost continually in the distant islands off the western coast of Scotland." In the Report of the Franciscan—who had been deputed by the Archbishop of Armagh to make the report —are incorporated the remarks by the Procurator of the Mission: "You would hardly believe the affection which these people bear towards their compatriots, and the 316

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facility with which with them they lose that title, in so much that those who go away and are educated outside the Highlands are no longer considered such, and are called Anglo-Scotch. Hence it is most necessary that the youths be taught on the spot the knowledge necessary for Sacred Orders."

But to return to Father Francis White. He decided, as we have seen, to make his headquarters at Glengarry. Now, to anyone who knows this part of the West Highlands it will seem incredible that any priest should attempt to serve the immense district which had fallen to the care of the worthy Vincentian from a point in itself so inaccessible, and no doubt it was only sheer necessity that made Father White think of it. At Invergarry, however, he was under the powerful protection of the Laird of Glengarry, recently created Lord Macdonell and Aros, a nobleman of undoubtedly great power and of still greater pretensions, to whom the rôle of Protector of the Catholics in the Highlands would have been quite congenial. In any case Father White settled there with his schoolmaster, and a pleasant picture is presented of these two working together in the interests of the Catholic Church at a time when such co-operation was so sorely needed and yet so scarce. Where else, indeed, in Great Britain could there be found at this period a Catholic school, with a Catholic schoolmaster, presided over by a Catholic priest?

Two letters of the worthy schoolmaster are extant. In one, dated June 14, 1665, he says: "I have received your reverence's letter, and from my heart I thank you not only for the care and trouble which you have taken to procure me a salary and to keep me in this place, but also for the good and fatherly advice you give me in your most kind letter. . . . The place where I am teaching is the house of the Lord Macdonell, called Invergarry, in the district of Glengarry, in the county of Inverness, thirty miles distant from the city of that name. The number of my scholars is small at present, being only twenty-four, but I hope that the number will be greater

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when his lordship returns from the Court in England. The scholars are of the names of Macdonald, Cameron, Macmartin, Fraser, Scott, Stuart, and Maciver. . . . Having no other books with which to teach the children to read, I have been obliged to teach two boys from an heretical catechism, a book much used in the islands, as also from a Psalter in rhyme, and the book of Proverbs translated by the heretics into English, but with the precaution that I do not allow them to learn anything

from these books by heart.

"Mr White is writing some very good questions in the manner of a catechism, for the instruction of the boys on Sundays and Feast days. Some of the boys are learning grammar and the rudiments of Latin, with suitable authors; others only learn to read and write. As their mother tongue is Gaelic, it is most difficult to teach them, with that as a foundation, the Scotch and English languages. But once they have learned these they are very easy to teach and very tractable, and, above all, they take great pleasure in learning the Catholic Faith and doctrine. Thus they learn with ardour and great enthusiasm the above-mentioned Catechism of Controversy."

Many thoughts are suggested by this first report of a Catholic schoolmaster in the Highlands. Catholic catechisms were long difficult to obtain in Scotland; more than one hundred years were to elapse before the question of printing one was raised. The difficulty of teaching Gaelic-speaking children in English still continues, and is all the more accentuated when, as not unfrequently happens, the teacher does not know any Gaelic "as a foundation." Bishop Hugh McDonald of Morar, who had himself gone through the process, frequently wrote in the following century, begging the authorities in Rome to be considerate to the boys whom he sent out to be priests, for inasmuch as they only knew Gaelic, with some smattering of English, they were at a great disadvantage.

How long McAlaister continued his school it is not

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easy to say, for these were troublesome times in the Highlands, especially in Glengarry, where English soldiers were almost continually quartered on account of the laird's well-known Jacobite sympathies. Father White continued at his post till his excessive labours brought him, prematurely it would seem, to the grave. The Prefect of the Mission writes of him in 1676: "Then there is Francis White, who for over twenty years has gathered, and still gathers, a most abundant harvest of souls in the West Highlands; a truly Apostolic man, although broken down by hard work, his strength reduced by age and illhealth, greatly esteemed by all, even by the heretics, and much revered by them." Three years later the same writer announced the death of the worthy priest in the following terms: "The good Mr Francis White died towards the end of last January. After the event I went in fearful weather to visit the localities which he used to frequent in order to console as best I could the poor people he served for so many years. God's peace be with him. If any of his countrymen could be sent to take his place, it would be a great help to us. Others, as you are aware, are of no use to us, as they do not know the language."

One last quotation, and that, perhaps, the most striking, I must add, since it is from an independent source, and yet fully confirms all that this noble son of St Vincent had written in his letters. Mr Alexander Winster, in his general account of the Scotch Mission, writes: "As regards the Highlands, where, although almost entirely ignorant of the language, I lately spent two months in administering the Sacraments of Holy Church as best I could, in consideration of their extreme necessity, the state of affairs is so deplorable that words utterly fail me with which to express their spiritual destitution. Had I not been both ashamed and grieved to remain, as one that was without speech, amongst people who desired nothing better than to be instructed in the Catholic Faith, I should be with them still, even though our affairs

called me urgently elsewhere."

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But God in His mercy ordained that this dearth of missionaries should not last long. Even before the death of Father White, Mr Robert Munro had arrived from the Scots College, Rome, to share his labours. He was succeeded by others from the various colleges abroad and from the little seminary on the West of Scotland itself, so that, although the supply of priests was for two centuries always unequal to the demand, still the work which we have seen begun was never allowed to stop, the soil which Father White had planted was watered and tended by others, little less praiseworthy than himself, and it has borne fruit in abundance in the Scotland of to-day and in the great colonies to which her Catholic sons have emigrated.

ODO BLUNDELL, O.S.B.

### CATHOLICISM AND HISTORY

Medieval Europe. By H. W. C. Davis, Fellow and Tutor of Balliol. London. Williams and Norgate.

THE Catholic mind in Europe has latterly awakened to the fact that it now has an advantage over its rivals in a number of temporal things, quite apart from its obvious advantage in that prime business which is the function and end of the Church.

We are beginning to see that our possession of a certain universal and orderly method of thought gives us in philosophy, whatever system individual Catholics may lean to, a power of definition and a grasp of reality which our opponents lack.

We are already recognizing the start or handicap in our favour which Catholic dogma gives us in the discussion of psychic phenomena, as indeed it was bound to give us when the old materialist hypotheses of science failed after their

very short run.

There is another field in which we have a similar though as yet less suspected advantage, and that is the field of history. It is a field of merely temporal interest, as are those others I have mentioned: one in which Catholic may differ from Catholic to an extent almost indefinite so far as particular events, racial and political theories, or the interpretation of economic and other causes may be concerned. But it is one to which every Catholic brings, as compared with the non-Catholic, the priceless sense of continuity.

Here a man not Catholic, and even one bitterly opposed to the Church, feels something of the advantage if he is working in the midst of a society which has been trained and nurtured in Catholicism. Conversely the best of Catholics working in a society which broke with the faith at the Reformation works at a disadvantage. His text books, many of his personal teachers, the current comment in the learned reviews and magazines which he reads—everthing works against an ordered comprehension of the European past.

There is something surprising and at times almost comic in the sudden transition which the non-Catholic historian makes from groping, misunderstanding, guessing, up to (let us say, in this country at least) the generation which was young when Elizabeth was middle aged, to the full and sympathetic comprehension of men after that last third of the 16th century. Take up any book you will, written in English of this English past, and compare the interpretation of Henry VII's character with that of Cromwell, or Edward IV's with that of Strafford. But the thing is truer still as regards great social movements and the atmosphere of a time.

These, prior to 1540-70, are left stilted or incomprehensible. Those later than that date are plain English. It is not a defect which any amount of mere learning can cure, unless that learning is informed by a sort of self-defensive scepticism, which, in its perpetual doubt of received hypotheses, will lead men born outside the truth more rapidly into the truth than any other agent. To the most part of historians, writing in a non-Catholic atmosphere or working in a non-Catholic country, Europe—from which, after all, they spring and without which they would not be—is an unreal thing between the pagans whom they half understand and the Protestant civilization of the 17th century, which they fully comprehend, grasp, and hating or loving, at least know.

Nor is this misfortune from which the non-Catholic historian suffers a positive and therefore a malicious thing. There is but rarely deliberate mis-statement. There is not commonly present a distinct and analysable bias, but what we get from the 2nd century to the 16th is a sort of disorder: the magnifying of small things at the expense of great: the lending to European society of motives which that society had not, and often of motives which no society could ever have had: the telescoping up of many generations so that the factor of time is obscured or eliminated, and in general a com-

plete moral distortion of the story to be told.

One may take large issues, three or four of them, as concrete examples.

The Catholic, reading the story of the Roman Empire to its conclusion, sees very forcibly the coming of the Catholic Church, like the flowering and at last the fruiting of a great tree. That the fruit will be fully developed in the last stage of maturity and perhaps shortly before dissolution, he takes for granted. Such is the natural order of consummation. He sees the trend and the converging of things throughout the Roman world making for the faith. He recalls line after line in the Augustinian poets which are prophecies or seeds. He sees the alternate reaction against and leaning towards the growing light in the Roman mind. At last he sees how the Roman temper in the fullness of its experience regards, accepts, and settles into the Catholic mould. When the slow dissolution of the great civil organism approaches, he perceives this acceptation of the faith by the empire to be on the temporal side of its salvation. He perceives through that channel the preservation of all that could be preserved, and he notes with wonder the working of a miracle which has never been granted to any other great civilization. All others, when they fell old and decayed, perished utterly. But this, the European Roman Christian one, defended itself, even in its last stages of material decay, with an amazing military vigour which preserved it throughout the dark five hundred years, and permitted it to re-arise in the splendour of the 12th and 13th centuries.

The historian cut off from Catholic surroundings sees nothing of all this; he can present only a barbaric and inexplicable jumble of misunderstanding, folly and fable, as Rome grows old and dies. Rome accepts the faith not because the Roman mind is mature, but because it is already senile, yet this senility in some way or other produces five centuries of the most virile fighters that Europe ever bred. The ideas do not fit. To make some sort of working history of such a contradiction, he brings to his aid a quite unproved hypothesis. The outer non-Christian man, the barbarian man (he says), must have introduced the new factor of strength. Like all hypotheses made in vacuo, research, of course, smashes this to fragments. The outer

barbarian did nothing. He came, infiltrating, not conquering, small in numbers, without any institutions we can define. To some extent he destroyed; but he humbly tried to learn, and to some extent he learnt. The more the history of the transition is studied, the more hopeless the non-Catholic attempts at explanation become, until at last they resolve themselves, as in the field of philosophy non-Catholic thought has resolved itself, into an increasing number of disparate, uncertain and self-contradicting theories.

The same contrast is observable in the attempt to appreciate the economic organization of society. The historian working in Catholic traditions or in Catholic surroundings, clearly perceives that slow transformation of the great Roman estate into the medieval manor. The non-Catholic goes to the ends of the earth for Asiatic analogies, for possible—but quite unwitnessed—German tribal customs which he imagines, believing where he cannot prove. The co-existence of private property with co-operation is a bewilderment to him, nor can he conceive how a passion for custom can have worked side by side with general ideas of social justice, universally held and practically enforced.

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It is the same with European kinship in the Dark Ages. He draws across it imaginary boundaries of race, which contemporaries never felt and never acted on. The real division between Christendom and non-Christendom, which was the whole motive of Alfred as of the martyrs of Cordova, of Charlemagne as of Offa, he completely misses. It is as though some future historian were to deal with 20th century England as a country devoid of important industrial problems, but one fiercely divided between the men who lived below the hundred foot contour and the men who lived above it, or a prey to the conflict between men under and above the height of five feet six.

These reflections are continually suggested to me when I read non-Catholic attempts to present the general story of Europe, and they have been particularly vivid in my

mind since I read the very interesting little essay, named at the head of this article, which Mr Davis has contributed to the "Home University Library" upon the subject of

Medieval Europe.

In order to show why this book in particular, designed to appeal to a wide and popular audience and to give that audience a general view of its forefathers, supports my contention, I had perhaps better reverse the usual process and, instead of criticising in detail and then supporting my criticism by quotations, begin with a quotation which will

set the note for what I have to say.

Many of the readers of the Dublin Review will be astonished to read the terms of that quotation, and I fear that many of them will think me unjust when I say that it is not at all exceptional as coming from modern Oxford in an historical work. Rather does it present a good working example of the spirit in which the modern belated historical scholar in modern Oxford still approaches those 1500 years in which our civilization was made, and the

religion which was, and is, its soul.

Mr Davis after saying upon page 132 that "Modern life has travelled so far beyond medieval Christianity that it is only with an effort we retrace our steps" to its intellectual position, and after telling us that, "apart from the difficulties of an unfamiliar terminology, we have become estranged from ideas which then were commonplaces" proceeds to set forth for us the astonishing, the distant, the fantastic, the everything-you-like theory which was, as he rightly says, the foundation of medieval life, and which, in Mr Davis's opinion (and that of modern Oxford) makes it impossible for "us" to understand that life. I will quote this passage in its entirety.

The existence [is imagined] of a personal God who, though allpervading and all-powerful, does not reveal himself immediately to the human beings whom He has created to be His worshippers, and does not so order the world that events shall always express His will and purpose. He has endowed man with a sinful nature, and has permitted His universe to be invaded by evil intelligences

of superhuman power and malignancy, who tempt man to destruction and are bent upon subverting the Divine order of which they form a part. He is supremely benevolent, and yet He only manifests the full measure of this quality when His help is invoked by prayer; His goodwill often finds expression in miracles—that is, the suspending or reversing of the general laws which He has himself laid down for the regulation of the universe and human destinies. He is inscrutable and incomprehensible; yet to be deceived as to the nature of His being is the greatest of all sins against His majesty. The goal of the religious life is personal communion with Him, the intuitive apprehension and spontaneous acceptance of His will, the Beatific Vision of His excellences. But this state of blessedness cannot be reached by mere self-discipline; the prayers, the meditations, the good works of the isolated and uninstructed individual can only serve to condone a state of irremediable ignorance. The avenue to knowledge of Him lies through faith; and faith means the unquestioning acceptance of the twofold revelation of Himself which He has given in the Scriptures and in the tradition of the Church. The two revelations are in effect reduced to one by the statement that only the Church is competent to give an authoritative exposition of the sacred writings. Upon the Church hangs the welfare of the individual and the world. Without participation in her sacraments the individual would be eternally cut off from God; without her prayers the tide of evil forces would no longer be held in check by recurring acts of miraculous intervention, but would rise irresistibly and submerge the human race.

The reader may well be puzzled and may ask whether I have quoted rightly. Whether any one pretending to historical judgement could believe these opinions to be buried in an irrecoverable and incomprehensible past. Well, I have quoted exactly. Short of any typographical errors the passage is taken literally from the book, pp. 134-135.

It will be perceived that with one or two trifling errors,\* due to a lack of training in the elements of theology, Mr

\*Thus it is ridiculous to speak of ignorance as the greatest of sins, and it is of course self-contradictory to talk of the Almighty "endowing" man with a sinful nature, but for a statement of the general beliefs of the Church, without the painful necessity of mentioning our Lord and His Crucifixion, few more terse or accurate summaries could be found.

Davis has merely stated the creed of Christendom such as we know it to have been from St Peter's day to our own.

Mr Davis starts out with the conception that this theory of the world, which does not yet find favour in his historical school, is wholly and utterly remote from European civilization to-day. It is not to be wondered at if he finds the task of describing that older Europe and its process towards our own day too much for him.

Let us turn to page 120 and see what it is which causes the fundamental culture of Europe to respect tradition, and to find in tradition something more living and there-

fore more true than a text.

We are told that this curious habit of mind "has found much favour in the past." "Even" (adds Mr Davis with pathetic regret) "among the Jews." And he goes on to tell us that "several considerations were in favour of this curious policy." First, "there were no scientific canons for the interpretation of written texts." Then there was "the fear that no literary skill might be equal to the difficulty of accurate statement;"... "thirdly, some remnant of the primitive superstition that the formulæ of a ritual are magic spells, which would lose their potency if published to the world;" and finally, "the natural instinct of a sacerdotal class to reserve the knowledge of deepest mysteries to a select inner circle."

In general, the full and living comprehension of the united past of Europe, the grasp of much the greater part of her present existence, the mighty struggle between the Church and the Church's enemies of which modern France is the arena, the modern awakening of the populace from an economic subordination which was the direct product of the Reformation, the modern abandonment of the old and ephemeral materialism, the modern tendency of Europe to re-union, all this is incomprehensible, or, one may more truly say, non-existent for the Oxford historian—Heaven knows how the Europe of the immediate future will bewilder him!

For the rest the little book is singularly free from posi-

tive error, and that is no small praise to give to any piece of concentrated work. There are, of course, a number of historical assertions based upon nothing but old-fashioned hypotheses, such as the statement that the conflict of the latter seventh century in Gaul was a conflict between Neustrian and Austrasian nobles (page 43), and the statement upon page 118 that the Episcopate did not become monarchical until the second century. The statement that the early Episcopacy of Rome was a Committee, on page 119, is of course mere nonsense. It is also a bad lapse which would plough a man in Paris or any Continental University to talk of the Duces and the Comites in Gaulas Teutonic offices (page 24). But still, as a bit of Oxford work, a terse essay upon a lengthy period, the book is accurate enough. As an explanation of that period its real value is the example it affords of how the past must look from the standpoint of those who have let go the thread that binds us to the past, and a concluding note in connexion with this judgement should not be omitted; in this general conspectus of the Middle Ages there is no single mention of an institution called "The Mass," of a considerable thinker called Thomas Aquinas, or of the scholastic philosophy!

H. BELLOC

### FIONA MACLEOD AND CELTIC LEGENDS

COME years ago the literary world was mystified as to The identity of a new woman poet and writer that had appeared under the name of Fiona Macleod. The beauty of her writings and their intense emotionalism. were heightened to a very high degree by the mystery. For a woman to write with so much power and yet remain in seclusion seemed unnatural, almost inhuman. So much personality, it seemed, must go to constitute the character of one who could write with such exquisite finish in seclusion, away from all literary atmosphere and influence. Her self revelation was almost painful as being that of a woman. In the Brontës that same self-revelation seems to burn as we read, but it was at least presented in a very impersonal way in their imaginative writings and under a pseudonym; whereas in Fiona Macleod's poems we have a cry straight from the heart of a woman-at least so it seemed. Now we know that as Fiona Macleod, a man, William Sharp, expressed an emotional side of himself to which, he tells us, he could not have given a voice in his own name.

In Mrs Sharp's most capable and delightful biography of her husband we read the whole history of this literary mystification. William Sharp was already thirty-eight and had secured a high position amongst English writers and poets when he began his double career as Fiona Macleod. His boyhood was spent in those Western Highlands of which he writes under his pseudonym, but as a young man he came to London and engaged in the struggle for fame and livelihood through the pen. He made close friendships with Rossetti, and with his sister Christina, with Swinburne, George Meredith and many other writers of his time. He also associated himself closely with the Celtic Literary movement, both in his own character and in that of his double personality. From his childhood he was conscious of what Mrs Sharp calls a "psychic duality in his nature," Vol. 149

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something in him which made it imperative for him to leave the world now and again and steep himself in Nature, the "green life" he called it, to become as it were, a part of the elements and one with the Celtic people who, to him, were alone cognizant of the mysterious message of the sea and the hills and the moods of Nature. So in 1897 he began to express in another personality what he felt would be incongruous with the solid position he had conquered as a critic and man of letters. He published, under the pseudonym of Fiona Macleod, *Pharais*, the first and one of the finest of her many volumes.

His wife speaks thus of his new departure:

He stilled the critical intellectual mood of William Sharp to give play to the development of this new-found expression of subtler emotions. From then till the end of his life there was a continual play of the two forces in him, or of the two sides of his nature: of the intellectually observant reasoning mind—the actor—and of the intuitively observant spiritual mind—the dreamer, which differentiated more and more one from another and required different conditions, different environment, until he seemed to be two personalities in one.

And he says himself: "I can write out of my heart in a way I could not do as William Sharp and indeed (and here he echoes what has been said above) as I could not do if I were the woman Fiona Macleod is supposed to be,

unless veiled in scrupulous anonymity."

As a rule the literary hoax pretty nearly always falls flat when once disclosed. In this case the disclosure comes as a relief, for as William Sharp himself recognized, the self revelation is too intense as coming from the heart of a woman whose strength lies in reticence. Therefore, as literature, as artistic creations, the stories and poems gain greatly when we know they are the imaginative work of a man. For, indeed, the truth is that except for the poems which have the feminine note more than the other writings, the work is so distinctly that of a man that we are relieved from a sense of incongruity in knowing the truth.

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from a private letter, as the keynote of his writing as Fiona Macleod.

"The Celtic paganism lies profound and potent still beneath the fugitive drift of Christianity and civilization, as the deep sea beneath the coming and going of the tide."

Volumes might be written and have been written upon the question of the grafting of Christianity upon the paganism of the Celts. It is maintained that only those Celtic nations which accepted the rule of Rome were ever truly Christianized. The Cornish Celts and the Welsh, whose clergy refused to accept celibacy, never entirely submitted to Roman rule, and at this day we may contrast their methodistic religion, which thrives on revivals and conversions, with the patient living faith of the Irish and the Western Highlander. It is the survival of the ancient Pagan nature-worship and symbolism, illuminated by the truth of Christianity, which gives such wonderful beauty to the Gaelic legends and poetry.

What we miss in Fiona Macleod's presentation of the ancient myths and legends of the Celts is just that distinctly Christian note. Mr Alexander Carmichael, in his preface to his beautiful collection of Gaelic rhythmical prayers and runes, *Carmina Gadelica*, speaks of this grafting of the ancient primitive Christianity of the early centuries upon what Fiona Macleod speaks of always as the "Ancient Wisdom," that is, the Druidical religion.

He says:

Perhaps no people had a fuller ritual of song and story of secular rite and religious ceremony than the Highlanders. Music, song, tale and poem pervade their lives as electricity pervades the air. Religion—pagan or Christian, or both combined—permeated everthing, blending and shading into one another like the irridescent colours of the rainbow. The people were unable to see and careless to know where the secular began and the religious ended. The Northern Celts were endowed, as Renan justly claims for Celts everywhere, with profound feeling and adorable delicacy in their religious instincts.

In several of the stories we have the legends of the priests of the "Ancient Wisdom," the Druids, brought

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face to face, and retreating perforce before the light of the New Wisdom, and we are constantly reminded of the impelling hope that brought the Wise Men to the feet of the Infant Christ in the stable at Bethlehem.

Long, long ago, a desert King, old and blind, but dowered with ancestral wisdom beyond all men that have lived, heard that the Son of God was born among men. He rose from his place, and on the eve of the third day he came to where Jesus sat among the gifts brought by the Wise Men of the East.

This is the introduction to a legend in which the Child Jesus is the King of the Elements. When the blind King heard the voice of Mary, tears fell into the old man's beard. "That will be the voice of the Queen of Heaven," he said. But Jesus said to his Mother: "Take up the tears and throw them into the dark night," and Mary did so, "and lo! upon the wilderness where no light was, and on the dark wave, where seamen toiled without hope, clusters of shining stars rayed downward in a quiet peace."

Then the old King chants the runes of the elemental things of life—of the Four Winds, of all things that grow, of Birth and the Passion of Women (which rune we meet with again in *Pharais*), of the Soul that dieth not, and of many other mysteries, and he says to the Infant Jesus: "I am bringing you a great gift, I am. I am come with Deep Knowledge." But at that Jesus, the child, said:

"All this I heard on my way hither."

In that most beautifully retold "Legendary Morality,"
"St Bride of the Isles," time and space, as so often in the legends, have vanished in the Celtic imagination. St Bridget, in telling and retelling through the centuries, has evidently become confused, as the Foster Mother of the Prince of the World, with the Virgin Mother of God. For Cathal, the Arch Druid, speaks thus of her:

Truly this Child is an Immortal. There is an ancient prophesy concerning her.... There shall be, it says, a spotless maid born of the ancient immemorial race in Innisfail, ... and she shall hold Eternity in her lap as a white flower. Her maiden breasts shall swell with milk for the Prince of the World. She shall give such to the King of the Elements,

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and he gives to her father this lovely rule for Bride's Education:

Treat Bride as though she were thy spirit, but leave her much alone, and let her learn of the Sun and the Wind. In the fullness of time the prophesy will be fulfilled.

In the same legend there is a passage of great beauty in which the Pantheism of Fiona Macleod is vividly expressed:

A brief while before sunrise she reached the summit of the hill. ... She found three young Druids there ready to tend the sacred fire the moment the sun's rays should kindle it.... As the sun rose a solemn chant swelled from their lips, ascending as incense through the silent air. In what strange mysterious way Bride did not see, but as the three Druids held their hands before the sacred fire there was a faint crackling, then three thin spirals of blue smoke rose, and soon dusky red and wan yellow tongues of flame moved to and fro. The sacrifice of God was made. Out of the immeasurable Heaven he had come, in His golden chariot. Now, in the wonder and mystery of His love, he was reborn upon the world, reborn a little fugitive flame upon a low hill in a remote isle. Great must be his love that he could give up his own body to daily death, and suffer the holy flame that was in the embers He illumined to be lighted and revered and then scattered to the four quarters of the world.

The writer might almost be speaking of the sacrifice of the Mass in this passage. Throughout all the lovely telling of how St Joseph and Mary came to the inn at Bethlehem, whither St Bridget miraculously found herself transported, we are reminded of the pictures of the masters of the days of faith in which the Holy Personages are clothed in the dress of the painters' own time. There is no need to represent them with the realism of to-day. They are too close companions of their everyday existence to be presented otherwise than as one of themselves in dress and speech and action. Thus Joseph and Mary speak with Bridget in her own language, not in the words of the Gospel. And all through the night, while the Mother slept, Bride nursed the Child with tender hands and croodling crooning songs—

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Ah Baby Christ, so dear to me, Sang Bridget Bride: How sweet thou art My Baby Dear Heart of my Heart.

"And it was on this night," says the legend, "that far away in Iona, the Arch-Druid Cathal died. But before the breath went from him he had his vision of joy, and his last words were:

Bridget holds upon her knee The King of Elements, asleep upon her breast."

This vision of the old Druid before his death has its parallel in a Breton legend told by M. Anatole le Braz,

in his Land of Pardons.

Gwennolé, the Great Saint of Brittany, set forth from his monastery to search for King Gralon, who had wandered into the wilderness to expiate a crime—the murder of his own daughter. After a long, long search, he found the old King dying in his retreat at the entrance of a forest. Beside him and watching over him was a Druid of great age. To the monk the King said: "You come in time to receive my last breath. Be not harsh to the old man yonder. He has lived for three ages and has known all the depths of suffering. I have mourned my ruined city and the fate of my only child; but he—ah, he has lost his Gods! What sorrow can compare with this sorrow? Once he was a Druid, now he mourns a dead religion. Be gentle with him Gwennolé." Then he died, and the monk and the Druid watched over the dead King till the dawn, the one murmuring the Latin dirge, the other strange incantations in a barbarous tongue. At daybreak a troop of monks appeared, who carried King Gralon away to his tomb at Landevennec, where in a ruined crypt it may still be seen to this day. Then the Druid spoke—"Gralon bade me make known to you his last wishes. He desired that under your direction a Church should be raised on this spot to the Sorrowful Mother of your God, so that sick persons should there find health, and the heavy-laden peace.

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There was once a time—I was young then—when a block of red granite stood here. Its touch gave sight to the blind, hearing to the deaf, hope to hearts in distress. May the sanctuary that you raise inherit the same virtues; it is my wish—the wish of one conquered, but resigned to the changing order of the times, one who feels neither bitterness nor hatred."

"But if we do this thing," cried Gwennolé, "we shall disturb you—you whose last refuge we shall be invading."

With profound scepticism and discouragement the Druid answered—"It is the duty of my Gods to protect me, if they still exist:" and leaning on his knotted staff he passed feebly through the glade into the forest, and Gwennolé's heart was saddened for the ancient man, last remnant of a sombre creed. His disillusionment with his own faith had not led him to acknowledge the New Wisdom like

the Druid of the northern legend.

St Bridget, the patron Saint of the Northern Celts, was born in the fifth century. Nevertheless in the legends she was translated miraculously to the stable at Bethlehem to be the Foster Mother of the Divine Child. So St Anne, the Mother of the Blessed Virgin and the patroness of Brittany, has in the Breton legend become confused with the Duchesse Anne de Bretagne—time and space again having vanished. This legend says that St Anne was a Breton. In the Château Moellien they will show you the room she lived in when she was Queen of Brittany. For she was a queen and a duchess, and the people loved her for her goodness and compassion. But her husband was a hard man. He was jealous of her and did not wish her to have any children. When he found she was going to be a mother he beat her and turned her out of his house in the wind and the storm. She went down to the sea, and there she found a ship, and an angel was at the helm. She stepped into the ship and came straightway to Judæa, to the port of Jerusalem (a very Breton touch), and in a few days her daughter was born, whom God intended to be the Blessed Virgin. She brought her up piously so that she might be worthy to be the Mother of Jesus. Then, when she was

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old, she began to long for her own people of Brittany. And she prayed to Heaven to be allowed to visit them. So the same ship carried her back to the Breton land, and there she distributed all her goods to the poor, and lived in poverty and prayer.

Jesus, her grandson, says the legend, undertook the journey to Basse Bretagne, on purpose to see her. He came with his disciples Peter and John, to ask for her blessing before going to Calvary. The parting between them was very sad; Anne wept tears of blood and Jesus for a long time was unable to console her. At last he said:

"Remember your Bretons, Grandmother. Speak, and I will give them for your sake whatever blessings you ask." Then the Saint dried her tears.

"Ah well," said she, "let a church be consecrated to me on this spot. So far as its spire can be seen and so far as its bell can be heard may all sick bodies, all suffering souls, alive or dead, find

peace."

"It shall be as you wish," said Jesus, and he struck his staff into the ground and from the dry side of the sand dune a fountain sprang forth. It has been flowing ever since, and whoever drinks of it feels his heart become young once more.

There is yet one more parallel between the lore of the Breton Celts and those of the Scottish Isles, that of the personification in the legends of the sea-element.

M. le Braz speaks of a Celtic belief that a fairy lives in the sea, "as beautiful as an angel, but cruel as death itself." Along all the Breton Coast there is not a family but has some murder with which to reproach her, and they call

her Mary Morgan, born of the sea.

He described how once on his way to La Palude to the Shrine of St Anne, he passed by a precipitous cliff path along "monstrous rocks overhanging the abyss. The path clings to their sides or wanders about in their crannies. And down below, that traitress, the sea, watches the passerby." A woman pilgrim hailed him, following him down the path, begging for help. The narrow pathway makes her giddy, but her vow is to go to the Shrine by that way, and she cannot turn into the safer path. She tells him why.

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Years ago she was making her way to La Palude with her future husband; he to give thanks for the Saint's protection at sea the previous winter, she to ask the Saint to bless their marriage. They talked of the dangers he had run during the winter. "Yes," he had said, "I was very nearly wedding the sea instead of you... She looks quiet enough now, the jade," added he, bending over the water in the gully below. Suddenly he turned livid. "A death wave!!" he cried. A kind of bellowing came up out of the gulf and a liquid mass like a wild beast sprang up at him! The woman fainted. When she came to her senses again the sea looked calm and innocent—but her lover never was found, dead or alive.

All through Fiona Macleod's stories the sea and its moods are as the accompaniment of a song. In the "Sea Madness" and in "The Ninth Wave," and in many others, the actual mesmeric spell of the sea is spoken of.

In "Earth, Fire and Water," one of the Studies in Spiritual History, there is a passage about this sea-bewitchment:

"It is not well to be born on a Friday night within sound of the sea. This gift is the Friday spell. He who has this gift must not look upon any other while bathing; if he does that swimmer must drown." And there follows a story of a man who knew he had this "gift," and used it to the hurt of his rival in the love of a woman. This man, years afterwards, left the plough suddenly, calling, "I'm coming, I'm coming-don't pull me-I'm coming," and threw himself into the sea as he cried "Sweetheart—my love." But the sea-call is not always a madness, but more a home-sickness, a sehn sucht, and there are stories of men who leave wife and home on the mainland to satisfy their longing for the sound of the sea—of a man who heard the lapping of the sea among the seaweed whenever he dug in the earth in his garden on the mainland, and another who could not see to plough his land because the furrows became waves and splashed around him. Fiona Macleod tells us too of a strange fever that came upon her too (though this is just one of those tales in which we feel the incongruity of its being the experience of a woman), when, in

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a state of mental strain, for three days the street in which she lived was filled with the noise of the waves, and how, until she got within sound of the true ocean, she could neither rest nor sleep.

Fiona and Mr Alexander Carmichael bear each other out in their accusations against the Calvinist Ministers in the Scottish Isles, of killing out the old poetry and cus-

toms by their disapproval.

"Gaelic oral literature," says Mr Carmichael, "has been disappearing during the last three centuries. It is now becoming meagre in quantity, inferior in quality, and greatly isolated." He assigns several causes for this decadence. Firstly, the Reformation, when the beliefs and cults, tolerated by the Church, were condemned wholesale by the Puritans; the rebellions and consequent disorganization of the life in the Isles, the modern spirit imported from without, and, lastly, the schools. "Ignorant school teaching, clerical narrowness," he says, "have been painfully detrimental to the expressive language, wholesome literature, manly sports and interesting amusements of the Gaelic people." He gives various instances of how the people of the Isles no longer dare to repeat the old tales to each other, though their minds are still so strongly tempered by them. One instance is quoted from a lady who, as a child, was sent to the parish school in Islay, to learn arithmetic with the schoolmaster. She used to join in the children's Gaelic songs and games, but as the schoolmaster, a narrow Presbyterian from the mainland, denounced Gaelic speech and Gaelic songs, they could only enjoy them out of school time. "One day," she says, "the schoolmaster heard us and called us back. He punished us till the blood trickled from our fingers, although we were big girls with the dawn of womanhood upon us. The thought of that scene thrills me with indignation." And Mr Carmichael himself was often tantalized by the story or song he had coaxed out of a Highlander being stopped midway by the appearance of the minister, or one of the disapproving elders of the district.

It is both the charm and the fault of Fiona Macleod's

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writing that it is nearly all written from the subjective point of view. This it is that makes the beauty of the language almost cloying. Often the word-painting leads one on, fascinated by its own beauty, till one is hardly conscious of the thought contained in the words. The Divine Adventure contains much original and interesting thought. It is the history of the three Companions, the Soul, the Will and the Body, who seek each to live to himself without identification with the other. At times, the allegory grows a little obscure, but the interest lies largely in the relation between the Will and the Soul. The Will, that is to say the Intellect, at first is arrogant, insisting upon certainties, where the Soul is content with Faith. After many experiences in which the waywardness of the Body causes much sorrow for the Will, he begins to recognize the value of the steady vision of the Soul. At the death of the Body the three are once more united in an indivisible trinity.

"One mystery," says the narrator, "has become clear to me through this strange quest of ours-though when I say 'I' or 'Ours' I know not whether it is the Body or the Will, or the Soul that speaks, till I remember that triune marriage at the deathbed, and know that while each is consciously each—the one with memory, the other with knowledge, the third with wisdom and faith—we are yet one, as are the yellow and the white and the violet in the single flame of this candle beside me. And this mystery is, that the body was not built of life-warmed clay to be merely the house of the soul. . . . Now I see clearly that the chief end of the body is to enable the Soul to come into union with the natural law. . . . it has to learn to become at one with the wind and the grass and with all that lives and moves. . . . Only that Truth is deepest, that Beauty highest which is seen, not by the Soul only or by the Mind or by the Body, but by all

three as one."

Though there is much that is Pantheistic in all this, the writer has stumbled upon mysteries which Christians acknowledge, but forever agree to accept as mysteries.

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They must be apprehended by each, in his own way, in his own hour, but the knowledge is incommunicable.

"The Celtic nature has become passionately reticent," says William Sharp in a letter. The modern movement for reviving the Gaelic language among the people he hoped might to some degree revive the old thoughts and the old legends which have been so much put aside with the older language. But it is to be feared that with the artificial revival of a language which had been so nearly starved to death, a new self-consciousness has crept inan entirely new and regrettable element—which diminishes the value of the folk-lore newly rekindled from the embers of the ancient flame, handed down through the ages and so nearly extinct.

Fiona Macleod was interested in the Celtic movement purely from the literary point of view. She was not one of those who, being ardent Nationalists, looked upon the revival of the Celtic language and literature as part of the political movement. It was precisely in the presence of this political element that the difference lay between the Irish Gaelic movement and that of Scotland, Wales and Brittany. "Fiona Macleod," Mrs Sharp tells us, "deplored the uniting of the political element to the movement and had no inclination towards any such feeling."

Subjectivity, a certain morbidness in their beauty and a sometimes cloying sweetness in the language, we may find to criticize in the writings of Fiona Macleod. But self-conscious they never are nor lacking in the true

impelling inspiration of a poet.

CHARLOTTE BALFOUR

### A GREAT FRENCH BISHOP

MONSEIGNEUR Dadolle, Bishop of Dijon, was to those within his radius, whose hearts are set on the Kingdom of God, a beacon in the darkness, a source of inspiring strength and wisdom in difficulties, and a very stronghold of hope. His death has focussed the gifts and characteristics of his brilliant and most lovable personality, with which, by the grace of God, he accomplished wonders in the five years of his episcopate. Through him God made

the dry bones around come together and live.

When he died, May 22, 1911, I wrote this to a friend: "We are stunned by his death, only fifty-four. A man who seemed necessary to France and to this diocese. He is one of the most remarkable men I have ever known in my whole life. There was not in him a single flaw or inequality. His holiness, intellect, judgement, common sense were equally remarkable. So were his kindness, warmth of heart, simplicity, delicacy and tact. His strength, courage and independence impressed the least observant. All these qualities and gifts marked him out to inspire, to lead, to govern; and he was not afraid to govern. Yet he had nothing arbitrary in him. He very rarely changed his mind or went back on a decision, but very occasionally he did, to the amazement of those who did not fully understand him. For further reflection, consequent on additional light or information, would cause him to modify or change his opinion or decision, because of the clearer light and fuller knowledge, and because his own mind was absolutely free of prejudice, pride or obstinacy. The power in humility is rarely understood, and in its divine perfection it is never obtrusive and therefore often hardly recognized. It was thus in Monseigneur Dadolle. And another source of power and security in action was his absolute truthfulness of mind as well as of word and act; in all this, as in his greatness of mind, he reminded me of my father\*: it gave me a

sense of perfect freedom; instinctive, unerring response to God. One felt he was led by the Holy Ghost, and that his whole being was poured out in a service of worship to his Lord and Saviour. I believe, I am sure, that Monseigneur Dadolle will help us still, and more than ever; but his death removes an inestimable friendship from our

tangible enjoyment."

The Bishop of Nevers, Monseigneur Chatelus, preaching at the funeral, said that the Church of France mourned. "The whole Church of Jesus Christ mourns, the grief is immense, the mourning universal"; and the Bishop of Nice, Monseigneur Chapon, in the Oraison funebre\* two months later: "Le deuil est immense: c'est un deuil pour l'église de France tout entière. La mort prématurée de Monseigneur Dadolle provoqua au cœur de nos évêques, du Souverain Pontife lui-même, qui s'en est si paternellement exprimé, de tous ceux qui sont attentifs et s'intéressent à nos destinées religieuses et nationales, le sentiment qu'un grand vide venait de se faire dans nos rangs, le sentiment d'une perte irréparable."-"The town or Dijon and the whole diocese are overwhelmed in consternation," "The town and the diocese are in despair," was the cry of the local press, echoed by the press beyond.

He was the first Bishop of Dijon after the rupture of the Concordat, the rough tearing asunder of Church and State—the Séparation. He came in March, 1906, at the call of Pius X, to a disendowed diocese at the very moment of disendowment. He and his clergy were suddenly homeless; no Seminaries, no schools, no funds, no endowments; all swept away. The whole atmosphere was seething with change, unrest, discouragement and perplexity. Thus he came in. His predecessor under the Concordat, in addition to observing the tradition "Surtout point de zèle," had succeeded in leaving the diocese almost as destitute spiritually as the Séparation had stripped it of its temporalities. The

<sup>\*</sup>Other quotations in inverted commas are also from this Oraison funêbre by Monseigneur Chapon, Bishop of Nice. I was present when it was delivered, and the hour and a quarter passed as if at most half-an-hour, so interesting and eloquent was the preacher.

Seminaries were at the lowest ebb, and throughout the diocese was palsied. True, here and there in town and country were priests who kept alight the sacred fire, who mourned over the general stagnation and toiled day and night to save souls; but these were few and far between. Of "Œuvres sociales" there were none. The expulsion of the teaching Orders had swept away Christian schools. Here and there were a few, very few, exceptions, dependent on individual support; and of Secondary schools there was specially to be noted a brilliant exception in Dijon, the school of St François de Sales, the great life work of Monsieur de Bretenières. But taken as a whole it is impossible to imagine a more stagnant diocese than Dijon when Monseigneur Dadolle came. Nor was this all the difficulty. Every functionary of the government, from the Préfet and the Sous-Préfets and most of the Conseil-général to the local mayors and municipal councillors, with very rare exceptions among the latter, was agog as to new possibilities and rights, and wished to prove his zeal for the Republic, i.e. for the Ministry of the day, by aggressions on the Church, by obstructing and hindering whenever possible. Often from 1905 to 1908, was it said to me here in Burgundy, "Religion now is done for, the Freemasons have it all their own way, nothing can save 'la religion." To which I always answered, "Wait and see.\* The Chapel bell of Bourbilly rings for Mass still. It has rung off and on since 1375 (the date is cast in the metal). It has been silenced sometimes by wars, sometimes by revolutions or by oppression, and their consequent devastations; but it always begins again to ring for Mass. It has rung now for the last forty years after being silent for over a hundred; so wait and see."

And one of the answers for which we waited was given in a way we never dreamt of: by the Bishop's death and funeral only three years later.

In the four days between his death and burial, all day long

<sup>\*</sup> Bourbilly was the home of Ste Jeanne Françoise de Chantal; and St François de Sales was among its visitors. Madame de Sévigné inherited Bourbilly from her grandmother.

the people crowded round his bed. The greater number were artisans, labourers, factory hands, women and children; but all classes were there, all professions, employments and trades were in touch with their Bishop during those days.\* Just as in the early days of his illness, in Holy Week, so again when the relapse came, the streets around his house were crowded by anxious inquirers. And on Ascension Day, it being a holiday, two days before his funeral, the streets immediately around were constantly blocked. So it went on until the Saturday of his burial. Several times in the last four years on Sundays and on great feast days Dijon had been surprised by the sight of pavements invaded by crowds blocking the passage of its Bishop as he walked between his house and the Cathedral. They crowded round him to ask for his blessing for themselves and for their children. At last he changed his routes and hours to avoid this, fearing to provoke a counter demonstration. But when he went out the last time, his body carried in the poorest of coffins, he had no voice in the matter, and the Dijon newspapers recorded, "Dijon a fait à son évêque des obsêques splendides." The splendour was not in coffin or trappings, music or lights, for all was, as he wished, of the humblest and poorest. But as the funeral of a monarch or of a great general, it passed through the streets of Dijon, heralded, surrounded and followed by the corporations, societies, clergy, religious orders, laity, working men and women; with the crowds closing in as the long procession wound through the densely crowded streets. The shop windows were shut and the windows on the route were filled with people. The procession was allowed by the civic authorities after some hesitation and protest (probably necessary from the point of view of their own political peace, processions other than those of anarchists being now forbidden in France). The Mayor even deputed, or allowed, one of his "adjoints" to be a pall-bearer, thus representing the civic authorities. And all this for a Bishop at the most

<sup>\*</sup>The pasteurs of the églises reformées in Dijon and the Rabbi also often came to inquire; and the Rabbi expressed his regret that he could not attend the funeral; the pasteurs joined the procession.

bitter moment of the Separation, a man who five years before was unknown among them, and who had been forced to fight and struggle ever since his arrival for each inch of ground, and over and over again, on behalf of his clergy, for the merest questions of shelter and peace.

It might be said of Monseigneur Dadolle as of his master, "the zeal of thine house hath consumed me." His motto had always been "donner et se donner." He knew that the Kingdom of Heaven must be taken by force, so the five years of his episcopate he led what seemed forlorn hopes; made desperate onslaughts on evil; poured himself out and all that he had for the cause of the Kingdom of God. And now that he was spent, we saw that the Kingdom of God had been stormed, and its graces and gifts were budding on all sides.

Let me now give a sketch of his life, and of his main points of view and lines of action. But as I write, I would correct myself. He had one point of view and one line of

action-salvation of souls by the Incarnation.

He, Pierre Dadolle, was born in 1857 at Villemontais, a village in the Department of the Loire in the diocese of Lyons; where his father, who had been a soldier, was appointed postmaster on leaving the service, and was widely trusted and esteemed. The family traditions were noble indeed. Pierre Dadolle's stepmother used to tell how in the darkest days of the French revolution her husband's grandfather had hidden and sheltered three priests, and how during several years the faithful came from far and near to worship in their loft and to receive the sacraments. "This is our glory," she ended; and later on when her three sons, including her stepson Pierre, were priests, she used to add, "and here is our reward."

When Pierre was asked at seven years old what he meant to be, he answered: "je vœux être évêque": and he soon began to serve Mass, rising very early so as to ensure the privilege by being the first in the field. He greatly desired to learn Latin, and was so well taught by one of the excellent schoolmasters of those days that he made a remarkable translation, which, shown to the Curé, and by

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him to a conference of clergy assembled at the Presbytère, led to an examination of the boy there and then, and to his adoption by the Curé of Roanne, Monsieur Dubost, who undertook his education and started him at the little Seminary of Saint-Jodard. There, as later on, in the great Seminary of Lyons, in the Institut Catholique of Paris (where he became the pupil and life-long friend of Monseigneur Duchesne), then finally at the University in Rome, it was one unbroken triumph of the passionate diligence of the ardent student and scholar. Theology and canon law, philosophy, history, classics, literature, science, political economy, even medicine, he studied and grasped. His capacity for work and his memory were prodigious. Nothing he had read or heard was forgotten; and all was remembered with a readiness and exactitude which rendered him priceless service in teaching, preaching, and lecturing. His mind, from its very perspicuity and precision, was eminently synthetical. He seized immediately whatever was under discussion or being taught, and with lightning speed grasped the bearings, proportions, values, principles and deductions. His nimbleness of mind was as striking as its stability and self-control. I never met anyone quicker or more appreciative of what is new, nor more sure in judgement as to its worth or use.

He had two fields of service after his ordination: Lyons and Dijon; twenty-five years in Lyons and five in Dijon. He was twenty-four, just ordained, when he accepted the Chair of Apologetics in the Lyons Catholic University, which had been kept vacant for him. Here he found work for his intellect to rejoice in, and his pupils rejoiced in him. With his kind of mind, in which suppleness, fearless curiosity and exploring instincts combined with scientific accuracy and absolute clearness of thought, the whole mind red-hot with a passion to know, he might easily, as so many others, have been carried along exploring on independent lines, or followed wandering stars in an adventurous philosophy. But he was convinced that philosophy alone could not serve his needs in his quest after the heavenly treasure; that it would fail him at many

points; must fail from the very nature of its limitations, where continual living progress is essential. So in him the philosopher was deliberately the auxiliary of the theologian, never the master. From the Chair of Apologetics Monseigneur Dadolle was called to be Rector of the Institut Catholique, and somewhat later was entrusted in addition by the Cardinal Archbishop, (Cardinal Coullié), with the entire responsibility of the candidates for Holy Orders and of the direction and administration of the Seminaries and all the Church schools and colleges of the diocese. He achieved in all this an unheard of success. No detail was too small, no individual too humble for his personal touch. Nothing, no one was overlooked or forgotten or missed; and all were pervaded by his spirit of holiness and charity, and impressed by his intellect and judgement. "Et aujourd'hui encore, ses traditions fidèlement recueillies défendent ses œuvres contre tant de menaces au milieu de tant de ruines," summed up the Bishop of Nice when speaking of this part of the life of his friend. When Monseigneur Dadolle left Lyons, no one man could be found to take his place; four persons now carry on what he had done alone.

I have spoken of his gifts and his success; but these gifts alone, though sufficient to account for his power as a teacher, for the devotion of his pupils, for the success of his organization and administration in Lyons, would not have drawn the people of his diocese round him living, nor later to his death-bed; could not have fired men and women and the young with new or renewed desire to work for the Kingdom of God, had he not been something more still than the theologian, scholar, administrator. To quote again Monseigneur Chapon, "in this thinker, this man of action, there was the Apostle; only this name expresses fully that which was all his soul, all his life." But this never disturbed the perfect balance of the whole man, which was never once even interrupted. "The Apostle was born in the light and warmth of the sacerdotal grace, of the Thinker, the Teacher, the Theologian, and so it remained always all one and inseparable." All that he had learnt and acquired

he used for souls. "He realized Truth as the bread, the life of souls. . . . The distress of starving souls cried out to him in the agitating uneasiness of contemporary thought; —souls starving for that truth which seemed disappearing from their midst; the distress of souls because they do not know, or do not know sufficiently of that truth. . . . Monseigneur Dadolle realized all this vividly, and the pitying love of his Master for the multitude going astray as sheep without a shepherd, found its echo in his heart; while he rejoiced in the thanksgiving to the Father for revealing a Gospel which little children and the most ignorant can grasp and love." The thrill of the Incarnation pervaded him; in It he was certain of victory; by It, by the Name of Jesus, he all through his thirty-three years of priesthood brought healing and happiness, and the joy of the love and knowledge of God.

Can we wonder that, as the Bishop of Nice tells us, when Pius X had fourteen Sees to fill after the rupture of the Concordat, in Lyons and wherever Monseigneur Dadolle was known, it was a repetition of the scene in Milan many centuries ago, when the clergy and people, great and small, cried, "Ambrose must be bishop, let Ambrose be the bishop!" And the Pope, who had already thought of the Rector of the Institut Catholique of Lyons, gave his glad consent.

In what spirit did Monseigneur Dadolle respond? When reminded of the supreme difficulties of the time, of the gigantic strength required for the work, he asked: "Can you conceive a bishop who would not kill himself for the service of God? Are we to reckon our lives by years or by how much we can do for the cause entrusted to us?" His first greeting to his diocese on his arrival from Rome was this: "His Holiness has been so extraordinarily good to us, that clearly he meant to teach us how to give. I now offer myself to you. I give you my heart."

There was something so joyously vigorous and living in him that there were no limits to our hopes and dreams of what he would accomplish for many years to come. In those earliest days of the Church's ruin, instead of sitting down to lament he girt himself to rebuild. "De fait," says

Monseigneur Chapon, "il était trop impatient de relever les ruines pour s'oublier à les pleurer." He never dwelt on the dark side, he looked to the light. Nothing tried him so much as useless lamenting, or the decrying of the Church, the country or the times. He used to say that there was neither faith nor true humility in this. Indeed, he went further, and said that it was God Himself who was thus reproached and blamed, and that no one who studied history and facts and was a Christian could join in such lamentations.

One day he said to us here at Bourbilly: "If God had given me the choice, I should have chosen the present time; it is a wonderful time, wonderful revelations on all sides; and never did God need His servants more. I am grateful to be here now, to try to do something 'sur la brèche.'" Not that he was in the least blind or shortsighted; no one took to heart more than he the prevailing carelessness of some, the hostility of others to religion. The mistrust, sullenness or indifference now so general among the masses in France filled him with pain. He never blamed them; he blamed the sect\* which too often seduces and misleads the people. "More are led astray by prejudice than by hate," he said; "we are sure that the electors never meant to give their representatives an order to disturb the Faith or to strip the Church; they were simply deceived by electioneering programmes." He pointed out again and again that this indifference and hostility to religion is not so much a substitution for a truly religious faith among the mass of the people in the past; as it is the result of a change in the "cadre," framework, of their lives now; a change of atmosphere owing to the loss of a national recognition of religion. This, in truth, is an immense evil; but the history of the Gospel in its earliest days has been repeated (only on changing scales) throughout the ages of Christendom. "He was despised and rejected of men." In Judæa, France, England or wherever it may be, it has been and is always the same. Brought into individual touch few souls definitely reject Him; but even then the Parable of the Sower holds good, and the

seductions of the world, the flesh and the devil, of the pride of intellect and of life often prove victorious. Then he used to add, "For us who know there can be no limits to our efforts; we must dare all, try all to win men, to force them not to miss this great opportunity, the joy of salvation." One evening, in a confirmation tour, when talking with a gathering of priests, some among them gave vent to their discouragement. "Chez nous, Monseigneur, il n'y a rien à faire; l'indifférence de nos paroissiens est invincible." His protest they would not soon forget. Indignantly he answered that to speak thus was heresy; it was doubting the efficacy of divine grace; it was as much as to say that Jesus Christ had not come to save all men. "En tout cas," he ended, "je ne vous croirai que si plusieurs d'entre vous meurent d'ici trois ou quatre ans à la peine (from overwork) sans avoir entraîné leurs paroisses." And that is how he died himself. "We must have," he cried on another occasion, "l'âme sereine, l'énergie fière . . . ne pas céder, lutter toujours." To the honour of his diocese be it known that he declared: "Mon diocèse est un de ceux où on gémit le moins, mais où on travaille le plus; et travailler c'est la meilleure manière de lutter." No doubt his own spirit of hope contributed immensely to the courage of his diocese. When charged with optimism I have heard him reply: "Search through history; it destroys many illusions as to the past, but it also thereby saves us from many useless discouragements as to the present."

In an article after his death in the Chronique sociale it was admirably pointed out that he and men of his generation had heard from their parents enough to make them realize the wonderful revival of Church life during the last sixty years. He had heard how dull, silent, inert the Catholic life had been in the youth of his parents; how very rarely even earnest Catholics communicated; how practically, with the rarest exception, the preparation for first Communion and Confirmation was as perfunctory as it was hurried, and that religion was left generally in the cold, or did not, as Lord Melbourne expressed himself in regard to Keble's Christian Year

"obtrude itself into private life!" Monseigneur Dadolle and Christians of his generation knew that whereas, formerly, rarely was any writer or man of letters or scholar a believer and never a man of science, and it seemed to be taken for granted that learning, even culture, could not co-exist with religion in the same brain, in the renaissance of Catholicism which illuminated the latter half of the nineteenth and the beginning of the twentieth centuries, more and more earnest Catholics arose among men of science, artists, men of letters, of whom many had passed through the crucible of conversion; and many believers instead of one here and there were to be found in the Universities and "Ecoles supérieures," some even in the Lycées. Monseigneur Dadolle had seen the spirit of religion permeating and reviving Society by the Christian organizations and societies started all over the country. To churches formerly almost deserted men came now in crowds to pray.\* He had seen religion repeatedly insulted and almost chronically attacked and persecuted, but always resisting; showing more and more its vitality by its endurance and power to resist. He had seen religion which had been steadily weakening since the end of the seventeenth century as steadily reviving and recovering, specially during the last sixty years. Monseigneur Dadolle's heroes, Lacordaire, Montalembert, the Curé d'Ars and Dupanloup, at whose deathbed he, a young priest, first knew Monseigneur Chapon, all inspired him with hope and apostolic zeal. Speaking at Autun not long ago he reminded his audience that the close of the eighteenth century had seen Talleyrand their Bishop, only a hundred years ago. "Would you change now for then?" he cried. "Never." No, fully cognisant of the past and intimately associated with the present, comparing the one with the other, despite all the struggle and the anxieties, the people cast out into the void with no longer any

This applies to Paris and towns generally, not to the villages where the exact opposite has been taking place, largely owing to the influence of the instituteur of the secular schools, but also to the immense pressure of Freemasonry, applied through the intensified, bureaucratic system of centralized government.

national religion for their cradle, hearth and deathbed,he heard always the words "Sursum corda"; and his life was the response, "Habemus ad Dominum." But if so, if he was strong in his hope for the regeneration of the masses, to what did he look, on what did he reckon for its practical fulfilment? Did he look to politics to bring them back to the faith of their fathers? did he reckon on political action? Never; neither by taking part in the very slightest degree on one side or the other. He would join neither Republican, Liberal, Royalist, Imperialist, Radical, or Socialist organizations, nor even the "Démocratie Chrétienne." He absolutely refused to mix himself up in politics. He went straight on working solely in and by the Kingdom of God. He always insisted on the duty and right of Catholics, every whit as much as other citizens, to submit to the established laws and government in so far as they did not clash with their duty as Christians; and just as he had vindicated when at Lyons the rights and liberties of the Catholic thinker and scholar in the world of thought and discovery, so now he claimed for every Frenchman his right as a citizen; this very right naturally claiming its own limit within the inviolable frontier of conscience. "But political organization is not our business," he declared over and over again. "A man may be a Republican and a very good Christian, or not a Republican and still an excellent Christian. Our traditions teach us to respect the authorities that be, and it will not be our fault if these by forfeiting all right to be respected are attacked. Is fighting our object? No, only liberty. We are striving for liberty." He never resigned himself to the expulsion of the Church outside the laws of France (la mise hors de la loi), France whose national life the Church had always in the past so gloriously shared. He judged it odious and impolitic that the Church should be so treated. He repeatedly said that the grievous injury to the nation was one reason why he himself would never have moved one finger towards the Séparation, despite some evidently immense advantages, such as the power to make new parishes, the right to hold meetings and assemble in conference, and as to the appointment of Bishops. The final and definite cessation

of all representative expression and sanction of religion in the national life he considered an immeasurable evil.

But since the Séparation had taken place, he ardently desired such a legal foothold for the Church as is accorded by the State to every other society and body politic. He asked for a legal foothold for her associations and liberties, because even if the law as interpreted under the present regime is not always favourable, even if it should be unjustly prejudiced in its application, yet the Church would be far safer than as now outside the law, treated as a wandering alien, with no security whatever from attacks from capricious or political motives, under the name of the Civil Power; which, as things are now, is absolutely unchecked in its relationship to the Church, except by the fear of going too far and exceeding even the limits of the extreme tolerance of national indifference. Unsuspected irritation had revealed itself when an attempt was made to close the churches, and the attempt was abandoned; but such security is very precarious where human interests and passions and prejudices are concerned, and so Monseigneur Dadolle felt. Therefore at the assemblies of the Episcopate after the Separation he took a keen interest in schemes to further the attempt that in some way or other a legal foothold should be found for the Church's work. Nothing more marked him out than the position he was given from the first in these assemblies, he, one of the youngest, being elected by his fellow Bishops to present their resolutions at the Vatican.

Then if he did not look to politics for gaining the people, did he hope that they could be won to the Gospel by himself and his clergy throwing themselves into social schemes and movements? True, he was deeply interested in these. Far from thrusting aside the social question as in itself necessarily revolutionary and subversive, he claimed it as part of his territory, for, he said, "it came from the lips and heart of Jesus Christ in a world of which two-thirds of the population were slaves." The desires of God breathed through prophets and psalmists formed a command to his fellowmen from the Incarnate Son of God; a command ampli-

fied and accentuated by the Apostles. "We pray with all our might for the ever increasing justice between men and men," he wrote, "and we long for greater possibilities of prosperity to be within the reach of the poor and the disinherited." . . . "Allons aux œuvres sociales!" he cried. And he hoped much from them for dissipating prejudice and winning the trust and affection of the people. But prejudice, he said, would only be increased if falsehood and misrepresentations, illusory hopes and promises almost certain to lack fulfilment were resorted to, if truth did not keep pace with mercy, and righteousness with peace. He never flinched from denouncing the incitements to discontent, class hatred and envy which strangely enough are sometimes the weapons of even Christian social workers. He denounced such means as utterly unchristian; as materialism pure and simple in its most evil sense. He dared to say, "Il y a des mauvais riches c'est certain, mais il y a des mauvais pauvres ou de mauvais prolétaires c'est non moins certain"; while he tried incessantly to make the strong and the rich realize their responsibilities to the weak and the poor; and on several occasions while keeping himself hidden in the background, he initiated and carried through, by his Catholic laity, measures for arbitration and relief which won the hearts of the artisans. At a socialist meeting in Geneva when the clergy were attacked, a delegate sprang up and said he felt bound to name an exception, the Bishop of Dijon, who had won the Sunday rest for the "garçons boulangers" (thus revealing the hitherto unknown mainspring of their victory). He was personally known to railway men, the workers in gingerbread and mustard factories, as well as in some laundry works, by going in the intervals of Confirmation tours to preach the Gospel to them for half-hours at a time, often every week. Yet for all his appreciation of social work he never believed that social work of whatever kind and however graced by the name of Christian, would win the soul of the people. He constantly said that he had never deceived himself for a moment on this point. Then to what did he

look? To some supernatural intervention of a miraculous character effecting a wholesale sudden conversion of the people? No, he looked for nothing of the kind. "There is nothing," he said, "in the present crisis which absolves us French Catholics from the courage, prudence, work and sacrifice which God asks of His Church. 'Aide-toi et le ciel t'aidera' is as true of the redemption and regeneration of nations as of individuals. Miracles have no raison d'être until after we have done our utmost. We have no right to count on the miraculous if our efforts can suffice. Honour and conscience forbid us to lament our lost privileges if we have not made the utmost possible of what is still left to us. We are sure that the people will withdraw their involuntary complicity in this war against religion, when their sleeping faith awakens, which it will the day we apostles shall have re-made them Christian." To this evangelizing work he devoted all his thought and energies. If he did not look to politics, to socialism or even to social work, or to any great supernatural intervention for the conversion of the people, to what did he look as the lever for himself and his missionaries, priests and laity?

To prayer and holiness. Prayer in its fullest sense; holiness in its most ideal conception. "Which of us," he asked in an address to his clergy, "does not feel more and more every day that the only way to make our lives fruitful, is by loyally following after holiness with all our might? We shall be the instruments and helps for the salvation of our people, our brothers, exactly in propor-

tion as we ourselves are holy."

It was enough [says Monseigneur Chapon] for those who even only saw him praying before the altar; when he celebrated the Divine Sacrifice in his Cathedral or in one of your churches; who watched him with his breviary or his rosary, to know, by his profound absorption in God, he had triumphed over the temptation to distraction and wandering thoughts, which is the most perilous of temptations to a priest whose life is perforce spent in organization and administration, and in his case also, of inevitable struggle and controversy. All he said and all he did revealed its divine source, and that he had achieved the all-powerful union of

prayer in work, work in prayer. And it was to holiness, to this union of prayer and work in his clergy and Christian laity, that he looked for the salvation of his people. The work of "apostolat" was, in his eyes, the only object for which Bishop and clergy existed, and was only possible if the priest kept his soul free from all preoccupations, from all hindrances and compromises; continually nourished in prayer, as he indeed, we may say, had kept his own.

"The salvation of souls is the object of our presence among you," he declared in a pastoral letter. "We are brought together by a mutual interest in eternity, and we know no other. No one ever has or ever will see us take part in anything which might separate us from any of you or hinder our work; for we are sure we can only achieve your regeneration by the restoration of

Christianity."

Apart from other obvious reasons, one reason why he worked with all his might against any possibility of schism after the Séparation and for the solid, compact loyalty of the whole hierarchy to the Pope was, that he saw clearly that all the points which might divide opinion were secondary, while the question of Unity was supreme. He was, justly, humbly proud of the magnificent behaviour of the clergy of France, and thankful beyond measure because of its vital importance to the evangelizing of his country.

This sketch of Monseigneur Dadolle is miserably inadequate, and there is much left unsaid. Of his ceaseless efforts for Christian education in his own diocese; his battle of the books;\*of his attitude to what is dubbed "Modernism," equally distinguished by perfect loyalty to the Pope, by charity, by real breadth of view and by common sense; of his action in regard to hostile civic authorities, in which he invariably showed his fearless sense of a trust never to be whittled away for a temporary peace. Of all this I have said nothing; nor of his marvellous work as a director of souls, of which this extract from a letter speaks volumes: "Il m'avait agrandi l'intelligence; sous sa direction mon âme a pris son essor, en même temps qu'une fixité que je

\* He was one of those chiefly responsible, and he never went back on the decision. No one who has taken the trouble, as I have, to study the class books in question can hesitate for an instant as to the urgent necessity and wisdom of that action.

ne connaissais pas avant qu'il ne m'ouvrait ses grands horizons;" nor of his charm in conversation, which riveted the attention of all within earshot, so living was it and spontaneous, so rich in experience and knowledge of every kind, so sparkling in wit and humour. But I must end, leaving as a last impression a portrait from La Démocratie, the organ of Marc Sagnier and all that represents "le Sillon," and an exquisite appreciation by a layman in Dijon which appeared in the Chronique sociale. As a preface to these let me mention that in the five years God gave him he visited three times for confirmations all the parishes of his diocese, \* as well as visiting here and there on other occasions. In these tours (mostly through very scattered villages) he spent himself speaking four or five hours a day, either publicly or to groups, in addition to interviews and to officiating in celebrations, confirmations and otherwise. And once he carried through a confirmation and first communion when in agonizing pain from a bad carriage, or rather cart, accident, a cart having been sent to meet him. "Rather than disappoint the people" (he described it to us in response to our inquiries) "I threw myself on the generosity of God, and that day and the next, with a sleepless night of pain between, I spoke better," he said, "than I ever could have done had I not been helpless from pain and utterly dependent on the generosity of my God." On these confirmation tours and whenever he had a chance of speaking to villagers, he never missed the opportunity of rousing them to their responsibility for the future clergy of France. I remember his words now and the ring in his voice:

C'est à vous que Dieu demandera au jour de jugement ce que vous avez fait pour Son Église de France. Si vous ne me donnez pas vos fils, il n'y aura pas de prêtres. Je leur guaranti du pain et de l'eau, le travail et le sacrifice içi-bas, et au-delà le bonheur éternel et le reconnaissance de leur Dieu; donnez-moi vos fils.

And they did; and a large proportion are passing into the Grand Séminaire, there to be again sifted and further sifted by the military service. Still a goodly number came

<sup>\*516;</sup> but here and there very small parishes are now worked together.

back, and are coming back, from it, and those who proved not to have the essential vocation have had, and are having, a capital and *Christian* education, and promise to

be excellent Christian laymen.

When one remembers that the cost of education in the Little Seminary is (without extras) about £25 a year,\* it will be seen that, all worldly attraction or even security having ceased, real faith and sacrifice are shown by parents of the lower middle class, the artisans or small tradespeople; or still more, by the small cultivator or peasant proprietor, who, alas, never realizes the golden dream of the agricultural bureaucratic authorities and demagogues now agitating in England to settle the people on the land. It is from these classes that the clergy of France chiefly come.

Monseigneur Dadolle took an intense personal interest in his seminarists, and had bought and afterwards had to enlarge a house at Flavigny for the Petit Séminaire, and at the moment of his death had achieved a veritable triumph in a home for his hitherto miserably lodged elder seminarists. These he followed closely in their two years of military service; and to every priest in his diocese he was pastor and friend. He gave much thought to the retreats for the clergy, and arranged every detail for their lodging together: a most difficult matter owing to the confiscation of the seminaries and the bishop's house.

In their work every priest was sure of his generous support and encouragement; he never discouraged any initiative or effort unless absolutely obliged; on the contrary, so much did he value initiative that he often sanctioned and gave substantial help to schemes which were not quite according to his own ideas. He never refused anyone who asked to see him, and gave an impression of having plenty of time and no pressure, so thoroughly did he give himself up to his visitor. And thus by going straight on his way after his Master did he accomplish his desire, and his people followed him, almost despite themselves, in following his Lord; and as the

<sup>\*</sup> There are a very few scholarships.

five years went by he saw his harvest of labourers growing and preparing for the sowing of the seed which should in its time yield a great harvest of souls. His own time was almost up. Considering the unusual demands on him by his regular work, and how constantly he was appealed to outside his diocese in these early days of reconstruction and needful consultation, it is not surprising that his enormous correspondence (which, as well as his lectures, speeches, sermons, pastoral letters, addresses, etc., was always and only the work of his own hand),\* encroached more and more on his short hours of sleep. He always began his day by saying his own Mass at 5.30 in winter and earlier in summer; and latterly it often happened that he worked on and on into the dawn until the weariness was so great that he literally kept himself awake by drinking black coffee, and putting his feet (even in winter) in cold water! His personal expenses were very small. He always said he had no money anxieties (he never once begged excepting for the distress caused by the inundation in 1910); money came to him as soon as his wants and objects were known; and he found hearty support from some of his diocese; but he gave all away. In all his diocesan expenditure he had a most exact budget, and his accounts were examined and audited by a committee of laymen once a year. As to his strictly personal expenses, the story runs that his devoted old housekeeper, who had been with him all through his life as a priest and was past eighty when he died, boasted that two francs a day covered her housekeeping for herself and the Bishop!

Now read this portrait from La Démocratie:

Il réalisait, avec un relief extraordinaire, le type de l'intellectuel, homme d'action. La vivacité de son intelligence était surprenante. À peine conçue, la pensée se voyait analysée et réduite à ses termes logiques, sans que, dans cette anatomie mentale, le sens de l'ensemble et de la relation des parties n'échappât un instant. Ses interlocuteurs, quelle qu'ait été leur culture, ont tous été stupéfiés d'une vivacité conceptuelle, qui leur réfléchissait

<sup>\*</sup> He always spoke with gratitude of his vicar-generals, his chaplains, etc., but they had their own hands always full.

instantanément, clarifiée et rendue ferme, la pensée qu'ils soumettaient un instant auparavant, incertaine et enveloppée de quelque confusion.

Nos autem arma lucis. Mgr Dadolle avait choisi, avec un instinct sûr, ce mot de saint Paul pour devise. Nul n'était plus apte, en effet, à faire reluire et briller les vérités comme des armes.

C'est là le second trait de sa personnalité morale. Aussitôt exprimée, la pensée s'érigeait chez lui en principe d'action. Voilà pourquoi il parlait frequemment, pourquoi il parlait en toute occasion de ministère, sans compter jamais avec une fatigue qu'il ne voulait pas connaître. Il n'y avait pas d'acte de sa fonction auguel il ne se donnât de tout son cœur; pas d'acte à propos duquel les sublimes raisons, qui en ont établi l'usage, ne se représentassent à son esprit, abondantes et claires; et cela, avec une telle force qu'il ne résistait jamais au besoin de convertir les inspirations de la lumière en paroles de vie. Orateur saisissant, aux mots expressifs, à la dialectique pressante, au débit saccadé, qui accusait à l'excès les particules de liaison, il maniait une forme, qui parut parfois tourmentée, parce que l'armature intellectuelle y restait trop visible. Mais, en d'autres circonstances, quand, installé au centre de l'une des vérités religieuses ou morales dont il vivait, il parlait selon son cœur, autant et plus que selon son intelligence il remuait, par son émotion, les plus tièdes. En toutes circonstances, cet évêque donnait donc le sentiment d'une fusion de son intelligence, de son cœur, de sa foi, de tout lui-même dans sa parole. Celui qui put assister aux joutes intellectuelles par quoi il exerçait chaque semaine les élèves de son Grand Séminaire, ou qui l'ont entendu épancher son âme, dans ses exhortations sur la sainte Eucharistie, ceux-là connaissent les deux extrémités d'une éloquence qui atteignait son plus haut degré de clarté et de fermeté vigoureuse, lorsqu'il traitait l'une des passionnantes questions, aux facteurs multiples, que l'existence et la vitalité de l'Eglise posent à notre société.

Car, homme de Dieu et homme d'Eglise, voilà ce que Mgr Dadolle était d'abord, et même exclusivement. Sa pensée et son énergie ne furent pas tant, en ses mains, des armes contre l'adversaire que des instruments au service des âmes. On a représenté comme un combatif ce prélat qui était avant tout un pasteur, et dont les soins ne visaient que le salut de la portion du troupeau qui lui était échue. Certes, nul n'était plus prêt à faire front à l'attaque contre les droits de la conscience et contre ceux de l'Église, d'où qu'elle fût menée, et nul plus disposé à prendre en toute circonstance ses responsabilités, car le courage était une de ses vertus. Mais la lutte

n'eut jamais pour lui l'attrait d'un but. Il n'eut que des vues religieuses, et tout son programme fut de conduire les âmes au ciel. Vinea Domini! Comme il aimait son diocèse! Avec quelle humble foi et quel zèle de charité il s'y sentait tenir visiblement la place du Chef invisible, qui a donné sa vie pour le salut du monde. Les derniers mots qu'il écrivit, alors qu'il crut pouvoir nous mander du Midi des paroles d'espoir et de résurrection, furent ceux du divin

Maître: "Donner et se donner."

Encore s'agit-il d'évaluer la qualité et la richesse du don qu'il nous a fait. En cinq ans, voici ce diocèse remué, organisé, transformé: l'œuvre du Denier du culte florissante, les Séminaires reconstruits et peuplés, deux églises nouvelles surgissant dans Dijon, et lors du désastre des inondations, près de 80,000 francs rassemblés en quelques jours et distribués par ses soins. Ce n'est là que la portion de l'œuvre qui frappe les yeux. Mais son ascendant moral a produit bien d'autres résultats. Ce sont tous les prêtres de ce diocèse, à quelque degré de la hiérarchie qu'ils appartiennent, depuis le curé de ville jusqu'au plus humble desservant des campagnes, qui ont reçu de son contact, de nouvelles raisons de se dévouer et d'espérer, et de nouvelles énergies pour le faire. Ce sont tous les hommes d'œuvre, ecclésiastiques ou laïques, tous ceux en qui une étincelle généreuse brille, qu'il a animés, groupés, soutenus aux moments difficiles, lui qui trouvait dans sa foi du courage, de la confiance et de l'optimisme pour tous, infatigable stimulateur. Ce sont les jeunes qu'il a convoqués et conquis à la cause de Dieu, qui l'ont passionnément aimé, qui le pleurent aujourd'hui, après avoir si souvent vécu et vibré par lui.

One fact I have not mentioned. In the five years of his episcopate, his only holidays consisted of forty-eight hours once a year, and in the last three years of twenty-four hours, here at Bourbilly. Whenever he visited Rome, he was working all the time, and so in Paris, Lyons and elsewhere. I think he also rested twenty-four hours at Nice with his friend the Bishop on his return journey from Rome; but in 1910-11 he had not been there. When he slept at La Muette in Paris we only had his society at the end of the day, as also here at Bourbilly or in the neighbouring parishes (such as La Roche, the home of the great Montalembert), coming as he did for work, not for rest. He always hoped to have a real rest here at Bourbilly, but it never was possible until he broke down in Holy Week, and his

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doctor told him a long complete rest was his only chance. Then he asked to come to us. He loved Bourbilly and its associations, and the peace of its valleys and woods, a contrast to the turmoil of his life. But God gave him instead His own perfect rest.

And now let me translate, from the appreciation I have mentioned by a Dijon layman, a most devoted disciple and friend of Monseigneur Dadolle. Though I have already spoken of his funeral, I cannot resist the repetition

here:

The mourning which followed his death gave one a measure of the veneration he had inspired ever increasingly during these five years. ... The crowds were amazing. The doors had to be opened at six o'clock for workmen on their way to their work, who came to bow before this stupendous worker, their brother workman, to whom death had given his first day of real rest. The poorest were the most eager in their homage. Women with their babies and children, with their arms full of their marketings, shop girls and work girls in groups of four and five, came in and bent before their Bishop as he lay in his vestments and crowned with his mitre. And indeed it was not in curiosity. Sorrow, emotion, prayer and awe marked all faces, and the people returned again and again while his body lay there. It was the object of a sort of veneration. Medals and rosaries were thrust into the hands of the watching priests that they might touch the Bishop. His people had understood. They had grasped the sublime beauty of a life all effort, all self-sacrifice, which had snapped in full health in its fullest force, like a spring of the purest steel which an iron will had overstrained for work beyond its power. His death, tragic because premature, revealing to the multitude what the soul and will of an apostle can be, what a vicar of Jesus Christ can be, was transformed into an incomparable act of apostleship.

So after all he was right, despite the laments of those who regretted his overwork and the many years in which he might have done so much: for does not God need such witnesses? does

not His cause need its martyrs still?

SOPHIA M. PALMER (Comtesse de Franqueville)

Bourbilly, September, 1911.

#### FOREIGN POLITICS OF THE DAY

THE lapse of time has made it clearly manifest that in deciding to despatch a warship to Agadir, German statesmen seriously underestimated the character and extent of the opposition to be expected from the Powers composing the Triple Entente. For a period lasting nearly a year, a section of the Press in Europe had been persistently spreading far and wide the falsehood that this supremely important compact, loosely designated an entente, had ceased to exist, or, as an alternative falsehood, that if it did exist it was finally robbed of any remnant of vigour. The meeting of the Tsar and the Kaiser at Potsdam towards the close of 1910 was followed by the publication of numerous statements which, although unauthorized, were none the less categorical to the effect that an agreement, virtually amounting to an Alliance, had been concluded. Again and again were issued official denials couched in plain and unmistakable terms in the hope of counteracting the mischievous effect created by the dissemination of these untruthful versions. Naturally such denials were accepted or rejected according to the exact wish or purpose of those who heard them. In the French Chamber, M. Pichon, who then held the portfolio of Foreign Affairs, made no effort to conceal his anger at the scepticism with which his assurances that the Triple Entente remained firm and unshaken had been received. In blunt language he told his hearers that diplomacy was not conducted in the public streets. In spite of the fervent and repeated pronouncements of so eminent a statesman upon the subject, reinforced as they were by equally strong and explicit utterances from authoritative quarters in London and St Petersburg, the belief has been held until recently that the meeting of the two Emperors at Potsdam dealt a death blow to the Triple Entente; and it should be added and emphasized that nowhere was such a belief accepted with greater readiness or cherished with 363

more tenacity than in Berlin and Vienna. Little wonder was it, therefore, that, as a not inconsiderable factor in aiding her diplomacy to achieve substantial success over the Moroccan negotiations, Germany reckoned largely upon the demise of the Triple Entente which she already regarded as a fact accomplished. Potsdam had raised an impenetrable wall between Russia and France: the alliance of these two powers was for all practical purposes a dead letter. Moreover, Great Britain was "perfidious Albion" still. She was far too distracted amid the cavil of home affairs to fulfil her obligations of friendship towards France, more especially when the occasion had reference to Morocco, where British interests had been bargained away in return for a free hand in Egypt. Thoughts of this kindthoughts doubtless fathered by the wish—induced the statesmen of the Wilhelmstrasse to initiate a bold policy in Morocco. But without exaggeration it may be said that the coup d'état of Agadir has done more to demonstrate to the world the power and prestige of the Triple Entente than could possibly have been achieved by the rhetoric of statesmen, or indeed by any other means conceivable to the mind. For once German diplomatists, who as a rule do not lack the qualities of astute reasoning, have been betrayed into a false step by the very subtlety of their own logic. Primarily deluding themselves that the Triple Entente had ceased to be of any serious count they were consoled against the suggestion that under pressure of circumstances it might revive sufficiently to give a "dying kick," by the firm belief that neither Great Britain nor Russia would risk a European conflagration for the sake of supporting France in a region where they possessed no direct political interests. Consequently they looked forward to arranging a "deal" with France single-handed, in which event they were quite prepared, as a means to an end, to employ their favoured methods of "sabre-rattling." The programme, however, has not been carried out in accordance with its pre-arrangement. To begin with, in the strongest possible language consistent with the amenities of diplomacy, both Great Britain and Russia intimated

that they intended loyally to support France. All doubts which had existed since the Potsdam interview concerning the virility of the Triple Entente were finally removed by Mr Asquith's statesman-like utterances in the House of Commons. Significant as were his declarations, they were not more so than the manifestations of Russian Policy. Few hours elapsed on the receipt of the news in St Petersburg that Germany had occupied the port of Agadir before the Foreign Office requested some definite explanation of German intentions, while the Novoe Vremya, a journal which is invariably officially inspired, strenuously advocated that the Powers of the Triple Entente-Great Britain, France and Russia—should each despatch a warship to Agadir. Thus, on the first occasion when the interests of any one of its partners have been called seriously into question, the Triple Entente is found to be an instrument as effective in operation as would be any binding treaty on paper. It has, in point of fact, proved to be a far more useful compact than many written international covenants, as for example, the Triple Alliance. For, in the remote event of a war over Morocco, it could safely be assumed that Italy would blankly refuse to join Germany, while the attitude of Austria could by no means be confidently predicted.

In some circles it has been suggested that in standing on one side while Germany and France conducted negotiations, Great Britain and Russia pursued a weak and mistaken policy, and the view has been expressed with considerable vigour that the Agadir incident should have been taken up as an affair of concern not alone to France, but to Great Britain and Russia as the friends of France—in short as a transaction involving issues of sufficient importance to warrant the intrusion of the Three Powers of the Triple Entente. It would seem that the true character of the relations existing between Great Britain, France, and Russia has not been sufficiently understood. Although not recorded in the exact form of a treaty of alliance the Triple Entente is none the less an instrument possessed of strength and utility in the diplomatic world, probably

to an even greater degree than is to be found in the Triple Alliance. In spite of the fact that circumstances invariably compel these two groups to range themselves in rival camps, it does not necessarily follow that on all conceivable occasions the individual partners of the one must assume an attitude of hostility towards individual partners of the other. Nor is it expected, in cases where the interests of a single Power are alone involved, that such Power, by reason of its collective obligations, should not be in a position to enter upon negotiations with another, with the definite object of solving for itself, and alone, all difficulties that might be encountered. Were a contrary view to hold good then it is not hard to imagine the extraordinary state of enduring tension that would exist. Each question that arose between two Powers, no matter how small its importance, would be submitted to the arbitrament of Europe. And this arbitrament would not be that of a Hague Tribunal, or of any other form of International Tribunal imbued with peace aims or ideals. A situation such as that described would inevitably call into being what in effect would resemble "a permanent Algeciras Conference," the principal participants in which would be the Powers of the Triple Entente on one side, and Germany and Austria on the other. Deliberations would be accompanied by all the arts and wiles of professional diplomacy, as, for example, discretions and indiscretions calculated and otherwise, statements officially inspired, semi-officially inspired, and believed not to be inspired at all, sabre-rattling and pacific assurances according to the requirements of the immediate moment, and, generally speaking, bluff and blandishment without limit. It will readily be understood that the nerves of Europe could not long endure conditions such as these, and, sooner or later, an all-embracing conflagration among the Powers would become inevitable. What then, will be asked, is the practical utility of the Triple Entente, and where are to be found any material benefits accruing to its partners as individual Powers? The answer to these two questions is simple; it is, in brief, that the Triple Entente maintains

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the balance of Power in Europe. And of what use, it will be urged, is this achievement if any one Power of the trio composing the compact be compelled to submit to the dictates of Germany? It is here that a misconception arises. To say that no single Power is precluded from negotiating with Germany, or, for the matter of that, with any other country, over questions that do not seriously affect the interests of its partners, would be more in keeping with the spirit which governs the Entente. It is the existence of the Triple Entente that acts as an effective deterrent of aggression. For in the event of negotiations on any subject taking place between a single adherent of the compact and an outside Power, and the demands made proving so immoderate that acceptance would involve a stain upon the national honour, then the Triple Entente as a body would enter the diplomatic lists and, if necessary, take the field in common. The suggestion, however, that over every international controversy that arises in Europe the Triple Entente should bring to bear its united strength in diplomacy, would, as I have already shown, create a situation of intolerable strain. I have explained at some length the functions of the Entente because, from comments made in Parliament and in the Press, it is apparent that hitherto these functions have been entirely misinterpreted. As far as Great Britain herself is concerned, she can certainly have no valid reason to complain of the lack of benefit accruing from her intimate association with France and Russia. And here a digression may perhaps be permitted in order to draw attention to the enormous advantages held to-day in the conduct of international relations by countries possessing to a generous extent the power of the purse. In all her efforts towards expansion Germany is hampered by the need of money. Had it not been for the want of the necessary capital the Bagdad Railway would long before now have been near to its goal—the Persian Gulf. Moreover, there is good reason to believe that the diplomatic pressure which from time to time Germany exerts upon France deliberately aims at securing a compromise in the direction of making the French money-market available

for her ambitious projects in the Middle East and elsewhere. Then, apart altogether from purely political motives, the presence of Russia in the Triple Entente is distasteful to the rulers of Germany. With a rapidly growing population at present numbering over one hundred and sixty millions, and a territory that is probably the richest on the earth's surface, Russia presents a magnificent field for enterprise. Since the Entente was originated, vast sums of British capital have found safe and profitable investment in the country. Popular sentiment throughout the Empire advocates with enthusiasm the conclusion of an offensive and defensive alliance with Great Britain, and there are not wanting indications that opinion in high quarters is gradually shaping itself on somewhat similar lines. In no part of the world do our interests clash; from the Near East to the Far East with honest purpose we are each pursuing a common policy, the aim of which is peaceful progress. The cordial relations existing between the two countries and the tangible benefits likely to result were recently summarized in admirable form by Baron Heyking, the Russian Consul-General in London:

"It is not my intention to enumerate all the reforms which have contributed to convert Russia into a civilized European country. I only wish to point out that the necessary conditions are present which would enable British business men to establish trade relations with Russia on the same lines as those which exist between other civilized countries, the more so as an extensive and mutually advantageous exchange of commodities between the two countries would seem to be in the natural order of things. Great Britain is chiefly an industrial country, whilst Russia's principal products are agricultural; the one being, so to speak, the necessary complement of the other. It would therefore be only in keeping with the economic requirements of the countries if the commercial, industrial, and financial relations subsisting between them were on a much larger scale than has been the case hitherto. Englishmen would find in Russia a profitable field for commercial enterprise, advantageous investment, and the cheap pur-

chase of raw materials, food-stuffs, and half-finished products. A country such as Russia—which is seventy times as large as the United Kingdom, has a population three and a half times as great, and is endowed with almost unlimited and hardly touched natural wealth—should not fail to be attractive to any Englishman who can appreciate his opportunities, and who possesses the necessary energy

and enterprise.

"Recently a series of important events has brought Russia and Great Britain into closer relationship with each other, viz., the visit of the Tsar Nicholas to Cowes, following the visit of the late King Edward to Reval, the visit of the members of the Duma to London and many provincial towns in Great Britain, and, in a natural course, the formation of a Russian section of the London Chamber of Commerce, the visit of M. Timiriazeff, Minister of Commerce and Industry, to London, and the establishment of a Russo-British Chamber of Commerce in St Petersburg. It is further hoped to bring the two countries into closer trade relations and friendship by a Russian Exhibition in London."

That in spite of the tempting overtures from the Wilhelmstrasse, Russia has remained loyal to the Triple Entente, constitutes in itself the vindication of that compact. Germany is anxious to utilize French money in the furtherance of her schemes of expansion, to arrive at some arrangement with Russia whereby she will secure the goodwill of that Power in the Middle East, and finally to establish cordial relations and promote intercourse with the Russian people as a means of preserving and increasing her commercial enterprise among them. In the accomplishment of all these aims she has so far been balked by the existence of the Triple Entente. And ever present is the fear that should she provoke a European war together with her ally, Austria, she will be faced on the one side with the armies of Russia, and on the other with the armies of France; while on sea she will be met by the combined navies of Great Britain, France and Russia. With the knowledge of all these things, who can seriously say

that the Triple Entente has not brought to its partners advantages of a positive kind, and that, in a still larger sense, it has not proved a factor of incalculable importance in maintaining the peace of the world?

# ANGLO-JAPANESE RELATIONS AND IMPERIAL UNITY

However widely views may differ concerning the achievements of the Government in the domain of Home Affairs, its Foreign Policy of late can only merit warm approbation from all parties in the State. Three measures, vested with importance of first magnitude, and in character closely associated, have been carried to a successful conclusion. A general Arbitration Treaty with the United States, covering alike questions of honour and territory, has been signed; the Anglo-Japanese Alliance subjected to drastic revision and its term extended; and, finally, the Colonies have been admitted to the inner secrets of our Foreign Policy and of those strategical plans which constitute what is called "the Higher Defence of the Empire." For some considerable time it had been recognized that the conditions which rendered the Alliance desirable in its old form no longer existed. The Treaty has now been revised on two occasions. In the first place it was designed solely to meet the difficult situation arising from Russian aggression in the Far East. It was stipulated that in the event of either of the High Contracting Parties becoming involved in war in defence of its interests in this region, and a second Power joining forces with its enemy, then it would be incumbent upon the ally also to enter the field. While hostilities between Japan and Russia were actually in progress the Treaty was revised and the term extended. In several respects the provisions were strengthened, and a clause was included bringing India within the scope of their operation. But the most important amendment was that which, instead of making it conditional in any way for the allies to wage war in common, stipulated in the second Article that,

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"If by reason of unprovoked attack or aggressive action wherever arising on the part of any Power or Powers, either Contracting Party should be involved in war in defence of its territorial rights or special interests mentioned in the Preamble of this Agreement, the other High Contracting Party will at once come to the assistance of its Ally and will conduct the war in common and make peace in common."

The new treaty gave rise to not a little disappointment in the United States, where, by this time, the popularity of the Japanese showed evidences of waning; and in Canada, Australia and New Zealand, it was criticized in a manner so severe as to leave little room for doubt that our foreign policy, as directed from Downing Street, was entirely out of accord with Colonial aspirations. As time passed, the Japanese became more and more disliked throughout the world, but especially by the peoples of Anglo-Saxon origin dwelling in the lands of the Pacific Hemisphere. Yet, generally speaking, it can unhesitatingly be averred that no better support, either moral or material, was ever forthcoming from the friends of a nation plunged in a great war than that ungrudgingly given to Japan by the British Empire as a whole, and by the United States, during the Manchurian campaign of 1904-5. The press sang without ceasing the praises of England's Eastern Ally, and whenever a Japanese loan was issued, the public, in their feverish anxiety to subscribe, waited in long queues outside the banks from the early hours of the morning until the doors were closed against them. Since those days, however, as I have already pointed out, the international situation has undergone a complete change. This change began to make itself felt so soon as the Alliance was revised on the first occasion, and it developed quickly after the war in the Far East had concluded and Japanese policy in its true light was made manifest to all the world. At one time, who would have thought it possible that in the United States, where, during the Manchurian campaign, the Japanese were so immoderately extolled, after the lapse of only a few months the prospect of hostilities with Japan could be seriously discussed? And who, indeed,

at one time, could have dreamt that the existence of our alliance with Japan would in itself present a threatening menace to the cause of Imperial unity? To have averted, as it were at one stroke, both these perils must be held to be an achievement of no mean order for the Government of the day. The Anglo-Japanese Treaty of Alliance in its old form undoubtedly was open to no other interpretation than that in the event of a war between the United States and Japan, Great Britain would be bound to enter the field in support of her Ally. That we should join in a war with our sisterland, the United States, appeared to all who gave the question a moment's consideration, as utterly unthinkable. In a wide sense the traditions, no less than the true interests of the Anglo-Saxon race, are treasured in Great Britain and the United States; and no matter how just the one nation or the other might for the time being regard the cause, blood could not be shed without staining indelibly the glorious civilization in which the race has been cradled—without, indeed, lowering to the mire beyond all hope of recovery the standard of that civilization, and ending for ever its domination in the world. Nor, until we reflect upon our Imperial obligations and concerns can we realize how great was the risk to which the British Empire was exposed so long as the Anglo-Japanese Alliance remained in its old form. For no student of the many and complicated problems of the Pacific can deny that the issues which divide the United States and Japan (as, for example, the restriction of immigration, and the principle of equal opportunities in China) are practically the same issues as those which exist between the Colonies and Japan. Had Great Britain been compelled to join Japan in a war against the United States, it is no exaggeration to say that it would have meant, as far as our Colonies were concerned, the parting of the ways, or, in other words, the doom of the British Empire. Happily the peril has disappeared. In the revised Anglo-Japanese Treaty, Article 2 is held not to apply to nations with whom either contracting party has concluded an Arbitration Treaty. The United States is therefore already excluded from the

scope of the Alliance. In point of fact the compact, as it stands to-day, is defensive in the strictest sense of the term; it would perhaps be even more accurate to describe it as an "inoffensive" treaty. For, to be placed outside its operation, it only remains for any Power, so desiring, to conclude an arbitration treaty with Great Britain. Before long Russia will doubtless have taken advantage of this opportunity, and as, apart from the United States, she is the only other Power ever likely to come into conflict with Japan in China (to which region the revised compact has now sole application), it would seem that the Anglo-Japanese treaty in its present anæmic state is nothing more or less than a pious inscription on the tomb of the original Alliance. The acceptation of the principle of comprehensive arbitration on the part of Great Britain and the United States has therefore proved of immediate and positive value. As far as Great Britain is concerned it has enabled our diplomacy to escape from an odious entanglement with Japan, the perpetuation of which threatened the cause of Imperial Unity, and, by removing all danger of a conflict between the two great branches of the Anglo-Saxon race, has contributed appreciably to the object directly in view—the preservation of the world's peace. Surprise has been expressed generally that the Japanese should have so willingly consented to a modification of the treaty on a scale such as to leave it practically worthless. As a matter of fact, the secret of their ready acquiescence is to be found in the impoverished state of their Treasury, an unhappy circumstance which will not permit of their regarding with equanimity any contingency that might include the closing of the English and American money markets against them, or even the making of these money markets less accessible, in the matter of terms, than they are at present. The failure to secure from Russia an indemnity for the enormous expenses incurred in the war was nothing short of disastrous to the national finances, which, even before hostilities began, were in none too flourishing a condition. It is estimated that twelve and a half millions sterling leave the country annually for

the service of the national debt; an adverse balance of trade exists which has averaged five and a half millions sterling during the past fifteen years; the people are taxed almost beyond the point of endurance; no natural resources remain undiscovered or unexploited; and finally, before an expansion of trade on any serious scale can reasonably be anticipated, the present hopelessly inadequate railway system must be improved and extensive harbour works constructed. In short, Japan can only hope to maintain her solvency and pave the way for better days by the employment of borrowed money. It is merely because Great Britain possesses the power of the purse that she has been able to induce Japan to consent to a revision of the terms of the Alliance; and to the same circumstance must be attributed the accommodating spirit in which the Tokyo Government received our representations in favour of a modification of the commercial treaty which, as originally designed, was positively antagonistic to British interests. While the conclusion would seem inevitable that the Japanese were forced because of pecuniary disabilities to maintain unimpaired their close relations with ourselves, it might on the other hand be urged that had they been disposed to captiousness they might have insisted upon the continuance of the Alliance in its old form until it had run its normal course, and had lapsed, at the end of its term, in the year 1915. Such an attitude, however, would have involved consequences calculated to defeat the object which the astute statesmen of Japan are compelled, out of sheer necessity, always to have in view, and which might, perhaps, be described as keeping in good humour the wealthy Anglo-Saxon section of the world's community. For example, a refusal to revise the Alliance would have raised an insuperable obstacle to the conclusion of an arbitration treaty between Great Britain and the United States, and thus alienated from Japan the friends of peace throughout the world, prominent among whom are, it should not be forgotten, Mr Taft, and the leading statesmen of both parties in Great Britain. Such a refusal, moreover, would in all probability have rendered the continuation of the

Alliance, after the year 1915, extremely problematical; whereas now, although the treaty is somewhat emasculated, it is at least a guarantee of platonic friendship until the year 1920, and for the material purposes of financial operations will of a certainty fulfil all the immediate requirements of Japan. Were it at all possible to imagine Sir Edward Grey free from the restraint necessarily imposed by the obligations of policy, and in a position for once to speak out his mind frankly in regard to the great affairs with which he has been called upon to deal, he would in all probability confess that the period of the last two or three years has been one of deep and constant anxiety. The rapid growth of the German Navy has produced a state of chronic tension, in itself sufficient to account for the uneasy and, at times, irritable feeling which is to be found underlying the conduct of international relations. But of this we may be certain, that a war between Great Britain and Germany, would be a war between the British Empire, in its entirety, and Germany. If the Anglo-Japanese Alliance had remained in its old form it is possible to conceive that circumstances would have compelled Great Britain to join Japan in a war against a third Power. In that event, so far as support from our Dominions was concerned, I unhesitatingly declare that Great Britain would have stood alone. And the Government knew full well that so soon as Article 2 of the Alliance was put to the test, in other words, so soon as Great Britain embarked upon a war as the ally of Japan, the very existence of the British Empire would have been imperilled. The blank refusal of our Colonies to take a part in such a war would certainly have followed. Let us, for a moment, imagine the disastrous consequences that a refusal of this kind would entail. To render it at all effective a declaration of neutrality would be necessary, in which event the hospitality of Colonial harbours, in accordance with the terms of International Law, would be refused to ships of his Majesty's navy. But can it for a moment be thought that any Power with whom Great Britain might be at war would, for the immediate purposes of hostilities, or, in

plain language, for the convenience of a section of the British Empire, consent to regard the Colonies as temporarily independent units, and so place them outside the sphere of operations? To obtain, then, international recognition of their status, they would be compelled irrevocably to sever the ties which bind them to the Mother Country. But, so deeply do the Colonies feel on the subject that, rather than lend their aid to the Japanese in a war, they

would be ready even to prove disloyal.

Many people in Great Britain are wholly unable to account for the hostility felt in the United States and in Canada, Australia, and New Zealand towards our allies. Yet, if the Far Eastern situation were fully explained to them, few could deny that the interests of Western civilization as a whole would have been far better served had Great Britain not joined hands with Japan. Critics who assert that in this respect Great Britain is to be severely blamed, approach the question in a narrow spirit. They do not take into consideration that if we had not allied ourselves with Japan, then some other Power—a Power, moreover, antagonistic to Great Britain—would only too willingly have taken our place. True, the effects of the Alliance have been lamentable, but let us not forget that they have in a large measure been unavoidable. Japan has now risen to a position of dominating superiority in the Far East. The whole of Asia with breathless interest witnessed her struggle, marked clearly her methods, and rejoiced with her in the victory obtained over the military forces of Russia and over the diplomatic forces of the rest of the world—a victory, in short, over the whole of Western civilization. So long as the issue was in doubt, the attitude of our ally was strictly correct. Again and again she declared that her only object in waging war was to preserve the integrity of China and of Korea; and, in so far as killing and wounding can be conducted on humane principles, the behaviour of her forces in the field was exemplary. Once, however, peace was declared in her favour, the methods she proceeded to employ in order to gain a foothold on the Continent of Asia merited no other description than that they were atrocious. The

Open Door was slammed in the face of the Powers. Korea was subjugated with fire and sword, and annexation quickly followed. Thus, without a murmur of protest, Christianity surrendered, to the persecution of a heathen race, one of the fairest fields for missionary effort in the whole world, a field where the amount of real good accomplished was far in excess of anything achieved elsewhere in the Far East. In Southern Manchuria, too, the Japanese oppressed the natives, bullied the Chinese officials into acquiescence with their extortionate demands, and persistently hampered foreign trade. To-day, the powers they have usurped in this region are tantamount to those which usually attach to a legitimate Protectorate. The irony of the situation lies in the circumstance that for the last seven years British capital has financed the Japanese Empire. In other words, British capital enabled Japan (1) to exploit Korea and Manchuria, (2) to expand her manufacturing industries, which, possessing as they do the advantages of cheap labour and comfortable proximity to the illimitable markets of China, will ultimately defy competition, (3) to build an enormous navy which is more than equal to a two-Power standard in the Pacific, and within a few years will be comparable to a five-Power standard, and (4) to double her army, until to-day, on a war footing, it can muster nearly two million men.

As to the progress of all these developments the Colonies have been thoroughly well acquainted; and a source of additional anxiety to them has been the impaired strength of the British fleet in the Pacific. Needless to add, the explanation of the home Government that, in view of the fact that our ally possessed a large navy, it was only useless expense to increase our fleet was not by any means reassuring. The immigration disabilities which Canada, Australia, and New Zealand imposed upon the Japanese present an ever-constant source of friction. To begin with, the Japanese are not a white race—that is the primary objection to their presence. No matter in what part of the world they may be for the moment, their economic and social standards are regulated by exclusively Asiatic

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conditions. They work for ridiculously low wages, their savings they remit to their own land, and when eventually they have amassed what they look upon as fortunes, they promptly return to Japan. Finally, they will not assimilate, nor is it considered at all desirable that they should be given an opportunity of assimilating with the communities among whom they reside. Their social and religious observances are entirely different from those of the rest of the population, and their views on morality are, to say the least, peculiar from a Western point of view. To convey to an individual the knowledge that his presence is undesirable cannot be otherwise than an exceedingly unpleasant task. From this it may well be imagined that a similar undertaking in regard to a whole nation of individuals is likely to cause recrimination and counter-recrimination. The Japanese are, of course, intensely angry with the Colonies; but with the exception of a few stray ebullitions of temper, they manage, by calling to their aid that admirable Oriental virtue, the convenient suppression of feeling, to preserve a tolerably calm exterior. Meanwhile the Dominions have witnessed the rapid expansion of Japan's army and navy, and relations have not been improved by the occasional detection of Japanese spies in Australia. These circumstances in themselves explain Colonial anxiety to press forward military preparations. Our kinsmen beyond the seas are raising armies on the basis of service for every able-bodied man; and they are forming the nucleus of navies to be adequate for the purpose of defending their own shores. It will be within recollection that in 1909, the year when the discovery appears to have been first made that Germany was menacing our naval supremacy, the whole question of Imperial defence was reconsidered, as a result of which Canada undertook to build five protected cruisers; Australia promised the creation of a fleet unit consisting of one Dreadnought, three protected cruisers, and six destroyers; and New Zealand defrayed the cost of constructing a cruiser-battleship which was to be the flagship of a second British unit in Pacific waters. Since then, several impor-

tant developments in the naval policies of our Colonies have taken place, and, in the opinion of Dominion statesmen, each one of these developments has been rendered necessary by reason of the position of overwhelming superiority to which Japan has now attained in the Far East. For example, Admiral Henderson has recommended —and there is every reason to believe that his advice will be accepted—that Australia should create a navy, consisting of 8 Dreadnoughts, 16 protected cruisers, 18 destroyers, 12 submarines, and a number of other minor vessels. The status of Colonial navies in the event of war does not appear to be at all clear. In fact the legislation which provided for their creation and control leaves it optional with the Administration of the day as to whether or not they shall reinforce the British fleet in the event of Great Britain becoming involved in war. Nor is it possible to derive much comfort from Article 16 of the agreement recently arrived at between the Dominions and the Admiralty on the occasion of the presence of the formers' representatives in London. "In time of war," says this article, "when the naval service of the Dominion, or any part thereof, has been put at the disposal of the Imperial Government by the Dominion authorities, the ships will form an integral part of the British Fleet, and will remain under the control of the British Admiralty during the continuance of work." It will be seen that the Admiralty assumes control of Colonial navies only when it shall please Colonial Governments to place such navies at the disposal of the Imperial authorities. Sir Wilfrid Laurier has declared in categorical terms that Canada would never join Great Britain in waging a war unless she had first been given an opportunity of approving the cause at issue; and there are not wanting signs that his views are shared largely in Australia, and to some extent in New Zealand. The Colonial attitude on the subject was well represented by the Evening Post (New Zealand) on the eve of the Imperial Conference. This journal strenuously advocated the establishment of some form of organic union which would cover at any rate the two departments of defence and foreign policy. It rightly

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held that it was impossible to suppose that the present go-as-you-please methods could be continued indefinitely, and concluded with the following passage: "It is not right that Canada, Australia, and New Zealand should be liable to be plunged at any moment into war without a vote or voice upon the question. On the other hand, it is not right that these countries should be only paying 6s., 12s. 8 d., and 9s. 6d. per head, respectively, on defence while the United Kingdom pays at the rate of 30s. per head." Since this comment was published, and also since Sir Wilfrid Laurier made his memorable declaration, events have marched rapidly. The representatives of the Colonies who attended the Imperial Conference were admitted to the inner secrets of our foreign policy and of our defensive precautions and offensive preparations. I am not revealing a secret when I say that the Anglo-Japanese Alliance in its revised form met with their entire approval. And when we reflect that it was Japan that the Colonies had mainly in view in contemplating the possibility of neutrality in case of war, we will be able to realize how great has been the service rendered to the cause of Imperial unity by the Conference. Our Dominions, wisely enough, do not regard the menace of Japan as finally removed. They realize, however, that the Alliance has been shorn of all its objectionable features, and that there is no longer even a remote possibility that Great Britain might be called upon to wage war in company with her ally. Japan will, of course, continue her military preparations in anticipation of the day when she need depend no longer upon the goodwill of Great Britain. But the Colonies also will strengthen their defences, and in the meantime the Panama Canal, which will alter largely in favour of the West the whole strategical disposition of the world's surface, will be opened.

#### THE PERSIAN AND BAGDAD RAILWAYS

The agreement reached between Russia and Germany in regard to Northern Persia, the basis of which was settled at the Potsdam meeting between the two Emperors, does not in any way alter the status quo. Germany

formerly affected to disregard the convention signed between Great Britain and Russia in regard to Persia, and she began to seek at Teheran substantial concessions in the Northern territory. It became imperative, if Russia was to enjoy fully the rights to which she was justly entitled within her own sphere of influence, that some understanding should be arrived at with the Wilhelmstrasse. The fact that such understanding has been successfully negotiated does not imply Russian disloyalty towards Great Britain. On the contrary, it might with reason be urged that the agreement renders a service to ourselves, for Germany having given recognition to the Russian sphere of influence in Northern Persia, cannot reasonably withhold it from that of Great Britain in the South. Then Russia has consented to link up any railways she may construct in Persia with the Sadijeh-Kanikin branch of the Bagdad Railway. Thus she is destined one day to realize her long-deferred ambition of gaining access to the Persian Gulf, although a considerable part of the route will be under foreign control. The commercial advantages of railways in Northern Persia are extremely problematical, and, when this circumstance is considered, together with the fact that the Bagdad Railway project is making little progress, it will be understood that the importance of the so-called Potsdam Agreement lies not so much in the decision to link up communications as in the fact that it finally disposes of any pretensions Germany may have entertained to political interests in Persia. Meanwhile, with the knowledge and consent of Russia, Great Britain is seeking at Teheran an option to construct a railway from Kharmosseh, a point at the head of the Persian Gulf south-east of Mohammerah, northwards along the valley of the Karun river through Ahwaz and Shustar, to Khommarabad. Perhaps, ultimately, there will be a Russian line from the north to connect with a British railway taking this route. Negotiations are also actively in progress for the settlement of the conditions under which the last section of the Bagdad line, terminating on the Persian Gulf, is to be constructed. The authority

of the Sultan in the region to be traversed has always been disputed. The claims of Great Britain to an adequate share in the project are incontestable. They rest upon obligations we have contracted with the Sheikh of Koweit and also upon our valuable interests generally in the region of the Persian Gulf. Germany wisely abandoned all idea of exclusive control on her part, and, as compensation, received what is tantamount to permission to establish a German port at Alexandretta in the Mediterranean. As far as the last section of the Bagdad line was concerned she suggested that the capital required should be divided as follows: Germany 40 per cent; England, France and Turkey each 20 per cent. Obviously a proposal of this nature which would allow Germany and Turkey, if they combined, the controlling voice, could not be entertained by Great Britain. It is believed that negotiations are now proceeding on the basis that no nation should hold a preponderating share of the capital; but a new element—Russia—has been introduced. A settlement on these principles would place the Powers of the Triple Entente in a strong position. It is difficult to imagine how it can any longer be pretended that Russia has ceased to work in harmony with Great Britain and France.

LANCELOT LAWTON

#### SOME RECENT BOOKS

¶ Under this heading will be noticed a limited number of books to which the Editor is unable to devote one of the longer articles, but desires, for one reason or another, to call attention.

"APOLEON," Goethe has said, "without being conscious of it, lived entirely for his imagination. He utterly denies the Ideal, refuses it any reality, and all the while he is zealously endeavouring to translate it into facts."

M. Fournier, in his admirable Life of Napoleon, which has just been done into English (Longmans. 21s. net), explains this verdict of Goethe's as not inconsistent with Napoleon's profound selfishness. Indeed, he holds that many of the great conquerors of history have "acted under the spell of great ideals which were their personal aims." Alexander the Great was impelled by the expansive energy of Hellenic culture. It was a great ideal to extend that culture, yet it was an ideal which satisfied the conqueror's ambition. What Hellenic culture was to Alexander, the Christian faith and ethics were to Charlemagne. The ideal inspiring Napoleon is less definite, and the above theory is less clearly applicable to him. Still, M. Fournier makes a good case for Napoleon's conviction that he was the appointed instrument of Providence for spreading and organizing "that civilization of humanity at which the intellectual forces of the world had been labouring for centuries before it became a common heritage. "Wherever Napoleon conquered," writes M. Fournier, "it proved the introduction of a higher social order, whether on the Manzanares or on the Tiber; on the Rhine or on the Elbe; in Naples or in Poland; in Prussia or in Austria."

M. Fournier's book has received the commendation of Professor H. A. Fisher as "one of the very best Lives of Napoleon" known to him, and such a testimonial from an eminent specialist assures the general reader that what he feels to be picturesque and well written is also reliable. The

#### Some Recent Books

book is indeed one which it is difficult to lay down after one has begun it. Its author has spared no pains in amassing the details which are needed for a living picture. M. Fournier is alive to the power of Napoleon's masterful rule over France itself as much as to the military genius of the conqueror. Some of the most interesting pages in his work deal with the internal history of France. In two years, after the beginning of the Consulate, the first Consul had effected a complete social transformation of Paris, which is vividly described in the following passage:

Anyone leaving Paris at the beginning of the Consulate and returning two years later . . . was amazed at the changes which had taken place during the interval. The last vestige of the Revolution had disappeared. Instead of the half-military, half-civilian dress, which had been fashionable at the close of the eighteenth century, the costumes of the old regime had been revived. A sword of ceremony now took the place of the old-fashioned sabre, and stockings and buckled shoes the place of boots. The returned aristocrats alone retained the frock coat and trousers of the Bourbon régime, as if to call attention to their poverty. Velvet and silk were used for ladies' dress, which had become much more costly and elaborate. Already many lacqueys were to be seen wearing handsome liveries in the family colours. Men no longer address one another as "citoyen" but as "Monsieur." Even the official almanac for 1803 employed the term "madame" instead of "citoyenne" as before. Although the Revolutionary calendar was still in use, the decadi had already been dropped, the Sunday had resumed its rightful place as of old, and no one, least of all the First Consul, failed to attend Mass on that day. The streets had exchanged their Republican names for their former ones. The "Palais d'Egalité" became once more the "Palais Royal," and the "Place de la Revolution" the "Place Louis XV." In the popular literature of the day Voltaire and Rousseau, the most brilliant exponents of the new culture in France, were now decried as the intellectual instigators of the Revolution, while Chateaubriand met with unbounded applause both from the old and the new elements in society.

Those early years as Consul seemed to foreshadow a position of a different character and of far more stable

# Life of Napoleon

influence than the sensational drama of Napoleon's life actually brought him.

To his fame as a war-god Napoleon had now added the lustre of the peacemaker [writes M. Fournier]. Both at home and abroad he enjoyed unprecedented consideration. In France it was felt that the hopes built on him on his return had been fulfilled: and abroad the Governments of the old States welcomed him as the man who had mastered the Revolution, firmly believing that, satisfied with what he had achieved, he would now throw his whole weight into preserving the peace of Europe. "This is no ordinary peace," said Addington, the English Prime Minister. "It is a real reconciliation of the two foremost nations in the world." Fox, who met Napoleon in Paris about this time, returned to London full of enthusiastic admiration for him. Nevertheless there were not a few far-seeing statesmen who did not share this unbounded confidence.

The element of gambler in Napoleon was, indeed, not at first generally recognized, though the energy, strength, and military genius were fully apparent. It is not worth while for the reviewer to go over the often-told story, but every time it is read it brings to the reader a fresh, an almost unparalleled sense of Fate. When Napoleon was destined to rise, everything went well with him; when his appointed time had expired, everything went ill. Great generals have held that the campaign immediately preceding the banishment to Elba illustrated his military genius as much as Austerlitz itself. But this was of no avail. The fall destined for him was as unexpected and complete as had been his rise. Again and again he could have made terms with his enemies, such that he would still have retained the position of a great French emperor; but Fate decreed that he should fall utterly—first to an almost nominal sovereignty, and then to the tragic position of an English prisoner at St Helena. Neither in his rise nor in his fall did half-measures seem possible, and nothing could have been more at variance with history as it worked itself out than the hopes of those who saw in the First Consul the capacity for a great peacemaker or a nature which was prepared to be satisfied.

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But no more need here be said of that wonderful drama of conquest and defeat, so often exhibited in the pages of modern historians. We will by preference set down in conclusion one more characteristic quotation illustrating the energy of the Emperor in France itself. M. Fournier thus exhibits the iron hand of censorship put forth by Napoleon in the early years of his power, and his unbending opposition to persons or things which in any way threatened his absolute supremacy:

We are already aware of Napoleon's dislike of Madame de Staël, who had been exiled from France "because," as Napoleon said, "she could make people think who would never have dreamt of doing so, or had forgotten how to do so." From Finkenstein he wrote Fouché that he was glad there was no more talk of her. In 1802, Chateaubriand had dedicated his Génie du Christianisme to the "Restorer of Religion," but his hostile criticism of the Enghien incident having incurred the Emperor's deep displeasure, and his influence in the salons of the Opposition being held dangerous, he too was banished from France. Shortly before Napoleon's return in 1807, he contributed an article on Spain to the Mercure de France, and certain allusions it contained, too plain to be misunderstood, led to the newspaper being suppressed, thereby depriving him of his property. Many poets, following his example, carefully avoided all political and social problems, and confined themselves to minor matters, which they treated, as if in compensation, with consummate skill. We are probably not wrong in ascribing to this period of restricted thought and imagination some measure of the high value attached in France to the art of exquisite expression and perfection of form for its own sake. On the stage, to which the Emperor devoted special attention, he would not allow anything to be presented dealing with recent times. In any case, plays were to belong to a period previous to Henry IV, whose popularity was extremely distasteful to him. "I hear there is to be a tragedy produced—Henry IV," he wrote to Fouché; "that period is still too recent not to arouse passions. The drama should choose its subjects from antiquity." Before allowing Mozart's Don Juan to be performed, he required to be convinced that it contained nothing dangerous to the "mind of the public." Tragedies and comedies on modern subjects were also forbidden, "for," says Madame de Rémusat, "no one dared to depict on the stage the faults and foibles of the different classes

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#### Rod, Root, and Flower

of society when all society had been restored by Bonaparte, whose work had to be respected." Even the classical dramas of Racine and Corneille were subjected to a rigorous censorship and were seldom presented on the stage without emendations and omissions. In Corneille's play, for instance, the speech in which Heraclius alludes to his obscure origin and to his having risen from being a warrior to becoming Emperor, etc., was suppressed so as to prevent all inconvenient inferences. In 1807 the Paris theatres were restricted to nine in number. If the state of matters in the higher walks of literature was bad, that of the daily Press was even worse. Under the Consulate, we saw the beginning of the censorship of the Press; under the Empire there only remained four independent newspapers in Paris-Le Citoyen Français, Le Mercure de France, Le Journal des Débats, and Le Publiciste. Even these names displeased the Emperor; he would neither tolerate "Citoyens" nor "Débats," and so the Citoyen had to change its title to the Courrier Français and the Journal des Débats to the Journal de l'Empire. These newspapers were in constant danger of being suppressed. In 1805, when they ventured to comment upon the luxury of the Imperial Court, the editors were told that the times of the Revolution were past, that in France there was only one party, and that the Emperor would not allow newspapers to bring forward anything against his interests. A year later Napoleon wrote Talleyrand: "I intend to have the political articles for the Moniteur written at the Foreign Office, and after I have watched for a month how these are done, I shall then forbid other newspapers to discuss politics except in accordance with the Moniteur."

W.W.

Tis a matter for congratulation that at length, sixteen years after its first publication, a second edition of Coventry Patmore's The Rod, the Root, and the Flower (London. G. Bell & Sons. Second Edition, Revised. pp. x, 234. 3s. net) should have been called for, and we are grateful to Patmore's literary executors for having added to it a selection from the extracts and aphorisms left unpublished by the author, but "so similar in thought and form to those he had arranged for publication in Rod, Root, and Flower that it seemed reasonable to print them here as a supplement to this, his last published work."

The book is a series of sentences, fragments of verse,

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paragraphs, and short essays, on the soul's communion with God, and was purposely left unsystematized that it

might be the more provocative of thought.

"Science is a line, art a superficies, and life, or the knowledge of God, a solid," Patmore says here; and his own art always implied the underlying life: it was the expression of an experience; first, of human love, with its prophecies of the Divine; next, spiritual experiences interpreted in the light of their lower analogies; and (as more particularly in this book) the greater mystical experiences of the Saints accepted and proclaimed as the fulfilment of his own. And the reader of Rod, Root, and Flower is asked to corroborate his own intuitions and inferences, in turn by those of the author and by those of the Saints, and to press forward to the realization of their experiences; to "taste and see that the Lord is sweet."

As in his poetry, so here, the reader may be repelled by the lengths to which Patmore carried the analogy of Divine and human love; but if he will remember that his own human love has to be sanctified and that, for his own salvation, he must realize his relations with the Creator as those of mutual desire, then Patmore's most daring use of the imagery of human desire will serve only to make God more credible, and religion a second nature.

A few examples will show how well-advised was the inclusion of the newly added matter (not new to the readers

of Mr Basil Champneys' biography of the poet):

"It doth come Of being deaf that men are dumb."

"When God stretches forth His rod over the Egypt of the heart, what we thought was dust we find is lice."

"Long I mistook seeing the end for being in the way."

"[Virginity.] He who bears the flag is most the soldier, though he does not fight. And he who nobly upholds the honour for which man is procreated helps as much as any the conservation of the race."

F.P.

#### Wagner's Life

Wagner. Constable. 31s. 6d.) has fallen into the hands of a public hungry for details. It is a strange book. As literature it is contemptible. It is chaotic, without form or art, and has further suffered at the hands of its translator. The difficulty of seeing the wood for the trees is very great. Details of health, small disputes, domestic quarrels, petty jealousies, crowd and jostle in its pages with musical ideals and aims of the deepest interest, with breathlessly absorbing accounts of the capture of the public in spite of prejudice, and of the creation of his own compositions.

The book is perfectly honest. You see Wagner as he sees himself. First and foremost he is a genius of impelling force. He started forth in life with the conviction that the world was his to conquer, and a supreme disregard for all material obstacles. The result of this, for a penniless man, was that three quarters of his life was spent in flying from debt. We are spared no details of his financial embarrassments. He wishes his now adoring public to ignore no detail of what he suffered at the hands of the last generation.

He rubs it in ruthlessly, but the remarkable thing is that he does it entirely without bitterness. Contrast Whistler's attitude at the end of his life towards his early critics, and Wagner's good-natured impatience shows him more worthy

of his own genius.

To many the endless infinitude of details about his financial difficulties, and also his domestic relations with his wife Minna, will seem sordid. But Wagner himself is never sordid. He never cared for money for its own sake, and it took a great deal even to teach him that its presence was necessary for the fulfilment of his ideals and hopes. And though he speaks freely of every domestic storm and scene with Minna, he never fails also to speak of her with affection and appreciation of her good qualities, to excuse her violent temper on the score of health, and to speak warmly of the rare intervals when they were able to share their life peacefully. And he is always ready to admit when he is in the wrong, as, for instance, when he describes a perfectly happy holiday with Minna in the early days of their mar-

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riage, marred only by a passage of violent jealousy on his part, "which proved," he says, "to be entirely unfounded."

He was truly an *enfant terrible* to the musical world of his day. He trampled ruthlessly amongst the sacred traditions of bewildered and infuriated impresarios. No

one, however, suffered more than himself.

We certainly glean a lamentable picture of the musical methods of the day, and of the servility of the public to the verdict of the critics. Wagner utterly disdained any making up to the critics, and constantly annoyed his friends by his refusal even to speak to those great swayers of opinion, when invited together to some social function for this express purpose. He speaks of a friend's attempt to defend him in the Dresden press in 1843, of how he began with enthusiasm, but how

after a time even he became anxious and confused in his judgement of my works, when he saw the systematic and increasingly virulent detraction, depreciation, and scorn to which they were subjected. He confessed to me later that he had never imagined that such a desperate position as mine against the united forces of journalism could possibly exist, and when he heard my view of the question, he smiled and gave me his blessing as though I were a lost soul.

His mind is curiously free from all tradition. In every new study he is like Christopher Columbus discovering a new world. Schopenhauer's philosophy satisfied him entirely, and a sort of stoic fatalism carried him over many troubled seas, and sometimes, when expressed musically, was a great source of inspiration.

In his account of the performance of the Ninth Symphony under his bâton at Dresden (which, by the way, is one of the most interesting passages in the book) he describes the impossible obstacles that were put in the way of his carrying out his ideas, and the almost desperate

state of his prospects at the time.

In the days of my boyhood [he says] the sight of the pages of the score [of the Symphony] had filled me with the most mystic reveries, and I had stayed up for nights together to copy them out.

#### The Queen's Fillet

Now, I was carried back through years of error and doubt to be placed in marvellous touch with my earliest days... and the memory of that music was secretly awakened in me as I again saw before my own eyes that which in those early days had been a mysterious vision. I had by this time experienced much which drove me... to an almost despairing enquiry concerning my fate... This despair was now converted into genuine exaltation, thanks entirely to the Ninth Symphony. It is not likely that the heart of a disciple has ever been filled with such keen rapture over the work of a master as mine was over the first movement of this Symphony. If anyone had seen me with the open score before me, convulsed with sobs and tears as I went through the work to consider the best manner of rendering it, he would certainly have asked with astonishment if this were fitting behaviour for the Conductor Royal of Saxony.

Wagner speaks of himself as being "passionately thrilled by life." This is a good summing-up of his exuberant vitality. C. B.

T would be easy to dwell at length on the defects of The Queen's Fillet, by Canon Sheehan (Longmans. 6s.), and difficult to account for the fact that it makes extremely interesting reading. The construction is bad, and the spacing, as George Eliot liked to call it, is especially defective. For instance, the space allotted to the hero's wife is almost farcically small. Then the precipitous jump from the death of Marie Antoinette to the execution of Marshal Ney; and the vehement interest expected from the breathless reader in the unknown girl who fell asleep on the Marshal's coffin—show an almost cynical disregard of the loose laws of fiction, Again, the portrait of Talleyrand is quite unsatisfactory, whereas it might, had his character been grappled with as a whole by the author, have made a most fascinating study. The only real gain from the book is the presentation of André Chénier, which is fascinating and truly romantic. It seems as if Canon Sheehan had abused his own facilities, had been too easily satisfied with his historical knowledge, expressed in a delightful style, and that the work produced is as far from human nature as

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his great pictures of Irish life are intensely close to it. And yet, as one of his many enthusiastic admirers, the present writer is consoled to think that it was not possible to put down the book until it was finished, that it was not possible to read it without tears, that the style has in it much music, and that the great and often rehearsed tragedies of the French Revolution are depicted with much of the drama of truth. One little line gives the poet's touch characteristic of the author. The narrative has brought the hero to the midst of the massacres in September: "That night a little daughter was born unto him. She was named Adèle. But the little waif turned back that night from the horrors of earth, and passed out among the stars."

TENRI BERGSON'S work on Creative Evolution has been admirably translated into English by Dr A. Mitchell (Macmillan & Co. London. 1911. 10s. net). In a short notice it would be impossible to deal with anything approaching the entire number of problems discussed, and we must content ourselves with giving the briefest description of the main line of argument pursued and, as far as possible, in the author's own words. The main thesis of the book is the setting forth of "a philosophy which sees in duration the very stuff of reality" (p. 287). There is nothing static in this conception. "Making a clean sweep of everything that is only an imaginative symbol, he [the philosopher] will see the material world melt back into a simple flux, a continuity of flowing, a becoming" (p. 390), and this philosophy is "the study of becoming in general, it is true evolutionism and consequently the true continuation of science" (p. 391), hence "reality is a perpetual growth, a creation pursued without end" (p. 252).

It may in part be gathered from the above that the author is not an upholder of the mechanistic explanation of life, for though evolution must reckon with outside forces this is not the same as saying that these outside forces are its directing causes. It is "an original impetus," "an internal push that has carried life, by more and more complex

#### Creative Evolution

forms, to higher and higher destinies" (p. 107). Life is a tendency to act on inert matter, and to overcome its inertia was the first task to which life had to address itself. This it did "by dint of humility" and by humouring, so to speak, the chemical and physical forces, and thus is explained the fact that in the simplest forms of living things, where life and matter may be looked upon as being at close grips, it is hard to say whether the phenomena presented are still

chemico-physical or already vital.

Life thus impinging on inert matter in the process of evolution produced from a common stock the animal and the vegetable cells, the first organisms oscillating between the two possible lines of development. Subsequently the animal and vegetable kingdoms diverged according to the characters of each, the vegetable manufacturing organic substances directly from mineral substances and thus, as a rule, being dispensed from the necessity for movement and feeling. Animals, on the other hand, which have to go in search of their food, have "developed in the direction of locomotor activity and consequently of a consciousness more and more distinct, more and more ample" (p. 118). The fundamental cause of the variations which have produced the animal and vegetable worlds, as we now see them, the fundamental cause of variations "at least of those that are regularly passed on, that accumulate and create new species" (p. 92) is an original impetus of life, and the rôle of life is to insert some indetermination into matter. "Indeterminate, i.e. unforeseeable, are the forms it creates in the course of its evolution" (p. 133).

With regard to sentience: in the vital impulsion which was common to both plants and animals, vegetative torpor, instinct and intelligence coincided, but in the process of development, in which they were made manifest in the most unforeseen forms, these have become "dissociated by the very fact of their growth. The cardinal error which, from Aristotle onwards, has vitiated most of the philosophies of nature, is to see in vegetative, instinctive and rational life three successive degrees of the development of one and the same tendency, whereas they are three diver-

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gent directions of an activity that has split up as it grew. The difference between them is not a difference of intensity, nor, more generally, of degree, but of kind" (p. 142).

"Different in kind also and not merely in degree is man from the animals" (p. 192), and in fact the general idea with which we have so far been dealing, is summed up by the author, after stating that a philosophy of intuition will "be sooner or later swept away by science, if it does not resolve to see the life of the body just where it really is, on the road that leads to the life of the spirit," he proceeds: "Life as a whole, from the initial impulsion that thrust it into the world, will appear as a wave which rises, and which is opposed by the descending movement of matter. On the greater part of its surface, at different heights, the current is converted by matter into a vortex. At one point alone it passes freely, dragging with it the obstacles which will weigh on its progress but will not stop it. At this point is humanity; it is our privileged situation" (p. 284). The mechanistic explanation, we have seen, he rejects. "In reality, life is no more made of physico-chemical elements than a curve is composed of straight lines" (p. 33). But neither will he accept a finalistic or teleological explanation. His philosophy "claims to transcend both mechanism and finalism, though it is nearer the second doctrine than the first" (p. 53). Thus there is no pre-existing "idea"; "the theory of final causes . . . goes too far when it supposes a pre-existence of the future in the present in the form of idea" (p. 55). From this it would appear that the Creator, if indeed such a Being can be imagined of such a kind, was ignorant of the course which evolution would take when life was projected upon matter. In fact, the author speaks, as a prejudice to be eradicated, of the idea "that it is necessary to posit from all eternity either material multiplicity itself, or the act creating this multiplicity, given in block in the divine essence" (p. 254). "Everything is obscure in the idea of creation if we think of things which are created and a thing which creates as we habitually do" (p. 261). God is a kind of centre from which worlds shoot out—but "the centre is not a thing, but a continuity of

### Michel de Montaigne

shooting out. God, thus defined, has nothing of the already made; He is unceasing life, action, freedom" (p. 262). It is a little difficult to grasp the full meaning of the author, but from these and other passages it would appear as if he posited a Deity immanent in the Universe, impelling it but ignorant of the exact direction in which the impulse is likely to take it and its parts.

Thus there is no purpose and no finality and at the same time no determinism but free will, which indeed is the fundamental fact of life.

B.C.A.W.

TEW writers could be better fitted than Miss Edith Sichel to deal with the subject which she has chosen. Her study of the master dilettante of France (Michel de Montaigne. Constable. 7s. 6d. net) has qualities of lucidity and balance, of delicate precision of style, which might, one fancies, have made pleasant reading for Montaigne himself in that wonderful turret library of his. It is not that she regards the essayist and his time from any unexpected point, or has any new light, historical or critical, to throw upon them; but her analysis is so careful, her summing up at once so judicial and sympathetic, that the work is singularly satisfying despite its limitations. These limitations are evidently intentional and accepted, and it may reasonably be said that, in dealing with the life of so detached a philosopher, there is little need to emphasize the public events which he so serenely ignored. Yet perhaps the picture of the amazing impersonal egoist, so self-absorbed, so selfcritical, would have gained somewhat in effectiveness had we been permitted to see a little more of that tremendous and tumultuous background of religious and political issues from which he withdrew himself in a deliberate remoteness.

Montaigne himself, however, would probably be well content with a biography which concerns itself with little but Montaigne, and Miss Sichel's portraiture is admirable, the more so since it is quite devoid of any touch of the enthusiasm which, in connexion with the master of moderation, would be so wholly incongruous. It is with keen admiration, tempered with the gentlest disdain, that the

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author writes of "the Hedonist without low tastes, the Epicurian without high instincts, the fastidious critic of all excess, the lover of ease and spontaneity, the upholder of human dignity, the votary of security, the apostle of his own inborn cheerfulness, the armed foe of gloom and avoidable sorrow." For avoiding gloom and pursuing security Montaigne fled all the heights of life, satisfied to walk his beloved via media, blind, for all that busy, curious eye of his, to all the beacon lights of faith or patriotism or loyalty which inspired men to magnificent extremes. He was indeed true to "the singular affection which I bear myself, as one who bringeth all back to himself and hardly spendeth anything outside." Faithful to his paramount affection, he could even come into personal contact with Henry IV, write a truly noble eulogy of him, and, as Miss Sichel remarks, be content to admire his prince with no desire to aid him. Yet Henry of Navarre, that "clear star of fire," possessed to a surprising degree the power of kindling men to passionate service. "Unless forced thereto by duty," quoth Montaigne, "I never mix myself up in subjects which I cannot treat without getting interested or feeling emotion." After reading which confession of faith one is apt to turn with reactionary ardour to the Emersonian dictum, "the way of life is wonderful; it is by abandonment."

It may be observed as a proof of the ironical contradiction of human nature that Montaigne the moderate, the self centred, is never more delightfully himself than when writing of the one emotion in which he forgets self and moderation alike. His friendship and long mourning for Etienne de la Boétie, soften the dry and cold light of the intellect in which, for the most part, he stands revealed, and make a personality lovable which else would be estranged

from common sympathy.

From "Montaigne the Man," Miss Sichel passes to "Montaigne the Philosopher," and attempts to suggest the scope of his essays: "those masterpieces of colossal ease, those desultory goodnatured fragments of a complete and formidable philosophy." She brings well into salience the probing love of sincerity, the scorn of pretence and

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### Frederick William Maitland

prejudice, the wide, tolerant outlook of the "first of the moderns." Here and there she is betrayed into a doubtful statement, as in claiming Montaigne as founder of the modern novel no less than the modern essay. Certainly lovers of Browning will be slow to accept her parallel between the lover of order, safety and ease, and the daring spirit which, "ever a fighter," sang the praise of heroic self-surrender and audacity. Yet in the main Montaigne emerges very clearly from these pages, and it is possible to gather from them something of the charm exerted by that unique personality; avid only of self possession, and extreme only in the pursuit of temperance.

D.G.McC.

THE Collected Papers of Freaerick William Maitland. Edited by H. A. L. Fisher. 3 vols. Cambridge Uni-

versity Press. 1911. 30s.

These volumes, like the biographical sketch of Maitland by their editor, which we noticed in a previous number, will be most welcome to students of law. They contain practically the whole of Maitland's contributions to periodicals, as well as one or two papers read to Cambridge clubs which are now printed for the first time. Naturally legal history occupies the most space, but the political philosopher, the law reformer, and the general historian will all find matter worth considering. The hitherto unpublished paper, "The Body Politic," is perhaps the best of the collection; it contains a most pregnant criticism of the fashionable transference of biological metaphors to human history, which we recommend to all who have to do with historical studies; and who has not? In the third volume occur several papers of special interest to Catholic apologists, while for sheer wit and crushing cogency we should pick out the paper on the law of real property in the first. Again the pages on the teaching of law and history, and the biographical sketches of such men as Acton and Stubbs, show an unrivalled grasp of academic deficiencies and possibilities in this country. In short this collection does but confirm the reputation which Maitland has earned by his larger works.

THE Mystery of the Priest's Parlour, by Miss Geneviève Irons (Sands & Co. pp. 341. 6s.), is a frankly sensational novel, dealing with a murder, a false accusation, a gallows that refused to work, and the sanctity of the confessional. But it is a fact that a large number of minds will never come into contact with Catholic truths at all, except through some medium of this kind; and for such as these the book may be heartily recommended. For it is a great deal more than mere sensationalism: the relations of a priest with his flock, including the difficulties—relations and difficulties so utterly unlike those that exist between other kinds of clergy and their people; the dangers of keeping doubtful company; the praise of heroism in whatever form it comes; the possibility of natural friendliness between men who differ; the natural shrinking of a mother from her son's perils, and her supernatural conquest of this fear-all these points are sketched lightly, well and truly. It is a book, in short, that may well find a place in every Catholic lending-library.

THE papers on the History of Religions, which have recently appeared in the Revue du Clergé Français, are being published as a Manual by MM. Letouzey et Ané (Où en est l'histoire des religions? 2 vols. 12 fr. 1911. Vol. I, pp. 457 has appeared. Vol. II [Judaism and Christianity] is announced for December). M. J. Bricout is the editor. Besides his Introduction, chapters on "Primitive," Egyptian, Semitic, Iranian, Indian, Greek, Roman, and Celtic Religions, and upon Confucianism, Shinto and Islam are contained in Vol. I, the names of the authors (Capart, Dhorme, de la Vallée Poussin, etc.) being for the most part a guarantee of high excellence. Below standard, perhaps, are the numbers on Greece and on the Celts; that on China is quite inferior to Fr Wieger's on the same subject in the C.T.S. series of Religions. There too Fr Condamin, by confining himself to the religion of Babylonia and Assyria, but illustrating it by many texts quoted almost in extenso, has given a more vivid picture than has Fr Dhorme, whose subject is far too vast for his limits.

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### City of Enticement

We are inclined to regret a double expenditure—here again!-of labour, when we note that the articles in the Revue Pratique d' Apologétique on precisely the same subjects, are themselves to appear as a manual, while MM. Beauchesne and Lethielleux are each issuing a series of larger volumes dealing with the several religions. Apart, however, from the fact that each review has, no doubt, its clientèle, and that the manual of the R.P.d'A. will naturally be slightly more "apologetic" than the uniformly "scientific" work of the R. du C.F.—the modest title of the latter indicates its purpose of establishing rather than appreciating the situation—it is of the highest significance that the French clergy of all schools are now alert to the crying need of some such manuals, and that so "scientific" and modern an enterprise has the nihil obstat of so careful a theologian as is M. Lesêtre.

VIENNA is the City of Enticement (by Dorothea Gerard. Stanley Paul & Co. 6s.) and the charm and colour with which it is described justify the name. Two English girls, Val and Marjorie Wishart, go thither in quest of a legacy, hidden by an eccentric cousin who died, leaving an "enigma" written in the worst doggerel as the only clue to his wealth.

Val has thought fit to assume the *rôle* of aunt and chaperon to her very commonplace sister, so they travel together as Mrs White and Miss Wishart. This distresses the inevitable Baron Wallersdorf who soon appears on the scene, and regrets the alleged existence of Dr White; but the sisters do not act well, and he has practically guessed the real state of things before an old friend of the girls turns up and exposes the fraud, much to Baron Wallersdorf's delight.

But though the little romance is told with charm and humour, it is the description of the City of Enticement which is the attraction of the book. We feel the fascination of the gay and brilliant town, where "every one seems always to be in a good humour and never in a hurry," where there is the perfection of art and music, where there are

mountains and snow, and where the people know the joy

of living.

"In the midst of a seething sea of hustlers," cries Baron Wallersdorf, "think what it means to possess an island of comparative peace, for whose inhabitants the business of enjoying life always remains the most important business of all; who have actually got time to be sentimental, or soft-hearted, or even a little idiotic, if you will-instead of only successful." The social life of the place is described with vivid humour, in particular the Jour of Baron Wallersdorf's old mother and the Ice Feast. It is at the Jour that the supposed Mrs White first meets her rival. Ilka Kalnay, who becomes persuaded that Val is an adventuress, and seeks to unmask her.

The difficulties which attend the search after the missing legacy provide ample excuse for the two Miss Wisharts to prolong their stay in Vienna. But the money which their mother could ill afford is all spent, bills are unpaid and a fraudulent money-lender adds to their difficulties. To reveal the end of the treasure-seeking is to spoil the story for the reader, but it needs little penetration to see in Val the future Baroness Wallersdorf. The gay Baron most opportunely turns out to be a philanthropist. So at least Val is persuaded, but the reader finds it difficult to be

equally credulous.

PATHER MATTHEW RUSSELL, S.J., in A Soggarth's Last Verses (Burns & Oates. pp. 95) professes, for the last time, to take us into his poetical confidence. But he does this so charmingly and simply that the reader is bound to hope that, as in the case of Richard Baxter, there will be "more last words" in spite of this good-bye. The verses do not aim high or deep; they are simple lines, written on simple subjects; they are not epigrammatic or profound or gorgeous; they are plain versifying on such various subjects as a ride in a jaunting-car with tea at the end; on "the Gift of Sleep," "Insomnia," "Midnight Mass"-on the hundred intimate details that make up life far more than do heroic deeds or passionate ardours; and

### St Marc

they are treated after their kind, tenderly and simply, and, when they are conventional, conventionally. They resemble an hour or two spent gently and pleasantly with a gentle and pleasant soul who has the graces of humour and humanity.

B.

WOULD-BE commentator on the Gospels may well be excused, nowadays, if he shrink from his task appalled. Mr Allen, in his preface to St Matthew, has written a frightening page on the equipment indispensable to those at any rate who would embark on the Synoptics. Knowledge of what once was called "New Testament Greek" is almost the least, now, of pre-requisites; though how much, here too, has been added to the old stock-in-trade by inscriptions and papyril Acquaintance with the Græco-Roman East is more than ever necessary, in proportion as the interplay of religious customs and ideals is being better realized. Above all, there is the mysterious hinterland of Jewish beliefs occupying those dim decades of the last pre-Christian centuries—the Messianic expectation; the Eschatological lore; the inheritance of fable and its exploiting in exegesis and ritual. And there is the problem, ever more complicated, of the interrelation of the Gospels; and the duty, as irksome as imperative, of working back through the documents to what, at least in the opinion of other scholars, lies, as ultimate reality, behind them.

We confess that nowhere among Catholics can we see any work so admirable and so full of promise as that being done by the Dominican School at Jerusalem. We do not dream of depreciating other efforts that may be observed among much else: work upon texts, in Germany; upon the history of theology in France. But after all, the Bible is of supreme importance, and in it, the Gospels. And the cooperation made possible by the splendid organization of the School we have mentioned, goes far towards neutralizing the prime difficulty we emphasized above, the acquisition of universal technical lore. Fr M. Lagrange, O.P.'s Saint Marc [Études Bibliques. Paris: Lecoffre. 1911. clii, 456, in 8vo. 15 frs], bears throughout the impress of this

felicitous co-operation. For, in addition to his own treasures of erudition (and who does not know his Messianisme chez les Juifs, to which, as to his commentary on Judges, his Etudes sur les Religions Sémitiques make so admirable a background?), he can constantly draw upon the rich resources of his colleagues, many of whom (with a spirit of enterprise supremely sympathetic, surely, to the "sporting" and practical instincts of the Englishman!) do not hesitate each year to spend much time in actual close contact with the life of those Eastern folk to whom, primarily, belongs the literature of which the Bible is a part. Fr Vincent's Canaan; Fr Jaussen's book on Arab customs in Moab; Fr Abel's Croisière autour de la Mes Morte, all are notable volumes: in a thousand points they stimulate, check and correct those European scholars who are wont to write, in English, German and French, studies upon that East which must before all else be seen, and seen from within, and

learnt by fellow-life and affection.

We cannot, of course, in so brief an account enter into detailed discussion of Fr Lagrange's positions. Incidentally we may note that the book is written (quite inevitably, yet none the less, to our mind, regrettably) with constant reference to the dominant Eschatological School, and to its French protagonist. But even from the polemical point of view, this book is excellent. Fr Lagrange is loyal, fair and courteous. While the whole volume, as it stands, cannot but be regarded as a relentless condemnation of Les Evangiles Synoptiques, the author can write (p. iv): "Je me suis permis d'emprunter [à M. Loisy] des traits nombreux qui montrent quels services inappréciables il eût rendus à l'Eglise, et à la critique elle-même, s'il n'avait pas été entraîné à prendre . . . une position qui est une sorte de défi aux règles ordinaires de la certitude historique." If we may say so, Fr Lagrange shows especial self-control in rising quite superior to that craving for rigid and systematic interpretation which spoils (to the illogical soul, at any rate, of an Englishman!) so much of the work not least of his own countrymen. But we remember that even M. S. Reinach has been smiled out of his intransigeant pronouncement

### China under the Empress

that wherever the Evangelists offered an incident as the fulfilment of a prophecy, that incident must be regarded as non-historic, invented tout d'une pièce to suit the situation.

Another unusual quality is that Fr Lagrange is not afraid of going slowly. Surely the treatment of the recently discovered Odes of Solomon is qualified to teach scholars the

prime duty of hesitation!

Of quite special interest, it may be, is the frank disclaimer of any wish to "harmonize" (in the ordinary sense of that word) the details of the documents (and M. Mangenot, recently, in his Résurrection and Les Synoptiques takes resolutely the same position); and the courageous application to the Eschatological discourse of c. 13 of the principle that the Evangelists can have juxtaposed quite disparate material.

The Introduction to St Marc is a model of careful examination, balanced assertion and wise reticence. pp. cviii, cix, which deal with Mark's relation to "Q" or to the Logia, are admirable. To Fr Lagrange's mind, it remains more probable that in no way does Mark depend upon them. If he knew them, it was in no servile way that he used them, but as an independent author with sources of his own.

One other point we regret, and frankly cannot understand, is the omission of the Greek text at the head of each page.

No Catholic library can possibly do without this volume.

M.E.

BY this time many people will be familiar with that interesting work, China under the Empress Dowager (By J. O. P. Bland and E. Backhouse. Wm Heinemann. 16s. net), and those who are not should lose no time in becoming so. The book differs radically from any other historical biography in so many ways that it is difficult to enumerate them all. China is well known to be the land of contrasts, but it is not only in his manner of writing a letter or of rowing a boat that the Chinaman differs from the European. His whole train of thought and conception of

government are peculiar to himself. There is, for instance, the system of Memorials whereby, in opposition to all Western ideas, a subordinate criticizes to their face the actions of the highest officials, and even those of the Throne itself. True the form of address is that of exaggerated Oriental humility, and there is a strict convention that the "Son of Heaven" must be treated as all-perfect and not blamed directly, but that is a mere matter of careful wording. Apart from this the document is usually a strange mixture of pompous classical quotations and insulting epithets. The Memorial in which Yuan Ch'ang and Hsü Ching-Ch'en for the third time upbraid the Emperor and Empress for listening to the ridiculous charlatanism of the Boxers begins by "humbly desiring to point out that the sacred capital is given over to anarchy." It then quotes various historical precedents supposed applicable to the case, after which it proceeds to describe the Imperial Ministers as "being born stupid," "herding with traitors and fawning on rebels"; as being "arrogant and obstinate," or "masters of sycophancy." Then follows detailed advice as to how the Imperial wrath should send Grand Secretary Hsu T'ung and Grand Councillor Kang Yi to instant decapitation, nor spare the Emperor's near kinsmen the Imperial Clansmen, and the document concludes:

And when these things have come to pass may your Majesties be pleased to order the execution of your memorialists so that the spirits of Hst T'ung and Kang Yi may be appeased. Smilingly should we go to our death and enter the realms of Hades. In a spirit of uncontrollable indignation and alarm we present this Memorial with tears, and beg that your Majesties may deign to peruse it.

It may be said at once that the last but one was a request not seldom "graciously acceded to" by Her Majesty Tzŭ Hsi! The sentence about appeasing the spirits of the men whose death is demanded—which is in no way sarcastic—illustrates another noteworthy fact about the Chinese; their reverence for the dead and their belief in a very real communion with them. In fact a man is often rewarded after his death by the conferring on him of posthumous titles.

## China under the Empress

We read of one prince to whom was decreed the highly honourable rank of "Deceased Father of the Heir Apparent," while on the other hand several Boxer leaders were punished for their crimes by the sentence of posthumous

decapitation!

One cause of the many anomalies in the character of the Chinese people is that, although they are possessed of much classical erudition and shrewdness of character, they are in most ways centuries behind their time. Thus, helped by their native intelligence, and hampered by a childish credulity and superstition, often accompanied by a barbaric ferocity, they have constantly to grapple with the men and circumstances of an enlightened age. Furthermore, the country is not only behind its day, but it has been forcibly kept there by Manchu rule. Half a century of this delay is directly due to the late Dowager Empress, Tzü Hsi.

In this woman we find the greatest contrasts of all. In most matters she was far in advance of her countrymen, and hence her enormous power over them. Some sides of her character, however, displayed the national faults in a marked degree, and it was to these faults that she owed her failures. Foremost among them was her superstition and belief in magic. It was through this that the Boxers gained her favour, and so nearly brought about her ruin, and throughout her life she was seldom free from its baneful influence. She was pleasure-loving and licentious, avaricious, and withal shamelessly prodigal of the public funds; yet she rarely let her love of pleasure interfere with the serious purposes of her life. In fact, to a great extent she may be compared (as is done by the authors) to our own Queen Elizabeth. Not really cruel, for an Oriental, she was quite ruthless, and her courage and sang-froid were unshakable. The compelling power of her personality must have been tremendous. After allowing the princes solemnly assembled in council to debate for some time as to who should be chosen to succeed the Emperor T'ung Chih, she calmly proposed a candidate whose claims had not been and did not deserve to be

mentioned, and although she did not trouble to give reasons to support her choice, the majority of the Council voted with her, as if hypnotized, for Kuang Hsü, and so secured her an almost uninterrupted rule for the remaining thirty-five years of her life. Another great factor in her success was her skill in making use of that most powerful weapon in China, historic precedent. She had the classics at her finger-tips, and would often turn the quotations of a learned Mandarin against himself. Whenever precedent could be made to serve her ends, Tzŭ Hsi made the fullest use of it; when it was infallibly against her, she just brushed it aside, holding quite rightly, but for the first time in Chinese history, that precedent should be subservient to the State, not the State to precedent.

Over and above all, Tzŭ Hsi was a woman, and a wilful, selfish one to boot. This is strikingly shown in the last acts of her life. A few hours before the end of her own fifty-year rule she provided for the transmission of authority to her favourite relative—another woman. Then on being asked, in accordance with Chinese custom, to pronounce her last words, she said: "Never again allow any woman to hold the supreme power in your State. It is against the house-law of our Dynasty, and should be strictly forbidden!" E.S.H.

Rev. Robert H. Murray, Litt.D. With an Introduction by the Rev. J. P. Mahaffy, D.D. (Macmillan & Co. 10s. net.)

Dr Murray is Lecturer in History at Alexander College, Dublin. His name is not familiar to us, and possibly it is because the work before us is his first important contribution to historical study that he has obtained the support of Professor Mahaffy for his undertaking. We wonder, however, why he should in addition print a letter of commendation from Professor Bury, in which the latter confesses that he has read less than half the book, and admits that he himself has not "dived into original sources." Hence, remembering also a certain would-be historical

### Revolutionary Ireland

essay to which Dr Bury lent his name a few months ago, we wonder of what value this letter can be to either Dr

Murray or to his book.

Turning however to the work itself, we find that it is a study of Irish history from 1688-1714. That period was certainly one when the national history was mingled with the general stream of European politics. Dr Murray insists upon this in his early chapters almost ad nauseam—for surely the idea is not a new one—yet his industry does result in new light being cast upon it. Even so he does not seem to be quite clear in his own mind as to whether the European conflict as a whole was a religious or a political one. He plays with the terms Roman Catholicism, Gallicanism, Jesuits (who are indexed as Order of Jesus!), Jansenists and Port-Royal, until one feels that somehow he has lost his way. Surely the names of the parties in the Grand Alliance are enough to show that on the Continent at least the struggle was not religious, and that had Louis won it would have been a Napoleonic victory with the nations yet to conquer.

In spite of this want of balance in the early chapters the author must certainly be congratulated upon his research. Although he says that he found the Haliday pamphlets of little service, it will be obvious to all that his narrative has gained by the study of them. As we read his account of the siege of Derry—it is good to see that he uses this form—we find ourselves not stirred as Macaulay's rhetoric used to stir us, but breathing the same air as the men who fought so gallantly against the king they hated. Both text and notes are full of quotations from contemporaries. His sympathies are obvious. Yet in his narrative of the conflict in the south he does justice to the magnificent resistance offered by Sarsfield and the Irish both at Athlone and

Limerick.

The treatment of the broader questions is hardly satisfactory. We grant that the writer shows no lack of candour or generous feeling. But when Professor Mahaffy in his Introduction finds it necessary to say that "Dr Murray has perhaps been a little too much influenced by his Pro-

testant authorities" in regard to the Parliament of 1689, we are surely justified in leaving the question to be settled between them. The Professor is a co-religionist of the author. Yet he feels compelled to write that the reversion of the Act of Settlement of Charles II "might quite fairly be regarded by any Roman Catholic Parliament as an act of tardy retributive justice." And he adds, "Very probably it would have been carried out, like its Protestant counterparts before and after, with much violence and hardness of heart, but the law itself was in theory, and in the face of a dangerous invasion of new adventurers from England and Holland, not in any way worse than a Protestant Act." This is but bare justice, and the Professor's words are the more necessary as we realize that Dr Murray's chief authority in this matter, as elsewhere, is the Protestant Archbishop King. Clever as was this man, he did not represent or attempt to represent the vast majority of his adopted fellow-countrymen. It is impossible to justify even politically the policy of King and his party after the capitulation of Limerick. They may have feared Catholic reprisals. Yet it is not improbable that they deliberately exaggerated the fear of these by re-editing the stories of 1641. They regarded themselves as colonists amid a hostile population. They forced the English Privy Council and Parliament to break faith with the natives; and when that Parliament turned upon them and proceeded to treat the industries of the land according to the economic theories of that age, resistance was impossible. Their existence—so they thought -depended upon the nation that was crippling their resources. How could they venture to oppose?

No ingenuity can evade these facts. One may qualify the condemnation by a study of the difficulties. But knowledge does not always bring pardon. One can grant to Dr Murray his candour and his generous feeling. But if a co-religionist ventures to find fault with him it must be true that he has not attained the true perspective of

those difficult days.

K.L.

## Katherine of the Barge

In novels where the scene is laid in foreign countries the author too often thinks that the local colouring supplies sufficient originality for the book, and proceeds to make his story commonplace. This fault has been most happily avoided in Katherine of the Barge. (By Madge Blundell. Sands & Co. 1s. 6d.) There is real charm in the description of Lake Como and the surrounding country, while the idea of the story is new and shows distinct literary talent. It tells of an Italian peasant, Ambrogio, who lives for his barge, "The Morning Star," which has come to mean for him all that is worthy of reverence and toil in a solitary life. Then by force of circumstance he is obliged to adopt a little niece, Caterina, and the child's love for the sea and the barge forms a link between them.

"Has she a soul, Uncle?" she asks, speaking of the

barge.

"She has no soul of her own, but there always seem to be spirits about her. I think my father and grandfather, and all those who have gone before us, take care of her still. You see when they were here they all loved her as I do now—I am sure my soul will come back to the barge

when I am dead."

Uncle and niece live together; he makes her, too, devote her life to his idol, not realizing that he is selfish in doing so. He tells her that when he dies she may marry, and his barge shall belong to her family for ever. But when that times comes she has lost her youth, and a worthless fellow marries her for her uncle's legacy and tries eventually to sell the barge. The end of the story must not be told, but it is artistically worked out, and indeed the whole book is artistic, except that it loses in construction by the abrupt lapses of time necessary to complete the story.

"COD: His Knowability, Essence, and Attributes (Herder. pp. 479. 8s. 6d.), is an authorized English version, (with some abridgement and added references) by Arthur Preuss, of a dogmatic treatise by Dr Pohle, Professor of Dogma in the University of Breslau.

The volume is numbered I, and we gather, from a note Vol. 149 409 27

on page 43, that it is the first of a projected series, consisting of at least five volumes, which will form an English

edition of Pohle's dogmatic course.

The title strictly marks the limits of the contents. No proofs of the existence of God are attempted; it is assumed that the reader has a sufficient acquaintance with the philosophic proofs for the existence of God, as furnished by theodicy and apologetics. The treatise discusses those matters which are usually discussed in theology under the heading De Deo Uno. The author has evidently written for students of theology, not for the ordinary layman, and for them it promises to be of great service. The exposition is clear, the doctrine solid, and in points of theological dispute the author shows a judicial and well-balanced mind. Students who have struggled with the difficulties that cluster round what has been called the Scientia Media, who have been perplexed between the rival claims of Thomism and Molinism, will find the author very helpful. As a rule the author's exposition is brief; but for each point there is added a list of references directing the student to the best authorities, so that he is put on the way to a deeper knowledge. These references would alone make the volume a desirable acquisition. Students who have already done their theology de Deo Uno will find the volume an interesting refresher.

If we must complain, it is of the imperfection of the Index. Thus, for instance, Tennyson appears in the index, because he is quoted in a note on page 447, but F. J. Hall, who also is quoted in the same note, does not appear in the index. The Hebrew, for instance on page 135, needs revision. Erroneous opinions, such as those of the Eunomians, are inadequately treated, and therefore are left too vague. And why is the Book of Ecclesiasticus referred to on page 71 as Ecclus. but as Ecclesus. on page 183?

J. McI.

THE interest of this book (Adam Mickiewicz, the National Poet of Poland. By Monica M. Gardner. J. M. Dent & Sons. 10s. 6d. net) is deeper than that which usually attaches to purely critical work. Miss Gard-

### Adam Mickiewicz

ner has not given us a literary biography alone, but the story of a soul, and of a soul which mirrored in itself the travail and agony of a nation. Adam Mickiewicz had in him the stuff of seers and martyrs, and it is impossible to read this vivid and sympathetic record of his life without feeling a responsive glow of enthusiasm. It seems to be the privilege of lost causes to voice themselves in memorable poetry, and never was a cause more valiantly, more passionately upheld, more loyally and tenderly mourned than that of the independence of Poland. Since the immortal cry of exiled Israel echoed down the centuries, there has been hardly an utterance so poignant and so resolved as that of the Polish nation, which, subjected and dismembered, yet refused to forget its glories of the past or relin-

quish its faith in the future.

Miss Gardner modestly disclaims any purpose of giving a complete biography of her hero, but her "sketch" omits no essential feature, and gives a vital impression of the poet's childhood in his beloved Lithuania-a land cherishing the immense delusive hope of Napoleon as the liberator of all oppressed nations; of his youth of striving, prison and exile, his manhood of long endurance and indomitable dreams. Mickiewicz had something of the selfless and consecrated passion of his contemporary, Mazzini, though the two followed their ideal by different paths, and the literary genius of the Pole was incomparably the greater. Even in the simple prose renderings, which are all which Miss Gardner ventures to attempt, the work of the Polish visionary reveals its deep poetic fire. His greater dramatic fragments suffer, of course, from the limits and inadequacies of translation, but such a comparatively simple poem as "To the Polish Mother" strikes to the heart even in its English version.

Our Saviour, when a child at Nazareth, played with the little cross on which He saved the world. Oh, Polish Mother, I would fain amuse thy child with his future toys.

So must thou early wreath his little hands with chains, and harness him to the convict's barrow, so that he may not flinch before the executioner, or redden at the sight of the hangman's rope.

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For he may not go as the knights of old to plant the cross of triumph in Jerusalem, nor as the soldiers of the newer world to till the soil for freedom and water the earth with his life's blood.

His challenger will be an unknown spy. A perjured government will wage war with him. A secret dungeon will be his battle-field,

and a strong enemy will pronounce his doom.

And, vanquished, his tomb-stone will be the scaffold's wood; his only glory the brief weeping of a woman and the long night-talks of his compatriots.

Those poignant passages are history no less than poetry: it was in the "long night talks" in prison and in exile that the genius of Mickiewicz was forged and tempered. It is impossible in a brief review to give any idea of his larger achievements. His great unfinished drama, The Ancestors, is a mighty spiritual mystery play on the lines of Faust, with essential differences which express the contrasted nature of the two authors. Where Goethe's poem reveals the individualistic egoist spirit of the supreme apostle of self-development, the work of Mickiewicz, far less perfect artistically, aches with an altruistic passion. The plea put forth for Konrad in the hour of judgement might almost serve as the epitaph of his creator.

He did not search into Thy decrees as one curious to know. Nor was it for human wisdom that he sought, nor yet for fame.

He knew Thee not, he did not revere Thee, oh, our great Lord! he called not upon Thy name, oh, our Redeemer!

But he honoured the name of Thy most holy Mother. He loved a nation, he loved much, he loved many.

Love and a certain spiritual ardour were closely blent with that patriotism which ruled Mickiewicz's life. For a time they seemed to lead him astray, when he was lured into the labyrinth of mysticism of which Towianski was the exponent—an experience curiously resembling that of the gifted dreamer and diplomatist, Laurence Oliphant. But though his genius was silenced and the unity of his life marred by his adventure into perilous border-lands, Mickiewicz's simplicity of soul rescued him in the end. He never abandoned his Catholic faith, and he never fell from his devotion to his unhappy country, striving for

# History of English Catholics

which he died. According to the visionary hope of the "Mesyanists," the paramount sorrows of Poland were to prepare her for a paramount spiritual leadership among the nations, a leadership for which she could only be fit by casting out all hate—even of the Russian oppressor. Of such a transcendent destiny Adam Mickiewicz might well be the chosen poet and prophet. Miss Gardner has done no small service in making his rare nature and gifts known to the English world.

D. G. McC.

THE first complete survey, from the original sources, of the history of English Catholics during the reign of Elizabeth comes to us from Germany. It will doubtless not be the last word on the subject, but for the moment it is alone in the field. The author, Arnold Oskar Meyer, is himself a Protestant, yet he has produced a very fine work, full of enthusiasm as well as of learning (England und die Katholische Kirche unter Elizabeth, in Bibliothek des Kgl. Preuss. Historischen Instituts in Rom., VI., 1911, 4to, 489 pp., Rome: Loescher & Co.). He has some belief in Protestant principles, and sees in them a liberation from medieval bondage; but for Queen Elizabeth's new Church he has no particular sympathy—probably nobody has very much at the present day—and though he greatly admires the Puritans, it is the Catholic martyrs for whom he reserves the fullest praise. He brings into the brightest light the spiritual character of their mission, and asserts (against so many of the best non-Catholic writers) the purity of their motives, their aversion for politics, their loyalty and their patriotism. It is impossible not to be grateful for this generosity and truthfulness on Dr Meyer's part, and one wishes to condone any errors which arise from his not understanding the Catholic point of view. It is indeed astonishing how fair the author is to those who for a time like Allen, or whole-heartedly like Persons, took the Spanish side against Elizabeth. It is not less astonishing that a German can write with so much admiration for the English character, with so much appreciation of the growth of English power under Elizabeth's

clever if crooked policy, with so much evident enjoyment of the development of the supremacy of the English fleet. On two points Dr Meyer is emphatic, against writers of his own nation: that the Catholic plots, fictitious or actual, against Elizabeth's life are of small importance in the history of English Catholicism, and that the Armada was destroyed, not by the elements, but by the superiority of

the English artillery and of English seamanship.

On the other hand Dr Meyer is not very favourable in his judgements on Papal policy, and he does not seem capable of fairness towards Spain. The Spaniards are obscurantists and bigots in his eyes. He does not seem to grasp the fact that they were the most civilized, learned, adventurous nation in Europe at this time, as well as the greatest power. Only the Italians surpassed them in literature and art; but the Italians did not form one nation, and were constantly troubled by wars from which the Western peninsula was free. Dr Meyer also believes that the Reformation arose from real religious enthusiasm. He consequently asserts, without any proof, that the English chose to be Protestants of their own will, and also that in the later years of Elizabeth the whole nation was one in religion. This is against all the evidence. The chief religious forces in England were the Catholics with their martyrs and the Puritans who hated the Establishment. The remainder—the majority of the nation—was peaceful, unresisting, as it had been under Mary, under Edward, and under Henry VIII. Dr Meyer seems to think that the English of Elizabethan times loved not only their country but their liberty. Yet he is well aware that liberty of conscience was unthought of; and he prints a delightful passage from a proclamation by the Queen in which she defends herself from the shocking imputation which some unreasonable persons had made, that she had actually thought of permitting the exercise of more than one religion in her realm (p. 390, note)! English love of liberty was in its swaddling clothes; for it was latent in Puritanism. But the mass of the people was slavish through the days of the Tudors.

### A True Hidalgo

Dr Meyer has ransacked the archives of Europe for documents. His most interesting novelty is a letter of the Cardinal of Como declaring in the name of Pope Gregory XIII that there could be no sin in assassinating the deposed and excommunicated Queen. One must add that Dr Meyer has occasionally used documents without due caution. Still his method is excellent, and his references are admirably full and informing.

TE will say at once that Mr Harold Binns's translation of Fr Coloma's Boy (A True Hidalgo. Herder. 1911. pp. 323. 5s.) is quite excellent. Nothing, of course, will make a reader of one nationality feel quite at home in a world where thoughts follow one another, and appreciations rise and fall, quite otherwise than do his own; but for "naturalness" combined with accuracy, as for its delicacy which does not exclude strength, Mr. Binns's work is really remarkable. And as we notice his felicitous renderings of verse (into which all the characters of this book "drop" with an inevitability that leaves Silas Wegg stumping leagues behind), from Zare and Lope de Vega, may we not hope that he will proceed to give us translations of more important Spanish work than the novel of the moment—a task for which few should find the courage, even as few seem so well equipped for it as he.

The plot of this story is thin, though it contains murder, unmerited suspicion, much financial intrigue, a Carlist plot, and any amount of grandees. A few figures stand out—the horrible old money-lender, rouged and greased, lounging at his door: the dotard Duke, swinging in his coach from his bedroom ceiling; the gracious and Christian Countess; and Boy himself—erratic, chivalrous, irresponsible, dying tragically—into whom some of the sunlight we look to find in Spanish paintings seems certainly to have got. But at the risk of diminishing its sale, we must in honour own that why this book should be deemed by the Advertisement "rather dangerous reading for the young,"

we really cannot see.

HERE are few Europeans who know so much about Persia as Major Mark Sykes, who has studied it and its peoples for many years. In the preface to his book (The Glory of the Shia World. By Major P. M. Sykes, C.M.G., and Ahmad Din Khan. Macmillan. 10s. net) he says that his "ambition has been to write a second Haji Baba, which should serve as a true picture of Persia some ten years ago, before constitutional reform appeared on the horizon." He goes on to say that whereas the book has been written entirely by himself—his collaborator helping only to collect information—a majority of reviewers consider it to be the work of a Persian. The present one, however, who did not read the preface until he had finished the book, did not make that mistake. It is certainly true that the style of language has an Oriental ring which is consistent throughout with the idea that the book was written by Ahmad Din Khan, and translated by Major Sykes, but there is one quality in the work which, to us, stamps it as that of a European, and also lessens its value by making it somewhat monotonous. It is too much like a guide book. The Oriental doubtless is fond of detailed and often prolix description, but here we get too much. It reminds us of those poems of Byron which carry the hero from ' one place to another merely so as to enable the author to tell the histories of those places. With this reservation the work is of the greatest interest. It gives excellent accounts of some of the most ancient cities in the Cradle of the World, as well as delightfully naïve descriptions of Persian manners, habits, and morals.

The things on which the Irani most prides himself seem to be first that he is a Persian, and then that he is unmatched in the arts of politeness and of cheating—or, as he calls it, "astuteness." A chief vizier was forced by the French Minister to refund a sum of £4000, of which he had robbed a French merchant, before the Minister would consent to sit at table with him. At the ensuing meal:

"Your Excellency," said the Vizier, "this banquet has cost me 20,000 tomans; but I would gladly have paid double the sum for the pleasure of entertaining the Minister of France." Hearing this

## The Glory of the Shia World

we felt that it was in Persia alone that such high-souled ministers were born, and we all thanked Allah that we were Iranis. The Commander-in-Chief then said that not only in allusion and in politeness were Persians far ahead of all other nations, but that in astuteness there was no other people even second to them. In proof of this he told us that he once had to pay his regiment ten tomans a man; but owing to his misfortunes he had only a hundred tomans instead of the necessary five thousand. However, astuteness came to his aid, and he paid every man his due, made him seal his receipt, and then as he passed into an outer room the money was taken from him and returned. In short, after paying away five thousand tomans, he had still a hundred tomans left.

Another story of the same kind is that which tells of a Khan who, wishing to be rid of a certain Buchakchi robber, sent him a request for an interview, accompanied by a Koran sealed with his seal, and a promise that so long as he (the Khan) was above earth, no harm should happen to him. The Buchakchi came, "but the Khan, who was very astute, sat in a specially prepared pit underground, and, being thus freed from his oath, shot the bandit dead." Curiously enough the only safe sanctuary in Persia seems to be the telegraph office, the wires of which terminate at the "Foot of the Throne"! Concerning the contempt of the Persians for other races, we read that "in Persia only Europeans and men of low extraction walk fast"—which reminds us of the Neapolitan's saying about Englishmen and dogs.

The supposed narrator of the story, such as it is, is not without his merits. He has a real personality. He recounts his life first with his father, a mighty fighter and military governor of Mahun, with whom he travels through Ba-

luchistan, of which the Arab poet wrote:

Oh Allah seeing thou hast created Baluchistan What need was there of conceiving Hell?

Later he joins his uncle, a revenue official, with whom he learns much "astuteness." There is a long and picturesque account of his betrothal and marriage, and finally he makes a pilgrimage from Kerman, through Yezd—the prison of Alexander—and across the Great Desert to Meshed, to the wonderful shrine of the *Imam* Riza.

H. S.

THE present notice is an attempt to give the reader some account, necessarily general and detached, of the fifth and sixth volumes of The Catholic Encyclopædia\* (V. Dioc-Fath. pp. xv. 795; VI. Fath-Greg. pp. xv. 800. Double columns. New York: Robert Appleton Company. 27s. 6d. each, net). Naturally biography occupies no mean proportion of the whole, and is specially abundant in volume the sixth. The cosmopolitan character of a Catholic Encyclopædia has been secured by the editors in their successful choice of writers. Referring for the moment to the biographical portion of the work, the general standard of the articles may be gauged by the reputation of the writers, among whom (to enumerate some of those more familiar to us in England) are the names of E. Burton, Fr Cuthbert, H. Mann, Fr Pollen, G. E. Williamson, Dom Bede Camm, Dom J. Chapman, W. H. Grattan-Flood, Lionel Lindsay (for Canada), J. P. Kirsch. From France we have contributions in the same section from such men as A. Boudinhon, L. Bréhier, and L. Gillet; from Belgium there are P. Ladeuse, A. Van Hove, and L. Van der Esser; from Holland, G. Gietman, S.J. The biographies of Claude Fleury, the historian, Fénelon, and C. Fouard stand out as models. The sketch of Döllinger is judicious and full of life. Donoso Cortes is contributed by the managing editor, Condé B. Pallen, who has found a congenial task in outlining the career of one whose ability and insight are now scarcely remembered. The biography of Eusebius of Cæsarea throws much light on a venerable figure, generally known even to the educated little more than by name and as the author of the first Church History. A few names selected from the number of those more closely connected with the clergy and educated laity of England and America, form a list that is singularly inviting. For example among the bishops we meet with Dupanloup, Fessler, Goss, Goussens, and Grant; among theologians we have Gerdil, Gonet, Gousset, Gaume, Génicot; among preachers and

Owing to accidental circumstances our notices of the recently published volumes of this invaluable work have been delayed. We hope to deal in January with the remaining volumes so far published.—ED.

### The Catholic Encyclopædia

doctrinal writers we find such local celebrities as Gother (often so much under-rated), Frs Gentili and Gandolphy. There are miniatures of Galliflet, Gardellini, and Gavantus. Among collectors, writers, or historians we read about Ferrer, Gallandi, Gerson, Gosscelin, Garrucci, Gassiniga, and among philosophers appear Galluppi, Gassendi, Gioberti, Gratry. All these notices are relatively short, yet comprehensive and sympathetic. The famous "Dickey" Doyle has his appropriate niche. Among those who bear the name of Dionysius we have St Dionysius and Dionysius of Alexandria, from the pen of Dom Chapman, and a long article on the pseudo-Dionysius by a specialist, whose summing up of a controversy that has lasted for so many hundred years may be regarded as decisive. Fr Gerard writes Dionysius Exiguus, and his learned and frank discussion of the ever-recurring Galileo episode is well worth reading, and ought to dispose once for all of the impressions that have clustered round the fictitious eppur si muove. The admissions cited from non-Catholic scientists deserve particular attention. The short notice of Fr Faber supplies practically no appreciation of his remarkable success as an ascetical teacher, and makes no mention of the indebtedness of English-speaking Catholics to him as one of their leading hymn-writers. Formby is full of facts, but tells us little about the man. The notice of T. Flanagan lacks the personal touch which would have come of a nearer acquaintance with a singularly charming character. The writer of the notice on Cardinal Franzelin presents a true likeness of the man, but says nothing of his power as a lecturer or of the character of his writings. Under the heading of Father Dominic it might have been mentioned that the saintly Passionist's first English home was provided for him by Bishop Wiseman at Oscott, and that his body was found incorrupt many years after his death. The list of titles with which the scholars of the Middle Ages were accustomed to decorate their professors, though drawn up with much care, is not yet beyond discussion. Perhaps the first mentioned would read better as Magister Abstractionum. Albertus Magnus is also known as Doctor Uni-

versalis, Occam as Inceptor Venerabilis, Ruysbroeck as D. Admirabilis, Thomas Gerson as D. Christianissimus, Capreolus as Princeps Thomistarum. The article on Duns Scotus leaves us with an eager desire for a critical edition of his works, and with some sense of disappointment at the cursory manner in which the subjects of his sanctity and his immemorial cultus are touched upon. At any rate the reader would have been grateful for the information that the Decree of public and immemorial cultus was issued on January 11, 1907, and that practically all the bishops of the world and all the heads of religious orders had petitioned the Holy See for speedy beatification of the Subtle Doctor. With regard to another matter we may ask by what accident has the well known ascetical writer Drexellius been omitted.

Mgr Ward puts into our hands a readable account of Douai, the town, the colleges of ancient days and the university. No one could have been more appropriately chosen to describe Dublin then Bishen Donnelly.

chosen to describe Dublin than Bishop Donnelly.

The present volumes do not include many details of philosophy, and the subjects covered by them are dealt with in as brief and untechnical a manner as may be. Fr Maher writes a comprehensive article on Free Will, where we observe with regret the omission of a common objection drawn from the regularity of statistics. An article of twenty-two columns on Ethics by V. Cathrein, S.J., provides a systematic, historical, and doctrinal survey of this important branch of human speculation. The contribution will be helpful not only to the general reader and the student, but also to the professor. The bibliography might, we think, have been better arranged. In Duelling, by the same author, no mention is made of the practice of personal combats so prevalent in some German universities. The Family is discussed by Dr Ryan all too briefly; still, there is substantial food for reflection. The thorny subject of Foundlings is handled by the same writer historically and socially. Evil is a well considered essay, but it falls short of the ideal in omitting to show how many forms of good depend for their very existence on the presence of

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evil; and further it would have been an advantage to have pointed out how it is good itself in some shape or other that is the cause of evil. The Law of the Conservation of Energy is very well done. The history of the view is related and the connexion of the supposed law with the soul and free will clearly stated. Empiricism is a lucid exposition of a complex subject. The space allotted to Epicureanism (including as it does the biography of Epicurus) seems too restricted. Epistemology has received a more generous measure, and it has been possible to give a serviceable explanation of the delicate problems of knowledge. On the other hand, the wide and extremely practical subject of Error has been dismissed far too summarily. The curious will find an elaborate disquisition on the Dominical Letter and another on the mysteries of the Epact. The unlearned are informed about the meaning of the Dry Mass, the Dominus Vobiscum, Gloria in Excelsis, and Domnus Apostolicus. The story of the Feast of Fools is told without reserve, and some may see in it a foundation for the college "Revels" at Christmas time which older men will remember. Directory would hardly seem to have called for particular attention until one had read the two interesting articles by Frs Thurston and Meehan. The omission of Eugenics will be looked upon by many as so serious as to demand rectification in an Appendix. A complaint may be raised against Exorcisms, as against some cognate articles in a previous volume, to the effect that they all alike neglect the notice of recent cases. Gregorian Chant is scantily treated, though the summary of the reasons in support of its full development before the middle of the seventh century seems decisive. Doubtless the subject will receive the attention it deserves under the heading of Plain Chant; if so, both here and under Chant there should have been cross references. So large a department of ecclesiastical art as Embroidery might justly claim a greater space than has been assigned to it, and some typical illustrations.

While the bulk of the volumes under review is taken up with biographies and matters of secondary moment in Catholic thought and action there are many lengthy articles,

some of which hold a position of the highest rank, as for example Eucharist and Grace by J. Pohle (Breslau), Evolution, suitably illustrated, by E. Wasmann, S.J. (Luxembourg), Excommunication by A. Boudinhon (Institut Catholique, Paris), Exegesis by A. Maas, S.J. (Woodstock, Maryland), God: Extreme Unction, by P. Toner (Maynooth), Doctrine by T. B. Scannell, an article which shows the practice of religious instruction from the earliest ages and explains the methods by which it has been imparted. Divorce is a seasonable and authoritative contribution by A. Lehmkuhl, S.J., and W. G. Smith, jurist. The Fathers of the Church, a study of thirty-seven columns, shows us Dom Chapman at his best. The treatment is well broken up into sections, comprehensive, clear, and quite adequate for the purposes of the non-specialist, and enriched with a copious and well ordered biblio-

graphy.

In view of the literary and academic cultus which has of late been so widely paid to St Francis of Assisi, the full and beautifully told life is most welcome. This leads us to the Friars Minor and the Friars Minor of America, extending to no less than forty-six full pages. A noteworthy feature of the Encyclopædia may here be pointed out, namely, that the editors have found it desirable to deal separately with the Church's action in America. The same feature recurs when, in the case of Germany and Germans, we have 120 pages, divided into the Christian history of Germany, her literature, and a long section on Germans in America, which is full of interesting information. Greece and Greeks occupy another large space of forty-one pages, divided among A. Fortescue, S. Vailhé-Greece, Greek Catholics in America, Greek Church, Greek Orthodox Church in America. Egypt demanded wide and accurate erudition, and with its sections on geography, fauna, history, religion, and literature forms a valuable summary of a vast and enthralling subject which will repay attentive study. England occupies some forty-four pages, divided pretty equally between three writers. The first portion by Fr Thurston presents the salient features of English

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Church history as far as Elizabeth. W. S. Lilly carries on the subject to the present day in a bright and condensed narrative. The third section by Kate M. Warren, dealing with English literature, looks upon the subject from a less specifically Catholic point of view. Encyclopædia, which we read with a sense of eagerness, gives a good account of the origin and development of this form of the communication of knowledge. The somewhat tedious list which burdens the latter portion of the article would be relieved by some diagrammatic presentation of the materials, while a few words of appreciation of the more important productions would be a distinct service to the reader. Emigrant Aid Societies has a modern flavour, and as far as it goes is cheering; for all that it reveals a woefully inadequate provision for the 25,000,000 aliens who have entered the States since 1820. A few pointed words on the need of still further developments might have had a beneficial effect in increasing the number of agencies for the spiritual and temporal welfare of those who arrive in America, which to them is a practically unknown land. Especially in the case of those who travel westward is the danger of the loss of faith to be apprehended. Passing over Fr Pollen's systematic and useful classification of those who have suffered for the faith in England since the Reformation, passing over likewise the interesting article on Editions of the Bible, with its two successful plates of the Complutensian Polyglot and the Gutenberg Bible of 1455, one must pause to commend the editorial generosity which has devoted space for two long articles on Ecclesiastical Art and Architecture and on Gothic Art—two really educational studies and admirably illustrated. Geography from the Church's point of view furnishes the opportunity for a series of articles, biblical and ecclesiastical, together with a dictionary of scriptural places with textual references, making altogether a treatise of some fifty solid pages. Education is discussed by E. A. Pace, one of the editors. After displaying the general bearings on the subject, he pursues its course among the Orientals, Jews, Greeks, Romans and Christians, unfolding its various aspects-

philosophical, moral, and religious. This is an essay to be read impartially by those who place their ideal in purely secular instruction. Two succeeding articles by Jesuit specialists on Education of the Blind and of the Deaf and Dumb are full of interest and information. A word of praise must be extended to the maps, which are a valuable addition, and to the bibliographies, which in many cases are compiled and arranged with the utmost care and industry. A caution may be suggested with reference to the illustrations, which in a learned work should be admitted only to elucidate the text and not merely to adorn its pages.

H.P.

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